

PLEASANT NOTES

UPON

McLantern

Elmwood. 1861.

Don Quixot.

By EDMUND GAYTON, Esq;

JUVENAL.

*— letam fecit cum Staius Urbem,
Esurit, intactam Paridi nisi vendat Agauen.*



L O N D O N,

Printed by *William Hunt.* MDCLIV.



To the Candid Reader.

Reader,



Doks of *Knight Errantry*, like the *Knights* themselves, looke for entertainment *gratis* ; *Don Quixot* did oblige the places which received him, and left his *Landlords* in debt to him for his acceptance of their *Courtesies* ; His stay was not long in a place, and his Pay was the sport he made ; The *Castle* had *security* for a *Reckoning*, and *protection* for the *Bill of Fare* ; His *Hosts* were created *Constables* ; His *Hoastesses* *Countesses*, and his *Daughters* *Ladies*, for the benevolence of *Slippers*, and *Night-Caps* : *Oastlers* were dubb'd *Groomes*, the *Servants* *Squires*, *Tapsters* *Yeomen of the Bottles*, and *Skinkers*, and so defray'd all with *Acts of Grace*, and conferring of *Honour*. He adventures now, as alwaies, with the same confidence of welcome, a *Knowne Guest* needs no *Invitation* ; *Reception* is all he looks for, little or no *Provisions*. Give him now but a good *Looke* (for indeed his *Ill-favour'd Face* wants it) and it is a *Feast*. Smile upon him, laugh at him, and he will grow fat, with what should make you so. *Rosinante* looks for your *Tib-bee*, and you shall have his

To the Reader.

his *VVbi-bee*; he is as freekish as if the *Jack-an-Apes* rode him. *Sancho Pancha* courts your Blanckets, and desires to be tossed from hand to hand; His *Ass* is for every one to ride, the more the merrier: If you give him Stable-room, 'tis well, he can feed on Thistles.

They come all like *Gypsies* or a *Morrice*, and *Dulcinea* is pleas'd to be *Mayd Myriam*; Strike up the *Tabor* and the *Pipe*, lend us but the *Barne*, or the *Church-house*,

*And great Dulcinea, and her Knight accord,
To be Wake Lady, and a Whitfun Lord.*

To

*To his most facetious Friend, on his Festivous
Notes upon Don Quixot.*

WHere others Lamps have burnt long Attick nights,
With vauk Romancie cyle, to greafe their Knights;
Thy nimble Phaul'sie bath with ease displai'd
All the Chimera's of the Errant Trade.
Which (though with a crispe Nostrill penn'd) was done
With a Spagiericall discretion:
For, while the Ore ran melting from thy Miade,
It lest thy chiefes, and richer Thoughtis refin'd.
Mens doughty Gimcracks, thou dost (glancing) hit,
With such a sure Mercuriall aime of Wit,
It into shivers splits my quivering Milt,
To see thy Lances Notes so run a-Tilt.
Had thy full lines run out their Paralell,
And not been charm'd in by a warie Spell;
Thou'dst turn'd the Pyrrhick Galliard of the Times
Into enchanted Spanisb-Pavin Rimes.
If solid beads may judge the Text is good,
It will improve much now, being understood;
The Comment sets a lusty glosse upon
The high Achievements of the metall'd Don:
The inventory of his Marriall goods;
His fits of Courage, and hot fighting Moods;
His passive valour, with his daring mind,
In dismall Rubriques on his body sign'd;
Whereof he had, if you the Adages scan,
A long ear'd burden would o'r-laid a man:
His mad mistakes, whereby, we cleerly know
Th' Iberian Ajax, from Jeronymo:
His strong affection to Dulcinea's Name,
Which kindled in his Breast that reflexse Flame.
Here, Sancho Pancha proves a proper Squire,
And a true spark of the same wandring fire.
Brave Rosinante trapp'd, and pamp'erd thus,
May play at Cribbage with Bucephalus;
And Sancho's Ass, (one of the golden Brood)
May feed on Roses, a restoring food.
O that some pleasant Beames would shine like these
Upon her Cezen, the * Welsh Hercules!
But thou hast done enough for to engage
All the Sir Valiant Woundbees of the Age.
And while you hint, that who doth over-streine
At wild attempts, makes good Don Quixots weine:
Your Claris makes his History to be
The unvail'd Cabala of Chivalric.

Cap. Jones

Chirofophus,

To

To the very Witty, Merry Author.

TH E greatest part of scribbling shavers
Are but Rehearsals by their favours;
And they that read them find this true thing,
Not one in ten writes any new thing.
But above all the dabling Traines,
The Commentator's Knave in graine;
Who farther never seeks to store him,
Then what five hundred said before him;
So be it History, or Fable,
He still serves cold meat up to his Table.

But see, our friend desires the man
From Bodley, or the Vatican,
That shall produce one writer on
His dapper Sancho, or the Don.

Why so then. One with't man of price,
(Fall in that will) thou break'st the Ice,
Fear'st no cut feet, nor broken shankes;
So the renown may be La Mancha's;
But prov'st the Annals of that high Towne,
A Comment are on Launce and Lye downe.

Loe here the Knight, by Cupid balled
Through thick and thin, Postierers galled;
Posting from place to place full sore,
On two long Eares, (Squire on two more;)
Who setting out, a Helmet snatches,
Which of in fable had dreame'd of;
Sword girt on thigh, diry-dragg'd and slabber'd,
Cold Iron sheath'd in rust, not scabb'd.
And 'stead of Speare, his hand he slatters
With travell'd Pole from Barbers Plasters.

With these, and dire resolves, he enters
Arm'd, or to find, or force Adventures:
With courage keen as panch of Glutton,
He spies out foe, a Flock of Mutton,
Spurs Rosinante, up he ambles,
Where strait he makes the field the Shambles.
For Dulcinees sake to win her,
He eats, and fights this duel dinner;
For Dulcinea, who the while,
Sleeps upon bulk, or sits on stile;
For why, shee cares not much to goe,
'Cause shee wants shoon to cover toe.
And (Country boy) shee wears not stockin
Of filke or yarne, so put her Hack in;
That the whole world may judge and see,
Shee can endure as well as he.
For though alone he roams about,
Yet 'tis well known, shee oft goes out:
— At Elbowes, and doth suffer hardship,
In comes rent up to his very large-bip.
Now 'tis their fashion in Tobole,
For damselfs mendicant to goe so.

The Itinerant Minister to the Squire Errant, on his Festivous Notes upon DON QUIXOT.

BAnisht from Pigs and Poultry by harsh notes;
And all that sounds Festivous, but your Notes;
(For, in their Kalendar my name's not found;
Who, least the spits should not, themselves turn'd round)
I scarce have laugh't, but with a sullen smile,
To see your Quixot acted in our Ile;
The Zelot mounted, when a crosse he spi'd,
Encountring it, as he the Windmill did:
Mistaking old Saints, and the yellow glasses,
In which they stood, for Gyants arm'd in brasse;
And then in quarters on a bed of straw,
Making the rest up with's Dulcinea.
All so to his life, they were not much amiss'd,
That could believe a Metempsychosis.

But this your book can wasted spirits retrieve;
At the first newes on't I did so revive,
As the intruding Levite does, to hear
His Pilfer'd Tithes will stand another yeare:
But when I saw the worke, its stuff and make,
I could have been a Poet for your sake.
Did but your Author live, he would be wiser,
Your Comment was not his, as was the Text.
He that will praise it as he should, must goe
A way unbeaten yet; that is, like you,
Leave common-Play-book-Poetry that spends
The same Encomium upon any friends,
As we doe Funerall Sermons; and alone
Move in an Epicycle of his owne.
Your observations such a path have trod,
They turne old Pegasus, quite out on's rode;
And we are dry, till Rosinantes foot
Strike us another Helicon to doe so.

CHARLTON.

On

The

On DON QUIXOT with Annotations.

TH E famous Errant Knight of Spaine
Once more here sallies forth againe,
Remounted upon Rosinante ;
Though leane his ribs, and belly gant be,
Gentle and without jadisb tricks,
Whose Provender him never pricks:
Sancho likewise, that witty Squire,
On dapple followes through the mire;
The monstrous Gyant not to tame,
That lately into England came,
And lies sick, since he was brought over,
Some say at Plimouth, some at Dover:
Nor, like his neighbour Portugall,
Damsels to fright and kill us all.
His well known sword he needs not try on
Our Morefield Windmills, since the Lyon
Made a retreat into his Cage
By good hap, and would not ingage.
No new Adventure or Supply
Swels so compleat a History;
Nor is our Author a Translator,
But a Criticall Commentator:
His Notes he to the Text doth fit,
With English matching Spanish wit;
Like Coyne with Philip stampd and Mary,
Or, till divorc'd, like Kate and Harry;
Or those Pavillions powdered,
With H. and R. in Hollinshead. *
Great thanks the Mancha may him owe,
Great honour hath he done the Don;
And Dulcinea del Toboso
Hath disenchanted: Reader, know so.

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Æsop

Æsop to the Knight of the Ill favour'd Face.

AS Æsop who made Birds and Beasts to speak,
Putting plane Nature into learned Greek,
Her dimmer instinct did so well unweile,
That he taught Morals from an old wifes tale;
And whereas men were turn'd to beasts by Art,
Did them againe by Beasts to men convert:
So thou, considering what befits this age,
Hast brought thy Don unridded on the stage;
And with thy rayes illustrating his shade,
Hast a cleer mirror of a night-piece made:
Whose cunning placing doth much skill detect,
To make it so far off these times respect.
For we the common size of men out-grow
As farre above, as th' other were below.
In Arts and Arms, in our dispuces and fights,
Nay in all trades almost, we are Errant Knights:
We start up Heroes: Here a Cobler enters,
And in the next page doth a Knights adventures.
Now you shall hardly see (because he's game
And poor) a draught Horse yeld to Rosinante:
Who did the Knight carry as we have read,
So many miles, still better taught, then fed.
Patient though Sancho did his belly pinch,
So disciplin'd, though gall'd, he would not winch:
Proportionably ate so many Oates,
As in his purse his Master carried Groates.
Who might not so against his Order sing,
As to weare money, or pay it in his Tine:
For who could money aske of him, who did
Oblige the world by deeds, where ere he rid?
Could any Hostesse for the reckoning scold,
Who did this doughty man of Arms behold?
That Lady that would not wipe out his score,
Be sure, he'll never see her Castle more.
In just revenge, for then should any Gyant
Abuse her after, he would ne'r say fy on't,
Or question him, who otherwise should feel
His anger printd by his Bilbo's Steele:
But Hosts and Hostesses, and Ostlers too
Were civiller, or he would make them so.
But Friend, take heed, thy Notes may doe him wrong,
Who never needed helpe of any tongue.
I only feare that you may kindly erre,
By venturing to be his Interpreter.
Since it is knowne, and by himselfe made good,
Where e'r they came. Errants were under stood.
But this I thinke will that objection choke,
He is not when he's read, as when he spoke;
And read he'll be, unless by Errant Knights
Like him, they're not for reading, but for fights.
Goe forth then, and let Rosinante out-run
In his good speed, the Couriers of the Sun.

A

A Trumpet before the Puissant Don.

BY your leaves friends, give way to usher on
 With trunch'on pen toth' gate, this mighty Don:
 I would be briefe, as truth, if any shall
 Demand what's here, an Amadis de Gaul?
 A Knight o'th' Sunne? or Warwicks dreadfull Guy,
 (whose famous Acts are writ in Stars on high)
 Th' old King Arthur? or that feeble Fable
 Of his Round Knights, sate round his rounder Table?
 I answer, none of these; but one no jot
 Lesse then the best of those; who? Don Quixot:
 A bold Knight-Errant, that toth' very day
 Achieves as strange Adventures as all they.
 Bring me a Saracen with head, and A-neck
 So bigg, you'd take him for a sonne of Anak,
 Or any of that monstrous brood of Gath;
 (If any such the world at this time hath
 Old, and decrepit growne) The Don with Lance
 Against the Gyant-race doth strait advance.
 Which way the victory will sure incline,
 Look up and judge; the Saracen's a Signe.
 Is there a Lady (who the Lord knows how
 Shee came to be so) that's imprison'd now
 In some enchanted Castle, built i'th aire,
 Immur'd with Devils, moated with despaire:
 That whines, and whimpers, pines for some reliefe
 From her lost Knight, almost undubb'd with grieve?
 Madam take courage, melt no more, but pray,
 Let those salt drops descend another way.
 See Quixot at the Castle Gate, in Armes,
 And anger sells, vov'es to uncharme your Charmes;
 And spight of Hell, and what the Devils can doe,
 Tilt you from all their Spells, or them from you.
 Shew me a Gyant Caniball, that duels
 Retired now to uncouth Carves and Cels;
 Batning with humane flesh, and blood, that knowes
 (Save what he eates) no other friends or foes:
 Whose guts being all the braines he has, do's dread
 That only paine, the belly ake in his head.
 Let the puissant Quixot but appeare,
 Arm'd at all points, and in the first Career
 This monster Gyant fals; when the bold Knight
 With his keen steele, to consummate the fight
 Opens his Buttry-Belly, sweeps all away
 And there commands an endlesse fasting day.

whilst

whilst to the wonder of the world, and just
 Trophee to Don, and his renowned dust;
 His monstrous Blockhead shall converted be
 Into a signe for some great Ordinarie.
 From these adventures doth he sternely wagge on,
 And meets the fiercer Lyon, or the Dragon;
 The cruell Tiger, the spear'd Unicorne,
 Or any humane beast of stranger Horne;
 The ravenous Beare, or the mad raging Bull,
 Hee'll tame all these, give all their Belly full;
 And as old Orpheus did by stones and trees,
 So shall this Don make up a Dance with these.
 More might be said, which isn't expected be,
 Enter good Don, and do't thy selfe for me.

E: D.

**

On

On the Festivous Notes upon *Don Quixot*.

HAVE you not seen a Hench boy lac'd all o're
So thick, you could not tell what cloth he wore?
Have you not heard the oaths of Country people,
They could not for the Scaffolds see Pauls Steeple?
Or have you heard of happy had you been,
If I might aske you have you also seen
Dulcinea's eyes lost in her cheeks, so that
They seem'd like Rabbers Kidneyes coucht in fat?
Reader, the same may in this book be found,
The rich Embroidery doth excell the ground.
The Text in parcels 'midst the Comment seemes
Like single Strawberies in whole pales of Cream;
And Don's cook'd up according to the Lawes
Of his owne Country Feasts, lesse meat then Sauce.
Sancho is now rewarded, and need look
No farther for an Island then this Book:
In which the Text like Land incircled, floates
'Midst the vast Ocean of this Authors Notes;
Who in his Book, like cunning Cloathiers, doth
Of Spanish Wooll make the best English Cloath.
who may not be a Poet, when the fire
Rak'd from Dulcinea's ashes can inspire?
And Rosinante, though grown old, can thus
Prove fire unto so quick a Pegasus?

Quixot, of all the brave Adventures thou hast past,
No sally was so glorious as this last:
where though no squire arm'd Gyant thou dost meet,
who 'stead of puddings, eats whole sacks of wheat;
And makes the Country Neighbourhood about
Swallow, Sir reverence, what he voideth out:
Yet thou must combate with a foe, thou'lt find
More subject to each blast, the Censurers mind.

When first into the world thou didst advance,
Bound up in Pastboard, like thy owne Romance;
That magick Armour and Artillery,
Those strange Habiliments of Errantry
Could not protect thee like these Notes, although
Thou salliest now in paper Armour too.
But goe on boldly, Frestons charmes must end,
See here, a Disinchanter is thy friend;
who innocent black Art, hath round thee writ
A magick circle of Festivous Wit;
Which will secure thy Fame against that Prime,
And lasting monster, all devouring Time.

John Speed

On

On *DON QUIXOT*, published with Annotations, by my worthy friend, Mr *Edmund Gayton*.

ERANCK Rablais with his learned Traicts of Physick,
Had made his Printers purse sick of the Tisick;
For those few Copies, which at last were sold,
Serv'd but to wipe what other Doctors fould.
He that by writing well hopes for repaire,
Makes but himselfe the Worlds base prostitute:
Which he disdaining, wou'd to recompence
The Printer, and his Clients with Non-sence:
And that did do't; for Customers did dwell,
Who first should buy the gifts of Pantagruell:
Nay you'd admire, in lesse than halfe a day,
All Hist'ry vail'd to Garagantua.

Therefore my Friend, whether in Prose or Rime,
What thou hast writ is sayr to the Time;
Thou feed'st the Asse with Thistles, and with Chaffe,
To make thy selfe, and other wise men laugh.
Let not the Critiques then, thy work disdaine,
And say, thy Authors Windmill's in thy braine:
Nor yet conclude thy Pegasis is Hip-shot,
Because thou'st written Notes upon Don Quixot.
Were Don alive againe, he would be wext,
To see a Comment better then his Text;
For some o'th' witt who have perus'd it, say,
Thine is not Glossa Ordinaria.

Anthony Hodges.

Vpon the second comming forth of the most redoub- ted Knight *DON QUIXOT*, and his renowned Lady the Fam'd *Dulcinea del* *Toboso*.

LADIES, prepare to entertaine
The Madam Mendicant of Spaine:
Let not her Rage offend, for you
Tear selves, alas, worse patches too:
Though out at heel, and out at Toe,
Along Dulcinea too must goe.
Don from Dulcinea will not stray,
(He runs at Sheep, but not that way)
Shee and her Knight againe doe enter,
Not arm'd for any new adventurer;
But that shee may receive from you,
The honour of a second view.
At first this great and famous Dame,
In English vamps translated came;
And being you know a Coblers Daughter
'Twas proper worke for a Translator:

But then 'twas fit, there should be next,
A Comment to so darke a Text :
For who without it could discover,
How shee should e'r deserve a Lover ?
But 'tis to great Dulcinea's glory,
Shee passes every one in story.

From Spaine and from Toboso too,
With halfe a Smock, and ne'r a Shoe,
Shee's come again to visit you,
As Lady Errants use to doe ;
For 'tis their custome, those that make
Them welcome, they will ne'r forsake.
And Sancho too, that doughty Squire,
Attends Dulcinea thorough the mire ;
Through thick and thinne, o'r hedge and ditch,
The trusty Squire goes thorough such :
'Tis a hard task to wait upon her,
But the more hard, the greater honour.
Easy Achievements are not nam'd,
'Tis hardshipp makes adventures fam'd.
The Island, he expects, no doubt
Is very hard to be found out :
But Sancho, if't be any where,
Thou'lt find the promis'd Island here.
The Comment ('cause thou'lt little wit)
Believes the Isle of Silly's it.

But Don, I doubt, will scarce be found
To keep within the Comments bound.
If hunger pinches, out he goes,
And makes a breakfast on his Foes.
For having first his Armour put on,
He strait goes forth, and routs the Mutton ;
Then to Dulcinea comes he post,
Laden with spoils ; shee rules the roost.
If any Gyants him oppose,
(As oftentimes he meets with those)
He then his passive Valour shewes,
And gallantly receives their blowes ;
And 'tis an argument of great
And daring courage to be beat.
You see Dulcinea name but bread,
And straight you heare Windmill's dead ;
And were that Gyant ten times stronger,
There's no resisting against hunger,
That breakes stone wall ; you know ; how can
A wooden Gyant hold out than ?
And if not wood, nor Stone, how shall
We keep him in a Paper wall ?
That can't confine him without doubt,
For loe, already hee's come out.

William Taylor.

Festivous



FESTIVOVS NOTES VPON DON QUIXOT.

Book I.

CHAPTER I.

The first contains whence our *Knight Errant* came,
From an old house ; that is his first known Fame.
Then it discovers, if you farther look,
That he did nothing rashly, but by Book
Of *Errantry* ; and upon that he wanders,
Hoping to get a Name as great as *Scander's*.

TEXT.



Here lived not long since in a Village of the Mancha, the Name whereof I purposely omit.] Why our Author doth purposely omit the name of the Village, where this Knight of famous memory did live, is easily smelt out, even this, that he might make the greater search after it. The place of *Homer's* birth is yet a challenge upon Record, and the head of *Nile* being undiscoverable, breaks many a mans braine to find it out. *Tennariffe* and *Pen-Men-Masure*, are Mountains whose tops are obscured by their heights, and herein he hath politiquely out-gone our Country-man *Tom Coriat*, who indeed was borne in *Zomersetshire* (as the ingenious *Hoskins* hinteth in his merry Poem.)

try-man Tom Coriat, who indeed was borne in Zomersetshire (as the ingenious Hoskins hinteth in his merry Poem.)

B

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*Puer erat: expertus artus,
Et cum fabis, & cum fartis
Sommescentis fatum.*

But certainly he had been far more eminent, and a grander search made after him no doubt, if he had been pleased to have concealed his Natali- all Town of *Odcomb*, and left the world upon enquiry.

To pile up in their Halls old Launces, &c.] This description of his house is in short the very same with an ancient Justice of Peace his Hall, a very dangerous Armory to be toucht, like *Pauls Scaffolds*, Monumentally standing, because none dare take them down: he proceeds not unlike the Welch Inventory, but it is not so large, nor so good, *Son's Babys in Spain* being a meat for the house of *Austria*, and not garbionable by the *Manchegans*, though ennobled by the residence of *Don Quixot*. His Wardrobe not much exceeding the *Major of Quinboroughs*, though for the thrift lesse notorious. The Brigality of the Canvassé back to the Velvet fore-body, being northen known at *Madrid*, and so could not possibly arrive at the *Mancha*.

He had in his house a woman about forty yeares old, &c.] His Family (himselfe included) like that of the *Arke*, two and two, Male and Female, but not of so many persons by halfe, yet here was as great Beasts. I do not read that the *Don* did ever augment his Number, though his Neece was under twenty, and himselfe (as is supposed) by the swelling of his Lip of the *Austrian Family* (somewhat removed,) or at least of the race of the Jews, as appears by his *Errantry*, which is but a neater word for wandering: unto whom it was, and yet is lawfull to match within their Tribes.

He was an early riser, and a great friend of Hunting] Now you perceive the reason of his continence, he was an early riser; that indeed made not much for it, but withall a friend to hunting; that did it. Our *Don* was a dedicated Vallall to *Diana*.

Ossa sit tollas periere Cupidinis arcu.

Hunting Speares and Javelins are not of *Cupids* Quiver, nor will I attribute this Costivenesse (as to the flesh) to his yeares, being on the worse side of forty, as they say, or to his withered face, or dried flesh, which may render him suspected for an Eunuch, but purely to his industry and love of inanalike sports; Unto which, without doubt, whosoever totally devotes himselfe, cannot be guilty of effeminacy.

Sentence.

He made away many Acres of Land to buy him Bookes of that kind.] We have a Proverbe (but the Spaniard have two for one) That a foole and his money are soone parted; It seemes our Knight (pardon the application) made his Lands *Errant* before himselfe, and dub'd his Acres first, so that what he did afterwards was but in pursuance of his Lands that went before, and so made himselfe a Wife-Acres. Laugh not too soon at our Spaniard, unless you can acquit your selves countrymen of as great a folly. Are not Bookes of this kind as well bought as those of the Philosophers stone? And pray what difference in the price? How much good gold hath been fired, out of whose ashes yet the young Phenix never rose? What did *Banckes* spend in Coales do you thinke? How much *Terra was Damna*? How many Lordships sold? besides the inestimable losse of Time and Braines, to purchase

chafe this empty name, and found the Philosophers stone? There is not of all that expencefull madnesse so much left for profit or recreation, as the History of that *Quixot-Philosophy*, or *Philosophers*, unless what is most admirably Satyri'd by our Father *Ben* (of eternall memory) in his Play of the Alchymist:

Speclatum admissi Risum teneatis Amici?

Which would move laughter most, our *Dons* encountering his Windmill, or his Lordship at the Furnace? Being *Subtle, Face, Lungs*, and all: Bestow a brace of talsied Caps upon them both, and so exeat.

He did not like so much the unproportionable blows which Don Belianis gave and tooke.] Our *Don* is not so much transported with *Belianis* his Blowes as a passionate Butcher of our Nation was; who being at the Play, called the *Greeks and Trojans*, and seeing *Hector* over-powred by *Mirmydons*, got upon the Stage, and with his good Barroone tooke the true *Trojans* part so stoutly, that he routed the *Greeks*, and rayled upon them loudly for a company of cowardly slaves to assault one man with so much odds. He strooke moreover such an especiall acquaintance with *Hector*, that for a long time *Hector* could not obtaine leave of him to be kill'd, that the Play might go on; and the cudgelled *Mirmydons* durst not enter againe, till *Hector*, having prevailed upon his unexpected second, return'd him over the Stage againe into the yard from whence he came.

Many times he did fall at variance with the Curate, &c.] As great an occasion of quarrell was this of a brace of Students, who kept short of the Dividents of their Colledge Fines (for that was meat for their betters) while their Seniors were sharing that money, walkt in their Grove, (taking the fresh aire without any contradiction of Superiours;) At last one makes a supposition, If thou or I now should happily find a purse of Gold, how should we divide it? They were, you must conceive, of different degrees, one Master, the other Batchelour of Arts. The Master of Arts, like the Lion, asked the greatest part. The other said, no, *Simul occupantes aequè Dividentes*: Equall purchase equall share. The Master would not forgoe his priviledge of seniority, the Junior insisted upon his Title of halfe; at last it grew so hot that they fell to Cuffs, and bang'd one another devoutly; untill, weary of their blowes, they began to examine each other of the ground of their falling out, which was no other than about the dividend of a purse of gold, which was never yet found.

That the Cid Ruydiaz was not to be compared, &c.] To the Knight of the burning Sword? What wouldst thou have said, if ever it had been thy fortune to have adventured into *England*, and seen the Knight of the burning Pestle, who carried all the Ladies before him: Or if that other Knight of the same Nation had ever come to thy eares, whom I may call the Knight of the high *Scurrado*, or the Spouting-Pestle, by name plaine *Captaine Jones*? Certainly *Bernardo Del Carpio* (though of greatest esteeme with thee) should not have been in the same lease of the Book in the Diary and Register of valiant men: Besides, this Nation (for I cannot give all Heroick actions to the Spaniard) have produced names as high as *Hercules*. What I pray was *Chinon* of *England*, or the Foole transform'd? *Bevis of Southamp-*

1022, and Guy of Warwick, or that Cripple-errant of famous memory, who stole the golden weather cocke from Pauls steeple, before it was a Tower, which was the highest piece of desperate valour that ever was performed, but that his piety is as notorious as his sacriledge, for with the same weather cocke, he built Cripple gate; which untill this day retaines his name.

Rosinante a horse of labour and carriage.] I wonder, the *Don* being so neer neighbour to the sunne, did not borrow some of his horses names, but indeed they did most properly belong to the knight of the same name. He chose rather by a figure, the nomination of his *Bucephalus*, and by a *Hufleron Proteron* (as we say in English) of putting the cart before the horse, he succeeds very happy in the title, which in English makes not so high a sound as in *Spanish*, but will doe indifferent, *Lapackasad*, being in sense the very same, though not in sound with *Rosinante*, though our horses doe not take their names for adventures, like the *Dons*, yet they have their names from their presenters; if a friend bestow his horse, he passes his name with him, & by that means, the names of many worthypersons (who have not left succession behind them) are continued in the race of their gifts. It would be a pretty imployment (for there is little work now for Heralds) to blazon those gentile horses coates. There is an able far farrier herald, somewhat Northward, whom it would (being the trades are already met in him) very excellently become, unto whom I leave it.

DON Quixot of the Mancha] It was as small a labell, and as modest, as any Knight could first have vent red on into the world with; for lower matters the Empire of *Trapesonda*, having shaken hands with their names, and not retain'd so much as *Don Quixot* of *Quixada*, or *Quesada*, which was rather a syncope or diminution to his name, being more at length naturally, or rather literally, though in account lesse: some of our Nation have accounted it more honourable to owne a bastardy, by assuming the name of the Lord that gat them to an Annuity, then to hide their mothers shame, under the plausible covert of their supposed Fathers.

I am the Gyant Caro Culiambro] A very good name for a Gyant, but I will tell you what will fill ones mouth as well, even one of our English Gyants, as *Sheildabrawne*, *Colarobrawne*, *Legomuttons*, *Rasheobacon*, and many more of this last sword bearing race, who by prowess of the Capitaine *Jonses* of our times, the *Marriots*, the *Woods*, the *Stubbinfes*, and other knights of the round Table, have been hackt, hew'd, wriggled and utterly confounded.

He call'd her Dulcinea del Toboso] *Aldonza Lorenzo*, strangely Anagrammatiz'd into *Dulcinea del Toboso*, but Schoolemasters talk Latine by the rule, and Princes by instinct. Therefore in contemptum Anagrammaticorum, *Aldonza Lorenzo* shall make *Dulcinea del Toboso*. For as the French care not for the quantity of syllables, so we Spaniards care not for the transposition of letters; I shall conclude this Chapter with a reply of *Don Gondamore*, Country-man to our *DON*. *Gondamore* was talking in the Latine tongue with King James, and the King speaking exactly, *Gondamore* took liberty to expresse as he pleased whereupon the King not enduring the Peace should be so oft broke before his face, desired *Gondamore* to spare *Priscians* head for the future; but the

DON

DON was quick with his salve, and told his Majesty, that he spake Latine like a King, free and without rule, but the King spake it like a Schoole-master.

CHAP. II.

THE second Chapter he attempts, but oh! Unto his griefe, he findes no wisht for Foe: Wherefore deceiv'd and wearied, he is forc'd Without an enemy, to be unhord, Yet not disarm'd wholly Cap-a-pe; For in his Helmet he sleeps valiantly, Though with a Cattle he would needs begin, Poor *Rosinante* was glad it was an Inne.

TEXT.



AND therefore acquainting no living creature with his intentions] No living creature; it cannot be so, for certainly *Rosinante* was of the counsell, and enjoind much secrecy. For the *Don* might tell his tale to his horse without danger of discovery, though he might heare of his tale againe for it: (as the English proverbe hath it in another expression.)

He was not yet dubb'd Knight.] This was a horrible scarre, and enough to have crush'd our cock of the game in the egg. It was strange he did not instantly unheath his owne sword, and crosse it over his owne pate, and having impressed a Knighthood on his forgetfull noddle, spoke the words himselfe, rise up *DON Quixot*, &c. or what if he had submitted, and salne on his knees to *Rosinante* (a horse formerly of very good carriage,) the Brute could have done no lesse, then bounded immediately, and laid his hooves upon his Helmet (which was as neer his head, as they could come) and it might have passed, and the *DON* ever after accounted himselfe of the *Equestrian* Order, which is the order of Knighthood.

As touching white Armour.] It is strange; once out and ever out: what a mischance was this. O for a chalke hill! it would have whitened him and *Rosinante*, as if they had been Knight and horse of the vail of white horse. The first Knights that ever were heard of in white Armour, and on white horses, were (as I take it) *Castor* and *Pollux*, who though they never shine together in the Heavens, yet at one great battaile, wherein the *Romaus* got the victory, they were discovered to come into the field, and doe wonderfull execution, and then vanish streight to their Orbs in the Heavens: and ever since, those mares that saw those white horses, have had colts with starres in their heads.

He did parle with himselfe on this manner.] Of these kind of Soliloquies, or selfe-discourses, you shall every where rather see then heare: what man almost is it that you meet alone, if he be thoughtive or cogitabund, but his lips, his eyes, his hands, goe as well as his legs. If one should, or could but

but spare his time, to observe the severall postures of passengers in the street; he might after a little curiosity of intention, know most mens businesses by the motion of their lips, and discover their intentions by the signes in their faces: whether the business were matter of law, love, debt, anger or jovialty. Such agreeable indications every face doth betray, that in spite of the verse we may say, *fronti summa Fides*, every mans passions are written in his forehead, and if women might be commanded to goe unvail'd, much more would be knowne; then they would have willingly discovered. It were very good policy in times of warre, suites, or jealousy, to learne to undecipher mouths, lookes, and gages; there is more to be got out of them, then out of this extaticall speech of the *Dons*, to which *Rosinante* prick up his cares more from the sense of his sides, then the sense in the oration.

Written in the Annals of the Mancha.] The Annals of the *Manchas*, are in as large a faire Foolio, as those of *Goreham*, and are kept in very safe custodie, few Travellers have had the favour to see them; *Tom Coriat* had a view, and to a wise man it is enough. It is very difficult now, unless recommended from some great personage, to have admittance to the sight of them: there must be two certificates at least, of the family of the *we be three*, who are of the *Quorum* alwayes.

There stood at the Inne by the door, two young women adventurers likewise.] These I beleeve had been dubb'd and dubb'd againe, and had devises in their Targets, for hotter adventures then ever the *Don* assaid; it was strange that the *Don*, (but that strong imagination is irresistible) being gaunt, (not *John a Gaunt* I meane) but fasting, and therefore of more exquisite sense, had not smelt out their profession from the evaporations of their salpits: or that *Rosinante* had not by a merry neighing, discovered the approaches of two over-ridden jades. Their standing at the Inne door, was a sign of themselves and the house, and (though they were bound for *Sevil*) that their behaviour was not so.

Checking Rosinante with his bridle.] *Rosinantes* head-strongnesse, is here remarkable, and shewes that a beast knowes when he is weary or hungry, better then his rider. These naturall offerings at an Inne door, gazings, and head wrichings, are most proper symtomes in the creature, of an appetite or longing for Limb-ease, and tooth motion. A way bit then, and not a bit of way more. The Knight (for all Knight errants, understand all languages, whether vocall or naturall) apprehended *Rosinante*, and taking pity of the croakings of his empty guts, to which his owne sometime sympathetically answered. He spur'd up to the Inne door, full upon the *Donzellas*; which Item, *Rosinante* took the more patiently, because he was within the comfortable smell of provender: but O the hogheards horne! 'twas an ill winde, and blew no body good; for by this meanes it came to passe, that *Rosinante* must heare the other speech, which came from a head as empty as his belly, in which was nothing but wind, just both alike.

Discovering his withered and dusky countenance.] This souldier-like visage of the *Dons*, brought the *Donzellas* to a stand. *Venus* did not so much despise *Vulcan* for his lame leg, as she was enamor'd of *Mars* for his man-like face. I have heard it reported of an understanding Lady of our Nation

tion (whose opinion being asked concerning a very beautifull and streight limbd gentleman Usher, how shee liked the owner of that face) that shee replied thus presently, (Ladies wits being belt upon the *Sodaine*.) Pith, what doe you tell me of a face; I say, a *Venus* face, and *Mars* his truncheon, never met together in the same person.

They could not containe their laughter.] Continenace was rare in any thing, as well as laughter with them, yet their rude carriage, shewed that they were tender hearted; for they had been of very hard hearts, if they could not have laughed at him, and I believe, had the *Don* made experience, he would have found them thorow good natur'd, and as ready to lye downe as to laugh.

Mine Host, a man of exceeding sarnesse.] I did not think that mine Hosts of the *Mancha*, or indeed of any place of *Spain*, had been of such vast dimensions, certainly he was transported out of *Holland*, or great *Britany*; this is the first *Rhodomontado* in *Re* that I have met with; but yet considering him to be of the *Commack* of *St Lucars*, and no lesse theevish then *Cacus*, if he stole and eat as much provision as that beast-robber did, his magnitude is no wonder. Allow us but in *Spain* the beasts, and I will grant the Host a thiefe, and as far: untill then I suspend my beliefe.

Rosinante, one of the best pieces that ever ate bread.] Mine Host viewed the Brute very narrowly (as if he meant to buy him) he need not have gone round him, to his great paines; for the horse was transparent, and rather a beast that had never eat a piece of bread, then as the *Don* expressed it.

The strangest and most pleasing figure to behold.] It was well that the *Don* was pleased to tell his name, for by his face they should never have known him; his Helmet being on, he was a hard head, and when that was off, he was a Cods-head.

And then the valour of mine arme shall discover.] The valour of that part, was not the thing his courteous undressers expected, who rather wished him steel to the back, then as it fell out to be to his head. It was impossible to salute him without losse of teeth; this sad apprehension of their particular defraudings, made them melancholly at present, but they are resolved, since they can make him no sport, to make sport of him.

One of the Ladies served his turne in that.] She was enforced to *Caw* him, as they doe young *Jack daws*, and every bit she administred, he gap'd full wide, as the Helmet would let him; which if it had not streightned (and that very much) the widenesse and capacities of his jawes, the poor *Johns* would have past whole without slicing, and with more ease down his throat then a cormorant dispatches *Minnows*.

CHAP. III.

He must be dub'd, or nothing will avale,
 Mine Hoast the *Order* gives, Carriers the *Hails*;
 Stones in such number, that our Knight might be
 Not of the *Mancha*, but à *Lapide*;
 And that poore *Rosinant* might stoutly stir,
 The Hay and Oat-booke was the Register:
 Where on Record stands scord our dreadfull Knight
 For want of pay, for fourteen pence a night.

TEXT.



And being thus tossed in mind, he made a short beggerly Supper.] *Aure sacra fames*: What will not thirst of honour make one drinke, or not drinke, eat, or not eat? Here it almost made our *Don* lose his share of the poore *John*, as many a Noble Duke *Humphryan*, (for honour-sake meereley) because he would not beg, hath walkt manfully from twelve till three in contempt of three-penny Ordinaries, wondring at the gluttony of the Age he liv'd in, thinking all the time of that melancholy motion of the rare course of *Lescius* his dyer, or else why it were not possible to so habituate Nature, that by degrees she might need no other sustenance then the *Camalion*; the ingeniousest Wits in the world have been such who feed exilest, or most slenderly: The woman, who was sustained only by Flowers, (the scent I mean) beside the sweetnesse of her Fare, no doubt had a nutriment most *Hyllean*, and had her Thighs been well surveyed, they were as well laden as the Bees, as you have it in the Poet, *Crura Thymo*, &c.

The Inne-keeper seeing his Guest at his Feet.] You see Pride will have a Fall. These high thoughts brought the *Don* to his Knees, happily on a Cushion of *Rosinantes* own orduring (for it was in the stable.) It was well the Knight was the Vorary, and mine Host the Idoll, otherwise had mine Host been on his knees, neither *Rosinante* (though formerly used to burthens, nor *Asinego* his Master would have been able to have raised the Elephant.

Mine Host as was noted before was a great Gyler.] It is ordinary for Hosts, to be knavishly witty, the latter being a set-off to the former. Much of a reckoning goes current for the Drolery of the maker of the Bill. There is a kind of Leachery in neat and ingenious cozenage: It doth find mercy before a Judge, and applause amongst most, but this was a great Giber, but not so great as to lose a friend for a jest, that was the way to undo himselfe, no, no, the Authors Counsell runs upon his Corpulency, just as one said of an Over-Obese Priest, that he was a great *Arminian*, grant (quoth a second) that he be an *Arminian*, Ile sweare he is the greatest that ever I saw. Just as mine Host is here, so is every Host almost upon all rodes of the Temper with his Guest; he is a Knight errant with a Knight errant; Are you a Cavalieri, he is a Cavalieri; are you a Statist, he Statist too; but that they are too fat commonly; they are the veriest Apes in the World, and to be short,

short, generally *Bonii Socii*, and very *Sofia's*: Like guest, like Landlord.

The Ceremonies requisite should be done.] It is concluded to dub him Knight. This order of Knight errantry is very ancient, when there were but three persons in the World, one was of this Order, even *Cain*, who for the murder of his Brother was a Fugitive and a Vagabond over the whole earth; a larger extent than our *Dons* peregrinations; he had beside this mark another alike to our *Knight-errants*, that none should slay him, for you never read of a *Knight-errant* that was slain in the whole world.

Have you any money? he answered not a blank.] We have had many orders of Knighthood, plaine Knights, Knights of the Bath, Knights and Barons, Knights, Bannerets, Knights Templars, Knights of *Ierusalem*, Knights of *Windsor*, and Knights of the Post, which two last were very much like the Knight errants, for they could reply to the Question as quick as the *Don*, and as point blank.

Mine Host rejoined, he was deceived.] Mine Host, I believe, was of that wife and provident house of the *Tagas*, where this *Maxime* is intailed upon the Family, not to be cut off under an *Anathema* of the prime Parent. My son, put money in thy purse. It is good counsell for most men, but especially for Travellers, and of Travellers, especially horsemen, who (for want of heeding this Frugall principal) are oft times reduced to Footmen, and leave their *Rosinantes* in the stable, where their heads swell bigger a great deale than the Loggerhead their hosts that would not confide.

They carried with them a little Casket of Oynments.] I believe the weapon-salve, or *unguentum armarium* was first devised by these *Knight-errants*, who having neither money, wit, nor friends, but Imaginary (and reaping sometimes the fruits of their folly, knocks, and cuts) wisely contrived this subtle cure of dressing the Sword or Barroone, (for they mis-carried both at dull and sharpe) which was only a cloathing of it warme, and by a miracle called *Sympathy*, now crumbled into a Powder, the wound was healed, as it would have been without it, for cut any *Knight-errant*, and let it be a flesh wound, and the Balsame of the part (without the help of *John Pontem*,) kept from the aire and cleans'd, shall cure it selfe. I do not herein study to gratifie the Chirurgeons grand enemies to the Sympathetick powder, or any other cheap remedy, but betwixt jest and earnest I partly believe, and not believe my selfe *Aruspex aruspice*, they can construe without the help of the Book.

In some slight and subtle wallets.] This quaint device of the Wallet hath been put in practice in more plentiful Countries than that of the *Dons*. Some thrifty Sirs have thus conveyed their Brutes, and their own Provender, and for dispatch sake, having far to ride, to avoid the turmoile of Innes, Hosts, Chamberlaines, and Officers, have made choise of a greene grasse-plat, and joyn'd Commons, the same parcht pease sufficing for two Creatures at once, the rationally, and irrational. But this device (as subtle as it was) hath met with misfortunes, for one more frugall than otherwise, having at his Inne at night (for the device is but for a day-thrift) left some inconsiderable snip of a craggy rack of mutton, gave order to his man by a winek (which was his usuall way to have his miserable commands executed) to cloak-bag the slender residue, whither also his over-provident servant (to please his Master) poured in the remaines of the portage, and so made up a full adage of Parsimony.

To watch his armes in a great yard.] The *Don* is become Dragon to his owne armes, more Dragon in them farre, then out; but more watchfull out, then in them, for he often slept on horseback. Now like a poor snake, but yet cristed still (though stript) he doth attend the Cisterne, mounting himselfe, and hissing furiously at any thing that comes neer; that hissing he had not learnt of the snakes, but of some other creature (as watchfull) who sav'd sometime the Capitoll. He is now in this posture, both *St George*, and Dragon too.

What cannot Poets and skelle painters doe? or rather as we have it in the English author;

——— If Homer wou'd,
Hellen had been a bagge, and Troy had flood.

An Host (a small wit) had bargained with a humorous painter (there are many of them) for the new drawing of his signe, which was to be that of *St George* and the *Dragon*, and most earnestly and often, even to the Interruption of his worke, importuned and intreated him to have an especiall care, that he drew *St George* with a most killing countenance (to the life) and ever and anon, renewing his desire, the easily provok't painter, looked very uncouth upon mine host, and taking off his pencill from the frame, said, mine Host, be quiet and leave your counsell, or the Devill take my wife if I doo not make the *Dragon* kill *St George*. Which stroke such a terror into his landlord, that he left the place; and the painter nor well compos'd, untill a cup of sack, and a pipe of Spanissh, had reconciled him to mine Host and his businesse.

He walked up and downe the Cisterne very demurely.] No such eyes, or better, did *Ajax* cast upon *Achilles* Armour, and such a speech, or better, did *Ulysses* make before the assembled *Greeks*, upon such, or a better subject. I wonder the Author here, did not make the *Don* speaking somewhat, either verses or prose, unlesse he was afraid of running into *Ovids* fancy; but what he would not, others will: And therefore you may imagine, the *Don* after many perambulations, and applications to his Armes, opening his owne, and his mouth, a great question, which were most enlarged for the delivery, these ensuing verses, which being above *Hexameters*, full sometimes, and sometimes over-makes, that rather sounding verse, we call *Elbowick*.

The Dons speech to his Armes.

Lye here my Armes by day, I am thy Armes by night;
Though thou my glittering Arms, then I thy Arms more bright:
'Tis not the Moon that shines, but thy well scow'd reflection
By which I walk, more then mine owne complexion.
Thou on that Altar ly'st, and I thy Priest walk by,
What ever comes neer thee, because neer me, must dye.
When on this body thou art girt, safe is thy *Don*,
And safe, my trusty Armes, shalt thou be off, or on:

None

None dare approach this Altar, whereon sleeping lies
His fate: Fore-warn'd, who comes in Armes-way dies.

He overthrew the Carrier to the ground in such a taking.] He conquers as quick as *Casars*, Comes and O'recomes. Though the place of this first defeat was ignoble, (it being the *horse-trough*) yet the manner of the fall was gallant, it was upon a full carreere, who if he had drank (as his *Mules* should have done) no doubt he had not falne so sodainly, with this one brush. But here he lyes, the Monument of desperate unwarinesse, who could not speake to a Knight, and a souldier of the same nature, for a little fresh water, and for his mules too, who were somewhat allyed (but upon the worst side) to the guardian of the Cisterne. But as soone as he had laid the carrier on the ground, where lay his *noli me tangere* (his armour,) treading on his presumptuous breast for abusing his Corset, he takes up the Armes, not much unlike *Aeneasse* frighted,

Arma amens cepit, nec sat rationis in A, mis.

Soone after, another Carrier without knowing.] Felix quem faciunt aliena pericula cauum. It is good for all professions to have a little smatch in the *Accedens*. But the Carriers are like their *Mules*, not to be turn'd out of the way, and so ruin'd by the same hand, of the same *Muleasses*: you find them (like their Brutes, nose in arse), not revocable to be men againe of this World (as they say) but by the noise of their pack-*Mules* bells. Great honour in this encounter was done to *Dulcinea*, who twice provoked, twice was propitious to her Votary and Lord.

Their jellones raine stones upon QUIXOT.] Ne Hercules contra duos; the hardy Knight breakes, nay, out-does the Proverbe, and is an *Hyper-Hercules*; for I doe not remember, of all the labours of *Hercules*, that he ever encountred a showre of haile-stones. Here he shew'd undaunted courage, and extraordinary activity. How snakelike he gathers, and incircles himselfe, under the covert of his Target, which was so peal'd with stones, and rung so loud, that the *Don* was not much unlike a rattle snake, that Politick Sir under the *Tortoise* shell, nor he that was shewn for the *Fish*, ever lay in so streights, a round he takes a tile volant in the very holes where the pegg of wood uses to be, and bearing it on the end of his Javeling, encounters stones as thick *Atomes*, which flew about his eares; at that time (if ever) miraculously preserved, for those nobler pendants, which *Dulcinea* meant to hang there.

As he had read in the Ceremoniall book of the Order.] The creation, or installation rather of this *Knight Errant*, or rather instabulation (for there was no Chappell in the house) yet it might very well be, that the Chappell, as in other places, might be converted into a horse quarter. This Ceremony, I say, is farre short of those of the Garter, or of the golden Fleece, (though of the same continent with this latter) or those of the Knights of *Malia*. If the Formalities were well compared, they would more resemble these new Orders of the *Tiryrie-Tues*, the *Fellow Cues*, the confederates, the *Dead Boyes*, the *Tories*, the *John Dorians*, or the late Ranters, or the *Hectors*, whose rites and customes, were never fully executed (like these

these of the *Don*) without a *Tolosa*, or a *Molinera*, in plaine English, a whore or so, for creature-comfort, as they call it; or as the *Hellors*, for *Carnelevation*. These Knights, (like the most generous of creatures) fight stoutly in view of their females, and 'tis well knowne how a dray-horse (though well laden) will forget his burden, and pluck vigorously and villainously too, if a Flanders Mare were in the wind.

Always murmuring something betwixt the teeth as if he prayed.] I wonder the words of Consecration were not expressed: it may be because mine Host could read no otherwise, then was in the provender book; unto which, if he had literally kept, it would have made more for the dubbing of *Rosinante*, then the *Don*. But whosoever hath heard of the Canonization of *Raviliacks* Dagger, or the Benediction of *Faulks* his dark Lanthorne, will say, that the *ultra-marine* Ceremonies, are singular and high, and therefore, once againe (as the *Dutch* men drank at *Abingdon*) I will presume upon the *Hesperian* fancy, and recruit the defect, which mine Host if he had received, no doubt would have recited.

D O N Quixot's Ceremony.

O bend those knees, that only now must kneel,
And only now surrender up that steel,
Which on thy neck and shoulder thou shalt feel.
This bang upon thy neck, this shoulder-thwack,
Take from thy Prelate, who doth charme thy back,
With these crosse wasters, from all blowes, and black.
Thy old Toled' from hilt to point uprears
Horror 'ith hilt, death on the point appeares,
And from the blade, fly lightning every where.
Thou Target, none of these from Heaven throwne,
(Yet broke as those) repell the shot, the stones,
Arrows and speares, and sheild all blowes from one.
Thou spurre-royall, which art of truest steels
Let *Rosinants* sides by thy advisos feel,
When he must charge, retreat, bound up, or wheel.
Thou Murrion bound in mystick ribbins close
Unto his neck, let no Inchanters loose,
Be by day Helmet, by day night cap, and noose.

The Ladies Votes or Auspices.

Let virgin hand, not us'd to handle blade,
Nor any naked Things, be not afraid
To gird thy whinion to thy trusty Thigh,
Whence stoutly draw; be happy, and be high.

Molinera puts on the spurre.

Thus on my knees, (on which Sir Knight you ought
To be to Ladies) I the spurr have brought,
(Which you ought also give) if a geard Knight
In Scotch land ere you fortune have to fight.

The Knight intreated to call themselves Lady Tolosa, Lady Molinera.] This done

You must note, that the sign was in Taurus and Gemini.

Tolosa.

done, as at all Creations, there ought to be some Recreations, the Ladies lookt to have been more than nominally dub'd, they curtesied him, but he Curtizaned not them, but what he failed of was supplied by the Carriers, who had not cast all their stones at the Knight, but had some left for the Ladies.

CHAP. IV.

Got from the Inn he lost his way almost,
Yet wonne the title of the Knight o'th' Post:
The Whipping-post I meane, where John Haldudo
Did slash his boy (as many Masters do-do)
Poore Andrew it had better been for thee
Thou'dst ne're been rescued from the killing tree.
Thou wert reprie'd but to be surer hang'd
Up by the heeles: But Don himselfe was bang'd;
A shew'd misfortune to our Errant Sir,
But who can help't? 'twas fortune de la guerre.

TEXT.



ET Counsell, that he should ever carry about him money and cleane shirts.] *Verbum sapientis satum.* Application is the life of Doctrines; wherefore our *Don* (not such a Foole as some make him) nor yet a pin the worse for this action, Faces about, and would home, and carry *Tom Foles* Token with him; and though he had not heard of the decision, no doubt but his apprehensive soule had found out that there was something warmer than two shirts, and resolved it within himselfe to be *Three*. Wherefore he now determines, after long deliberation (which is best before great resolves) that he will neither be lowlie, nor starve all the time of his Travell; which prudent course *Rosinant* liked well, and merrily tript it homeward, or else he must have pickt fallers upon the rode-Common, and grazed gratis like the geefe.

He saw a Mare tyed unto an Oake.] I believe *Rosinante* was a Gelding, or else a stallion super-annuate, otherwise this distressed Creature, at the Oake, might have mov'd him to some horse-errantry. But that service cannot be expected upon Hay as Provender; He that eates well does his worke well; had *Rosinante* mounted the Mare, and raised his Knight a by-mounted Chevalier, no doubt but it had caused a new Frontispiece to the Book, and the *Don* had been cut a story higher. Had that Lady seen him which saw the Brewers horse at the same exercise with the Cart and Barrels at his back (whence, by the way, Beere first learned to run a tilt) she would, no doubt; have said as much for *Rosinante* as the Dray-horse in his full careere; that he would have made a brave bedfellow had he but two legs.

The other beholding such an antick to hover over him.] Here is an Epitome in the *Don*, and the Master correcting his boy of *Bridewell* and *Bedlam*, only the *Don* hath grasse for Litter, and is allowed the use of a horse, which few *Furiosos* (except *Orlando*) though of the best quality, ever had before.

How

How much (quoth Don) did his Master owe him?] The Don was an unfixt Umpire or Judge in this case; in my opinion, and too strict upon the Master, if he had remembred how he quit scores with mine Host; but I had imagined, by this nimble question, that he would have shared with the boy, had the Reals been numbred, and saved the journey of returning to his own house.

All is well, quoth Don Quixot, let the price of the shoes, &c.] Pithy and pat, it would have become the Bench: servants that have hard Masters, let them read this Decision of the Dons; it will teach them an excellent way of discount; Taile Flebotomy, or Leaching may very well be set against breaching a veine, and excoriation or fleaing the Podes, for given leather to the Pudd. If it were pleaded in the Chamber of London, I do beleve it would have been excepted, and the boy (for his wit) set upon Record.

Replied the boies Master, I have no money.] This reply overthrows all Justice, Businesse, and Contrivance; no money, it *non plisset* all Sutes, Actions, and Passions, or what you will. A Lady, once requesting a Gentleman to play at Gleeke, was refused, but civilly, and upon three reasons; The first whereof, Madam, said the Gentleman, is, I have no money. Her Ladyship knew that was so materiall and sufficient, that she desired him to keep the other two reasons to himselfe.

The righter of Wrongs, and undoer of Injuries.] Never did Knight take a title so inauspiciously both to himselfe and poore Andrew, for Andrew was forced to the Oake againe, though his Indentures were once cancelled. And the Don proved just contrary in the next exploit, being the abider of Wrongs, and undergoer, I cannot say, but underlayer of Injuries.

I do also sweare the same quoth the Farmer.] There is as great Equivocation in the high shoone as the Cowle, or the men of Trade. One would have presumed the Oath both Andrew and his Master sware could not have been broke (for they mutually invoked the Rock, which is a very hard book to kisse) but herein lay the evasion or mentall reservation, when Andrew looked for Reall payment, the Sophister his Master gave him Corporall.

Who glad above all measure for his successe.] Had Andrews picture and the Dons been taken about the same businesse (for both were high exalted) they would have made exact pieces of *Heraclius*, and *Democritus*, but *Dicitur infelix de rediisse Domum*. And the Don in this transportation was like the sleeper in the empty Theater, who coming before the Play, or Auditors, dream'd of the passages, and laugh'd, clapp'd, hiss'd, and stamp'd, as if the Players had been enter'd, *Vacuus sessor plausorque theatro*. Even so, and so, To *Dulcinea*, the Empresse of his labours, all devoirs are tendered for her inspirations of speech and valour, as a man should say, briefly thus:

*Blest be Dulcinea, whose Favour I beseeching,
Resc'd poore Andrew, and his Nock-Andro from breeching.*

The way which oft held Knight Errants in suspense.] This stand of the Dons makes me suspect he was a Foole; for he is neither weather-wise, nor way-wise, nor penny-wise, but in this Quadry-way he might (though ne're so valiant) be worsted, for here was foure to one.

And came with their Quixotes.] These are over-head boone Graces, or Var-

Vardingales, a portable pent-house against the sunne; we had an old Lord (or Lady shall I say! for King James, when he saw him at his first coming into England, sware, old *Hesse* was alive againe.) who used in the summer time a Fanne, and if he had transplac'd his huge pokt ruffe foure handfull higher, he had been in the *Toledo* mode, and brought the *Quitafors* into fashion in his own Country.

Such an adventure as he imagined.] The Don was extremely mistaken, for these were (though not Knights,) his brother Merchant adventurers.

More beautifull then the Empresse of the Mancha.] This is the first challenge, and Proclamation of his Ladies beauty: you shall finde him begin and end a cryer. The miserable, but not so sad a representative of many a calamity undergone, for no weightier a cause, then the beauty of a Lady. How many Ladies, have seen their servants, for the maintenance of that (perchance, whereof they are as great guardians, as *Dulcinea del Tobo*) perisht and lie like *Philaster*, or *Cupid* himselfe a bleeding. But this was a most high piece of madnesse in our Don, to proclaime his Ladies excellencies (if shee had them) to the World, which commonly comes not to Idolize such pieces, but if they have purses (as these Merchants) to traffick for them. Goe no farther then *Gyges* for the naked truth of this.

That without beholding her, you doe believe, confesse, affirme, sweare, and defend.] Most legally prolecuted I professe, to have, hold, occupy, and enjoy. But your *Toledo* Merchants are no fooles, they will see and know their commodities before they buy: what, a pigge in a poke? two words to a bargain: *Igenoi nulla cupido*. Give me the Merchants judgements, not their leavings. But the Knight is at his *sic volo, sic jubeo*; *Dulcinea* must be ador'd, and truly shee deserved the knees of all that ever saw her, to be bow'd in undissembled prayer, for deliverance from such a sight for ever after.

I request you in all these Princes names.] This need not goe for a jest of the ingenious Merchant; for *Sans* controversie, none live more like Princes then they doe.

The Picture of the Lady, though no bigger then a graine of wheat.] Such rare Models, and pieces of Art, are wonderfull in these Countreys, though of late; our Southerne men, have learned to cut the ten Commandments; Creed, and Pater noster in a cherries stone, and we have seen, not a Ladies face indeed, but Father Garnets in a straw, and his neck in a string.

Don Quixot all inflamed with Choler.] The Merchants sting in the taile of his speech, so nettled the Don, that had *Rosinante* been so in place where's no ground had held him. But the beast grew dull with his ridiculous weight, and spurred up unduely (in a furrow) did not stumble (as the author injuriously sayes) for *Rosinante* was not used to trippie, but fell downe directly, he never offered, but fell, and oftner to the ground then his oates. And here is *Quixot* floundred (man and horse, as they say) groping like *Polyphemus* without his eye. Happy Don if (like *Ulysses* also) he could have hid himselfe amongst the Muttons, he might then have slept in a whole skinnie, which the Merchants lackey, like a Ferret, claw'd off: most ignoble enterprize. I shall conclude, for I cannot behold it any longer, with two Sympatherick lines.

O see our Lyon worried ! In such denms
Such Lyons roar, as we call Smithfield Penns.

CHAP. V.

Thinke not for all this boasting, yet to flout him,
Though b' have no launce, you'll find his wits about him.
Crippled, 'tis true, and in a hideous plight,
(And so had laine, but for a friend all night)
Yet he resolves to stand to his Romances,
Though on the ground he lie, and plies those Fancies.
Nothing doth grieve him, of what came to passe,
But that he rode to th' Mancha on an Asse.

TEXT.



HE was resolv'd to have recourse to his ordinary remedy.] Account not this Poeticall retirement of our *Dons* ridiculous, when he had no other help. It is the wisest turne and shift of passion, to evaporate griefe, through the shaking of the *Diaphragme*. Storme one passion with another, or as the *Don* excellently well elevates his misfortunes from the grosse apprehension of a dry basting, to an honourable defeat achiev'd in the pursuance of some Heroick designe. It was enough to have deaded his high spirits, and extinguish'd this Infant History, if he too sensibly, or literally had commented upon the *Bastinado*: besides, the losse of his Launce, though it stuck emblematically on his sides, yet the fractures went to his heart. He that hath read *Seneca* or *Boethius*, is very well provided against an ordinary mishap, but to have by heart *Argalus* or *Parthenia*, or the dolorous Madrigals of old *Plangus* in the *Arcadia*, or the unfortunate *Lover*, or *Pyramus* and *Thisbe*, shall be sure never to die of the *Mubblefubles*. For to be acquainted with sadnesse, begets familiarity, and familiars never kill one another, unlesse the Divell be in them.

Sedatur Lachrymis, egeriturque dolor.

Urine and teares, are the great exudatories of sorrow. If the Knight did both, you cannot blame him, and wanting the due partaker of his griefe, *Dulcinea del Toboso*, he could not chuse but lye in a strange pickle, which *Dulcinea* was never, giv' her her due (as we give her likeness) never I say, since she could beat a buck without a cleane taile-clout for her selfe or her friend.

Mr Quixada [said his neighbour.] It had been affliction unutterable, to have owned that name, and return'd to himselfe againe. The trance of the Cobler (drunk into the belief) that he was a Lord, was not to be shaken off without the losse of life, once recoblar'd, he was never his owne man againe. To returne to the Letherne Apron, wax Fingers, and whistling to a black-bird, from such a Lordly dreame, it put him (when Coblars speak Latine, they have some ends) to his *Pol me occidit his Amici*.

Non

*Non servastis (ait) cui sit extorta voluptas,
Et dempsit per vim mentis gratissimus error.*

Which thus is translated,

(Friends) of the Colter you have made an end,

Dreaming, a Lord; I waking am a Fiend,

Oh make me drunke againe, and on my word,

I will continue drunke—as any Lord.

Mounted him on the Asse as the beast of easiest carriage.] One Creature is ready to help another, though *Homo homini Lupus*. This beast (though by nature *Aurite* was never so prick-eard, as now to heare the brave speech of *Abin-Carry asse*, and the Duke of *Mantua*, which *Rosinante* took for a *Port-mantua*; the *Don* lay upon his belly, for the Lackey had laid upon his back so, that he was spoyled for a star-gazer, and only was fit to be recovered as his great Brother *Anteus*, by smelling to the fresh earth, which gets a stomach in an instant, and so the *Don* had, for his gus spoke very naturally to the capacity of *Rosinante*, and his fellow Brute, who make all haste they can to satisfie all sides.

To whom the woman of the house [said in a lamentable manner.] Of this old goodwife *Pyrrha* you have heard before, and of her age; now you shall know her for her adage, she was full of Saws, and one that had scene the day; she read without spectacles, and could thread a needle likewise, and see lost pins without the help of a paire of Nose-compasses; she knew what was what, I, she knew the *Don's* Father, and remembered the first time that he smil'd in his mothers Face, and hath a piece of the groaning Cake, (as they call it) which she kept religiously, with her *Good Friday Buns* full forty good yeares un mouldy, and unmouse-eaten. Now that ever wife woman should see her Master come to this, to run a wooll-gathering, I would it were so well, but the Wooll we shall have is as much as the Devil (God blesse us) got when he shored a hog.

His Niece affirm'd the same.] This roguing Queane had watch'd her Uncle, and seen him act *Jeronimo* in his short shirt, and now thinking him quite lost, discovers his mad pranks to the Curate and the Barber, one of which undoubtedly she thought to inveigle.

And burnt all those excommunicated Books.] Some books more than others incline men to madnesse; these, of Errantry have a strange Influence upon the minds of the Readers, (especially if they be amorous, cholerick, or melancholly persons who do study them,) wherefore Cooks, Butchers, and all sedentary men, (who also are subject to the Piles) as Committeemen, Taylors, Gentile Craft-men, Schollers over the degree of *Doctors*, and *super-annuate*, besides Ladies, & their Gentile-women, and Gentile-men Ushers, all such should be prohibited the reading of them. For often they commit strange matters after the reception of a pathetical story, and the Ladies going to bed full of Imagination transgresse in Fancy with *Gondibert*, and forget who they are under, or who is over them; There are as dangerous books as these, *Broughton*, *Brightman*, and he of *Banbury*, which if they were doom'd to the same fire with our *Don's* Library, would have sav'd many ones wit, besides their money.

He only requested them to give him some meat.] *Venter Caret Auribus, The Don*

D

Don is now for the entertainment of great Dido, so straight they got some thickned milke, pan-pudding, and souce, such viands as they knew he lov'd, and let him eate till his bones were at rest, or (as they say) till his skin crack'd, which was an easie matter, being so batter'd as he was, and bruised: But these recruits, and sleep, will restore him.

*Extend thy empty paunch unto the full,
Laden with meat and blowes, thou maiest be dull.*

CHAP. VI.

*No place without a Visitation,
(Th' Inquisition's worse, yet two to one.)
And while Don Quixot (dreaming of such matter)
Sleeps, and refreshes his o're-tired nature;
Foure severe visitors the Study force,
(Of which th' old woman was by far the worse);
The Barber and the Curate (learned men)
Knew what to save, but silly women, when
They have the chaire, as if they were a baking,
All to the oven must; in this sad taking
Were these rare Volumes, which they censure first,
And straight condemne, you know ill names are curst
To filthy fare; the Curate could reprieve
But few, the Barber with his Neece did strive,
And did the yielding Damsell so beseech,
That she did lay some Books under her breech
For his own use, and for that mighty blessing,
He gave the Book second Impression:
But th' old woman was most implacable,
(For she heard him jeere at old wives Fables.)
And therefore all alike must to't. And thus
Without Index expurgatorius,
Or Melius Inquirendum, O sad story!
The Books, the Books, do suffer Purgatory.*

TEXT.



Is Library the only Author of his harme.] This is a hard Chapter, like that of a Pedegree full of hard names, which to passe over with a stout silence, were unworthy a Commentator; as if it were all Parenthesis, and as well out, as in; or to give no more light then the construing book, which (of every thing, not understood by the translator) faith, it is the name of a Tree, a bird, a fish, a place, or a plant so called. No, no, being it is a criticall piece, and a censure of the most masculine and smartest Authors of *Errantry*, and a finall condemnation of some of them to *Vulcan*, we must not *ex fulgore dare fumum*, (make a black book of what

what they made a light fire) give a snuffe for a flaming Taper: wherefore we lament this *Incendium Troje*, the firing of this famous Library, and in as high a fury (though not so worthy) as he for *Mars's*, cry out;

*—Ergo ibit in ignes
Stultaque vaniloqui Flagrabit Mosa Quesada.
Which in English is thus elegantly (though not ad litteram) translated.
Pox on thee Vulcan, and if that won't doe,
Thy Wives Pox on thee, and Besse Broughtons too.*

Which verses were made upon the like mishap, when the *Annals* of the famous City of *Madrid*, that is the acts Chivalry of the twenty four single *Signiora's* Combates of the two *Consuls*. The Turnaments of the common *Consiliarii*, the quarterly prizes of the Deputies of the Wards, and their seconds, the *Quest-men*. Besides the Annuall Amphipoliticall and tumultuary *certamina*, or Feasts of twice twelve societies, every *Praetorian* day, with the strange Feasts of the Greenmen, Whiffers, Marshals, and his Ministers: Besides, the Navall expedition of the *Gallys*, and many other renowned workes, were all burnt to ashes, not so much as a line surviving or escaping, in that never to be forgotten conflagration of Father *Benjamins* study; Wherein, besides these books of Infamous losses, were the severall duels, onslaughts, stormes, and military performances, of the two never to be reconciled families, (like the *Capulets* and the *Mountchensies*, *Eteocleas*, and *Polyniceans*, *Dowglasses* and *Percies*, *Guelfs* and *Gubblins*) of enraged *Sr John Daws* and incensed *Sr Amorous La-Fool*.

*—Quis talia Fando,
Temperet à Lachrymis?
Which runs thus, but not verbatim; for I doe not tye my selfe up close to the words.*

*Who can these tales relate, and burning Histories,
And not contribute the Church buckets of his eies,
Or new found spouts of teares?*

This digression pardon'd, I returne to the note; whence I collect, that it is not love, that alwaies makes men mad, nor grieve and pease pottage; that only swels the belly; by wofull experience we see, that by turning over such books, the *vertigo* hath taken the braines, (which being themselves voluminous, as you see in a Calves-head cleav'd in twaine) they are much hurt with volumes of a contrary make, especially those that are simple and foolish, whereas *sage* with braines is very good, and *rosmary* is a good *Cephalick*, and *time*, *savory*, and *sweet marjoram*, in good pottage, make excellent settle-braine. But these kinde of simples, and leaves of *Errantry* (though the Knights themselves have had opportunitie to be as great *Herbalists*, as *Gerrard*, *Johnson*, or the *Jó Ambarvalian*) yet experience, (which is the *Mistresse*, and must rule this roost) teaches us, that they are noxious to the braine; and if to the braine, necessarily to the head, and you know *Caput malum, est Caput malorum*. And so is this Chapter; a Chapter of the saddest contents that e're was made.

The old woman returned with a holy waterpot to besprinkle, &c.] The old woman should have turn'd the bottle upon her own self, who being the very *Hecuba*, and unquenchable *Boutifcu* of the company, prov'd the very firebrand to this study, and had she been but fow'd out of her *balneo maria*, many books no doubt had escaped, which her dry malice, or rheumatick ignorance condemned to the Ovens whole, or else by parts under apple-pyes or Fooles (on which the *Don* insatiably alwaies fed, and nourished à *simili*, admirably well) or else to more uncomely and unprofitable ends. For Mr *Cutbert* and Sr *Roger*, were mercifully inclin'd, and through their great understanding, gave many of the Books their Books, and would have but lightly sing'd some, or with a cold Iron, which this old Beldam burnt out of hand.

Commanded the Barber to fetch downe the books.] Now the Library ladder is mounted, like the execution scaling ladders, and Mr *Nicholas*, like old *Monsieur*, toles downe the books with as little remorse, as a Carman does billets; whether in Folio, Quarto, Decimo sexto, stitch't or bound, of what Sexe, what age soever, whether printed at *Antieyre*, or by the approbation of the Colledge of *Gotham*, *Cum Privelegio*, or *sine*, down they goe, whilst the licentiat, like Mr *Godcoale*, at the foot of the Cart, gives ghostly counsell to some, and to others the dreadfull words of *Ite malum in cruce*, farewell and be burnt. For the *Dons* Books were not fastned as the Bookes in publick Libraries: then perchance these witty censurers would have permitted them to have hung in their owne chaines, in *terrorem*, to all *Knight Errantry-scriblers* for ever.

The first book was touch'd, was Amadis De Gaul.] Of the Originall of *Knight Errantry*, there is much controversy. I am not of the opinion, that *Amadis de Gaul* was the first book of that Nation, they being supposed to be descended of the *Jewes*, which were *Errant* over the face of the whole earth, and no doubt, many books of this nature, are to be read in *Hebrew* without pricks: and that all others had their beginning from this, is as improbable: What thinke you of the *Iliads*, the *Aeneads*, the *Frog* and *Rat-fights*, the *Pigmies* and the *Gyants*, and the *Giganto-machi*, which were all pure *Errantry*, and of more famous and reverend antiquity; so you *Amadis may*

*Longe sequebre & vestigia semper adora;
Since that you stand for eminence in letters,
Learne manners first, and yield unto your betters.*

This said the Barber is Amadis of Greece.] *Amadis of Greece?* why may not this be of the ancienter house, of the *D' Amadis*: we have very good Authority for the Country in generall.

—*Et quicquid Gratia mendax
Audet in Historiâ.*

Græculum furians in calum jusservis ibit.

Which was further then ever any *Knight Errant* went, though they have been even starv'd as my *Don*. And for particular places, *Aratus* will testifie for the *Cretians*, that they were *lyars* without intermission, as he writes it to their teeth in their own language; we will therefore end this perplexed piece of controversy (as our father *Ben* hath given example,) who

who dedicating his *Fox* to the two Universities of this Iland, *Fox-like* (knowing they alwaies quarrelled for Antiquity) in a most handsome and unenviable compellation, stild them *most equal Sisters*: So of these two Brothers in *Errantry*, that we may not let the books together, against one another; let them be *Frates Fraterrimi*: but the licentiate is not so mercifull here, as he might have been; for *Amadis of Greece* being the younger, was more fit to have been saved, and *D' Gaul* to have been sacrificed, being of the older house, which was fittest for the fire.

For he had deprived it of much naturall north, in the translation.] *Aurea hæc verba*, Translations are commonly the stains and shadows to their Parents, and gain only a reputation to the originall Author. Father *Ben* (when one unhappily muled for peeping into holes, he had no right to, swore he had got a clap, which he called the *French Pox*) was worthily wroth at the expression, and in a fume, said, why not (Sr) the English Pox? we have as good and as large, as they have any. If a disease may not be translated, why a book? Let English men write of their owne wits, fancies, subjects, disputes, sermons, Histories; Romances are as good, vigorous, lasting, and as well worthy the reading, as any in the world. Our *Fairy Queen*, the *Arcadia*, *Draytons Beaumont* and *Fletcher*, *Shakespeare*, *Johnson*, *Rondolph*; and lastly, *Gondibert*, are of eternall fame; But *Captaine Jones*, the only unparalleled Romancy, and fit to be the Legend of all Countries, and fit to be translated by forreign Nations, for the reason in the Text. But other effects we have of this wile; for would we translated nothing but books from other Nations, our very vanities, nay, vices, and amongst them our oaths, must be of an exotick extraction, and we have arriv'd unto that damnable excellency (shame to our proficiency and ability, in as various and big dialects, as the *Ionick*, *Attick*, *Doricke*, *Hellenick*, or any other) nay, as all Nations under Heaven: Country-men,

Pudet hæc opprobria vobis,

Et dici potuisse, & non potuisse refelli.

If we must be translating, let us translate these vices to their proper quarters, be just, and give every Country that which is their own; sufficient will be our vices, for our punishments: wherefore to *Germany*, her ebriety, to *Spaine* her ambition, to *France* her levity, to *Turky* her Polygamy, to *Greece* her lies, to *Rome* her superstition, to *Venice* her jealousy, and revenge, to *Scotland* her treachery; and so to every part what is theirs, and feare not, the remains perchance will bemoane then the full meale.

Let Palmerin of England be preserv'd.] *Gratias Hispani!* I could kisse thy large *Moor-lip*, for this favour: But had you heard of *Bevis of Southampton*, the *Counter-scuffle*, *Sir Eglamore*, *John Dory*, the *Pindar of Wakefield*, *Robin Hood*, or *Clem of the Cluff*, these no doubt had been recommended to the *Vatican*, without any *Index expurgatorius*, or censure at all.

These, to wit, books of Poetry, ought not to be burn'd.] Poets indeed, were excommund'd *Plato's* Common-Wealth; but yet *Augustus*, in the Zenith of his Empire, cherished them, and sate with them. If such abilities deprese nor themselves by meane subjects, but keep up the gravity of their styles in their due decorum, not making *Corinna's* of *Levia's*, adulterating, and estimating their fancies with unbecomming mixtures, they and their writings too, may be fit company, for the best Potentates in the World.

(Quoth

(*Quoth the Neece*) you shall doe well, to have them turned also.] This wench, was neither wife nor beautifull, nor ever had ingenious servant, who bestowed a copy of verses upon her. *Mopsa's* face, else shee would have been more pittifull to men of this employment, who get little (god wot) by their wits, if they cannot purchase a maides good will. If all the female World were so hard hearted, what a ruine would fall on a number of distressed wights, who have no estates left, but Physick, Poetry, or teaching a school? The gentler breasts of the virginities of London, are compassionately mov'd, if a Ballad of *Iane Shore* be reviv'd, or any figment new raised: where *Philis* and *Corydon*, sadly complaine of their owne unfortunate loves; or indeed, if any Shepheard be so long, (through the unjustifiable stubbornesse of his *Amaryllis*) kept from his, and her desires too, for all her seeming coyneffe, that poor man, he is put to that necessitie, that he will have her by hook or by crooke.

The treasure of divers Poems.] It is a booke with our school-boys, in great request, called in the Latine Tongue, *Thesaurus Poeticus*. As others we have for helps of young boys, such as *delitia delitiarum*, *Flores Poetarum*, which being collections (choice, as the Authors promised, if their judgements were alwayes in the right) out of the numerous list of the sonnes of the Quill; there may be very good use of them (as Mr *Licentia* knew of the use of Postils) if the lazy or ignorant scholar, did not take the whole copy, instead of a little, to piece out his fancy; But in Poetry, as in other thefts, give an inch, and they'll take an ell.

It should be purged of some base things.] Our age first reform'd in Poetry, and afterwards in Religion: *Marhaffis*, I remember, was gelt, if that be English for *Castratus*, who is one of the quickest wits, (and a *Spaniard* by birth) as ever wrote an Epigram: yet he had some salt in his taile, which was not refus'd, which calls to mind, that about the time that Author came out purg'd, and made an Eunuch, a reverend Doctor had the book, and singularly commended it, as it stood now corrected and amended, for it had passed the stool of repentance, and I believe, the emasculations were some Scotch mans. Now the Doctor (for he was much taken with the pure Bewke) told his scholars all the filthy Epigrams which were left out, and had excellently translated them all from the copy to his head, and I believe to his heart, for by heart he had them all.

CHAP.

CHAP. VII.

*Our Knight awakes; perplext and very moody;
At all his losses, Lancelin, wits and study;
That Muniaton, Freston, or the Drivell,
The one should be so cruell, this unrevill.
Full fifteen dayes herested at the Mancha,
Untill by chance he met with Sancho Pancha,
Who was a credulous old fool, a man,
Who thought each Goose of Quixots was a Swan:
And sweld with hopes of Kingdoms and of Castles,
He leaves his house, and will with fortune wraastle.
Just as you see them in the Frontispiece,
Not eggs to eggs are liker, Geese to geese.*

TEXT.



Hile they were thus busied, DON Quixot cryed, here, here, valourous Knights.] As in other fires of wood or coal, you imagine you see the shapes of Men, Lyons, Horses, and other strange creatures; so by the light of this Book-bonfire (as plaine as *Eteocles* and *Polynices* in their flames were seen fighting) did visibly apprehend, he saw the most desperate Tourney that ever was performed by Knights, which raised his valourous soule from his bed to action: depriv'd he is, stout heart, of armes all, but his naturall; his launce miserably shivered, past the cure of a cunning Joyner, the Helmer in so many despicable peeces, not fit to make nailes of, yet thus bereft, only in soule, cap-a-pe a souldier; his high conceits

*In praelio tradit inermem.
Soon as he waked, he fell a fighting naked.*

He continued cutting and slashing on every side.] He is in the very same postures as I knew one, who being soundly dozd, had the charity of his conquerours to buttresse him up from the Inne to his chamber, where like my *Don*, he took quiet repose for two or three houres, after he awakes intolerably dry, and inflam'd i'th throat, roard out and stamp'd (supposing he had been at the Inne, not in his chamber) for the Tapster, whom loudly and often he call'd for, crying, I burne, I burne, Canns you rogue, and impatient of delay, threatens to fetch him with another Alarum; which so dainly he puts in execution, and stormes his owne glasse windowes so furiously with bedstaves, old shooes, and the like weapons, that he made a breach big enough, out of which he might have throwne the room: after And had not one of his fellow Collegioners pass'd by, and reconcil'd him to his windowes, the actions of battery would have been so chargeable, that his whole yeares pension would scarce have paid for the reparations.

His lines, pronounced by himselfe, doe ravish the hearers.] Just as much I believe, as when a Greek Oration (spoke excellently well by a boy, who stood for Election, but made by his Master) wrought upon one of the chiefe of the company, who commended the boy that spoke the Greek so exceedingly, that the Electioners (which were Scholars) indu'd by his excessive liking of that tongue, desired to know, how long he had been skill'd therein, and he answered *bona Fide*, 'twas well he had so much Latine, that he understood not a tittle of it, but he lik't it, because it sounded bravely. It is indeed a brave language, for a man of a full mouth, a large tongue, and wide jaws, which are good marks for a horse too; (for there is room enough for their breath to play, and 'tis a sign also of a noble heat in any creature, where the parts are not too unproportionably extended.)

*Græcæ dedit ore rotundo
Musa loqui.
Greek is pronounced wrong,
Unlesse you strole it o'r the tongue.*

I have heard, that the Poets of the Fortune and red Bull, had alwayes a mouth-measure for their Actors (who were terrible teare-throats) and made their lines proportionable to their compasses, which were *fisquipedales*, a foot and a halfe.

The Curate would have all the rest burn't at all adventures.] *Crepas ingens sejanum.* Downe goes *Retont* and *Pellican*, *Sericon* and *Bufo*. If these books had been old shirts, much might have been sav'd in tinder, enough I believe, to have serv'd the *Mancha*, till the Resurrection: But paper, though it be made of rags, is the most unprofitable of all things set on fire. Nay, I think, that out of the ashes of these monumentall Histories, it were impossible, ever by the labour of *Alchymie*, to recover the resemblances of the principles, whence they came, nay, not so much as the figure of the pot, which in most Quires is very visible. Otherwise, the *Don* no doubt, for the love he bare these Authors, would have made that his first adventure, and might have been as famous upon Record, for Chymicall experiments, as he is at this day, for Heroick undertakings.

The Barber opened a book, call'd the teares of Angelica.] One act of grace yet, *Angelicas* teares would have extinguish'd the fire, and therefore were kept out, but without doubt, the true reason, why the Curate and Barber were induced to save it, was this; they both were good fellows, and looking downe upon their bestript doublets and skirts, spar'd the teares of *Angelica*, for the teares of the tankard, wherein both were drencht.

In good sooth, Lord Arch-Bishop Turpin.] Such strange impressions makes strong fancies, and works not onely upon women wonderfull effects, but even the most masculine spirits have been (as well as our *Don*) shrewdly tainted with it. A Gentleman importun'd, at a fire-night in the publike Hall, to accept the high and mightie place of a mock-Emperour, which was duely conferred upon him, by seven mock-Electors at the same time, with much wit and Ceremony; The Emperour ascended his chair of state, which was plac't upon the highest table in the Hall, and at his insalment, all Pomp, Reverence, and signes of homage, were used by the whole company

pany: Infomuch that our Emperour (having a spice of self-conceit before, was soundly peppered now) for he was instantly Metamorphoz'd into the stateliest, gravest and commanding soule, that ever eye beheld. *Taylor* acting *Arbaces*, or *Swanston D'Amboys*, were shadows to him; his pace, his look, his voice, and all his garb was alter'd. *Alexander* upon his Elephant, nay, upon the Castle upon that Elephant, was not so high and so close did this imaginary honour stick to his fancy, that for many yeares he could not shake off this One nights assumed deposements, untill the times came, that drove all Monarchicall imaginations out, not only of his head, but every ones.

He call'd for his breakfast, which was presently brought.] This Barber, I perceive was no Barber Chirurgeon; nor the Curate himselfe any great observer of Lent, Ember weeks, or other fasting dayes, else they would have kept him fasting, according to the dyet of Bedlam, which was the only way to allay his fighting spirit, which being ever and anon supplied by the fumes of bak'd pudding, and his body blowne up with flatulent meat, such as pease-pottage, radishes, and onyons made, such dangerous recruits in him, that without prayers and spare dyet, it was impossible to exorcize his Frenzy.

The plot was to change his Chamber, and damm up his study.] This delusion of his Chamber, was good, *pro tempore*. I knew a humorous Cook in *Oxon*, so given to shift and alter doors in his house, that one morning early, he chang'd the door belonging to a paire of stairs, which went to one of his Lodgers chambers; who not knowing of this alteration, run down hastily (as at other times) and found his head stuck in a new mud wall, which did so confound him (going about some other necessary businesse) that by reason of the forcible detainer, it was a great question, whether he was in more morter, above or below. Of the like losse of a study, it is certaine, that a scholar call'd somewhat hastily from the place to a friend, who had brought some token to him, left his door wide open, and making merry somewhat late, return'd at night, and resolv'd to have candle, (though his head was light enough, he pass'd by his study-door, and came to the window in the study, where finding himselfe, he cryed out (frighted at the apprehension of his losse) Theeves, Theeves, my Study is stolne, but indeed he had lost nothing but that afternoon and his wits, which his chamber-fellows (awakened with the noyse he made) recovered him to, and having put the door into his hand with much adoe, was perswaded to lock it up, and secure the Study better against morning.

Munition Freston.] This Inchanter is of no note, nor doe I finde his name in any famous Authors of *Demonology*, he is not so much as mention'd in *Cornelius Agrippa*, nor yet in the Shepherds Calender, unlesse he was some one of those three *Bungi*, *Bacon*, or *Vandermaff*: and so hath chang'd his name, (as is usuall with Jesuites and Inchanters) I know not whom it should be.

The poor fellow determined to serve him for a Squire.] *Sancho* hath bit at the ambitious baite, and is caught poor fellow, he knew not what a dance the *Don* would lead him, before he return'd to the shaking of the sheets, with his *Joan Gutierrez*.

*Multa tulit fecitque puer, sudavit, & alit;
Much did the poor old Squire endure, before
He got to be the Islands Governor.*

But above all things he charg'd him to provide himselfe of a wallet.] Two things very unfuitable and Inaugurable for such grand designs, an Ass and a Wallet. But whosoever hath read the History of *Masinello*, a poore contemptible fisherman, will think nothing impossible. An Ass or two, (*Sancho* and his Beast, give them but the fortune) may overrunne *Muleasses* and his *Barbaries*, and a wallet may sack *Constantinople*.

Si fortuna volet, sis de Rhetore Consul.

In English thus,

If it seem good to powerfull fate,

A Dray-horse may be a horse of state.

In that of the Affe the Don stood pensive.] *Parvis principiis res magnae crescunt.* If he had bestrid *Bucephalus*, the World could have but gaz'd at him, and so they would now: excesses and defects have alwaies the same admiration, as much wondring at *Jessery*, as the great Porter. Be not troubled and disquieted (O *Don* of vast desires!) Take the Ass along with thee, and be not ashamed, though his eares are unsightly, his back is servicable. No Beast, except a *Dromedary*, (and *Sancho* upon the Ass makes one) will be able to goe under the spoyle, that thy valour will atchieve.

Mount cheval, and through all Nations passe,

That word mounts thee, and Sancho mount thy Ass.

Sancho Pancha rode on his beast like a Patriarch.] whether the Primitive Patriarchs rode so, (I meane those before the flood) is very difficult to prove. Asses indeed, were then much in use, but for the Wallers, unless it were in the great famine, when they went down to *Aegypt* to buy food. I find not example for it; I am sure our Moderne Patriarchs doe not so, the Patriarch of *Constantinople* not so, nor of *Alexandria* so, nor his Holinesse Papatriarch so, nor the Arch-Bishop of *Toledo* so. The *Mule*, and glorious Foot-cloath-pages, and Harbingers, are all too little for these Patriarchs; yet these are governours of more then Islands, what *Sancho* will do when he is in honour, noman knowes.

Joan Gutierrez my wife become a Queen.] *Joan* was a great damp to the high thoughts of *Sancho*. For a man of his expectations to be depressed with a slut, a whore, or a fool (or it may be all at once in one) was an intollerable weight. A dung boat sunk in a shallow, where a wherry is to passe, lies so pestilence unhappy, that neither it selfe can get forward, or any thing by it. It calts to mind, a story of a poor, but simple woman, who for want of a graine or two of discretion, lost her husband the highest advantages of the World that ever was. For the good man had so spent his time in true and honest paines, contented and not murmuring, that Fortune seem'd to smile upon him, as oft as he came to worship at her Temple, whither he oft resorted; the gracious looks of the Goddesse encouraged him to aske something more then before he used, & yet considering with himselfe, that too bold a votary might be repuls'd, he modestly bounded his request with this

such, that her goodnesse would conferre three wishes upon 'um, which from the Oracle was answered; *Ratify'd; Wish, and be happy.* The joyfull man acquainted his wife strait, who having been the constant companion of his labours, was meet to stare in his good fortunes; but shee was just such another *Niddecock* as *Joan Gutierrez*, and the first thing shee desired her husband, was, that one of these wishes, might be left to her disposal. The good old man, willing to gratifie her, said, yea Love, one I will spare thee: So to the Faire they came, whither they were bound, and the woman casting her eyes round about, to see what she should make the choyce of her wish, at last, (remembering what shee wanted at home) spied a handsome wooden ladle, which shee forthwith wish'd for, and as soon the thing was in her hand, which her husband seeing and impatient at the miscarriage of the first wish, wroth with his wife for her simplicity, wished the Ladle in her breech, which out of hand was instantly there. But the poor woman (like a fly with a straw in the same place) was so tormented, besides the shame, that she desired her husband, that as he ever hop'd to partake of the delights of the opposite place, he would remove this impediment, to which the uxorious man condescended, and in charity to his wife, wish'd it out againe. So all the three wishes went in and out with a Ladle.

CHAP. VIII.

*Having a witnesse and his Squire to boot,
He dares high things; now let the Mills look to't,
Which though enchanted in those forms by Frelton,
He does encounter, but hath not the best on't;
For up hee's hoisted in their sayles, and flying
Ith' aire aloft, on th' earth he ne'r fear'd dying.
Roz'nant was chang'd into a Pegalus,
Bellerephon they made, and Perseus.
Poor Sancho on the ground, doth gape and stare,
And sees his Don dubl'd wofull, Prince o'th' aire;
Where if the Force had giv'n him i' other whiskings
He'd neer come downe to Combat the proud Biscaines;
But he descends, though ne'r so high a flyer,
And Sancho mones him on the ground a Lye.*

TEXT.



Not Sancho, pray understand that those Gyants are Windmills.] This grosse mistake of the *Dons*, to the not drinking or cleering his eyes in a morning, which *Sancho* never omitted, and if the Squire were not the sharper witted, he was the quicker sighted, doth appeare plain by the story. For he saw at a convenient distance forty windmills to be the very same, that the species represented them; unless such a spirituall mischance befell the *Dons* eyes, as did ones eares, who standing very attentive to a sermon, yet by

by no means of straining his neck, or shifting his port-holes could receive any articular sound or sentence, which troubled him much, but so much the more, when he espied him, and farther off than he stood, one taking notes very swift in short hand: Whereupon he removed his station, and thought philosophically, that some angles of the Church might carry the voice to that place by his circular concaves, whither when he came, he was as unable to heare as before. He beheld himselfe, and Sermon-Writer, and did not know which most to wonder at, his own deafenesse, or the fellows acutenesse. At last he asked the *Brachygrapher*, whether he wrote the notes of that Sermon, or something of his own conception? Yea (good Sir) said *Stenography*, the words of the Teacher in truth; The other replied, it was impossible; for I have stood by thee some while, and but even now a yard or two nearer to the Minister, and cannot heare a syllable; That may be, said the Scribler, unless you have sanctified eares. So it may be the *Don* had his eyes sanctified, and happily then (though unhappily here) he might discerne Windmills for Giants. But yet *Sancho's* eyes for me, which in time (for they were upon improvement.) would easily (or at least as far as another mans) looke through a Mill-stone.

[If thou art afraid, go aside and pray.] *Sancho* though he was none of the best at his prayers, yet at this time made election rather of his devotions than the assault: His prayers were short and home; God bleesse me, and my children all three, and *Jone* from above the knee, and no more. But it became not the Knight to give this liberty to his Squire, nor the Squire to take it, who was not to be upon his knees when the *Don* was upon the salley. But 'twas his first entrance; and though *Sancho* did not what was soul-dierlike, yet he obeyed orders, and therein he is excusable.

[with this the wind encreased, and the sailes turn'd about.] Notwithstanding the danger of their turning, the *Don* scorn'd the motion, and assailed them, and no doubt had *Rosinante* been a Mill-horse, as his Master by one attribute was a Miller, they had carried the businesse round; but here the Mill had the better; for their want of experience only in such fights, for the *Don* should not have grappled here; but charg'd at distance, and letting alone his trusty Launce should have ventred on with lighted links, and then he had made cleare way to his victory, and having fired the sailes had also fired the Castle, and *Cacus* in it, where if there had been as much dough as meale, the same fire would have made him and *Sancho* Cakes enough for their Waller, and the Mill should have been the Oven; but those that ever saw the Picture of falling *Icarus*, may guesse the condition of our *Don*, who fell not into any sea, that afterwards bare his name, but with a sound Thump he fell to the Earth, who bare his body; his mother had hop'd he would have returned to her as she gave him to the World, but he falls a *Centaure*, who came forth a man, and a heavy burden he was, as ever lay upon a Grand-mothers back.

Sancho comes to his succour as fast as the Ass would drive. Poore *Sancho* laments the windfall his Master, and was gathering him up like a bruised Codling Apple a little corrupted on the Leiger side. I know not whether from this eminent misfortune that befell the *Dons* Windmills, since have been made to go to the Left, in memory of this dishonourable usage. The Observation hath escaped the learned Author of the Vulgar errors, and I will not undertake the decision.

Diego

[*Diego Peres of Vargas.*] This Knight from his successe against the Moores gotten with an Arme of an Oake, was surnamed *Machusa*, which signifies with us *John an Oakes*; and our *Don* (or if *Sancho* had the braines, for the Squires were whim'd in the whiske) might very well from that encounter have fill'd himself a Knight of *Millan*. So *Scipio* from his victory against *Carthage*, was called *Africanus*, and the *Cæsars* surnamed from their Successes, *Almanicus*, *Gothicus*, *Britannicus*, *Germanicus*, *Dacicus*, and *Claudius*, for other exploits, was called *Cæticus*, and was the very * *Dackins* of all the Emperours. And no doubt but *Sancho*, if he had skill in the Latine, would have call'd him *Querceticus* of the *Mancha*.

* *Dackins* a fellow us'd to defile himselfe.

Don Quixot could not forbear laughing hearing the simplicity of his Squire. This is the first symptome, whereby 'tis guess'd the *Don* to be rational, that he could laugh. The Query of *Sancho's* was very provident. For *Sancho* having now two capacities, the one personall, and the other *Squire errantically*, 'twas very well worth the enquiry to know in which of those two he should suffer. For if the Squires Arme, Leg, or Neck were broke, it made no matter, so that *Sancho Pancho* were a whole man (as they say.) But the Knight did state the Question in the Affirmative, that the Bodies of *Squire-Errants*, and *Knight-Errants*, likewise, do suffer personally (as *Witches* in their Bodies suffer for the harmes of the shapes of Cats, Dogs, Hares, or any Creatures else they assume.) For *Errantry* is but a nobler kind of Incantation and Witchcraft sans question, and therefore à simili 'tis subject to the same Inconveniencies. Our Knight (who was none of the wisest) experimentally knew (which is the surest knowledge of all, but not the safest,) that when the *Knight-Errant* was in the aire, that *Don Quixot* was there also, and when he and *Rosinante* come with a squall to the ground, that the *Squire-Errant* was then Couchant in a field Greene, Nose Gules, and Sides and Back azure: and so you may state the Question for Personall or Politique capacities, if you hurt one you hurt both.

[Then *Sancho* said unto him, it was dinner time.] *Sancho* could not looke on the one side him, but the Waller did stem him, such memento's he lik'd very well; a fall too, rather than a fall from the Windmill; but the *Don* had no maw to victuals, having not yet digested his Feast of fresh aire, which almost turned him into a *Camelion*. But he that travels with a Cane that will hold Sack (for such there are as well as Sugar Canes) may go further than one with a firme Staffe, this is better to jumpe with, or leane on, but for a great journey I would rely on the other. The Bottle and the Waller are two good Companions; and as he rode, it was in *Persian* state, for the ends of the Waller being of each side, *Sancho* possessed the middle place (which in those Eastern Countries) is of highest honour. The Bottle *Sancho* often advanceth to his nose, which raised his eyes to heaven, which he seldom so devoutly looked on, as in that posture, and by that meanes he often called to remembrance that there was something above him.

So *Cyrus* on a *Dromedary* rod,

Adoring, like to *Sancho*, his warm'd God.

[He tore an Oake and set on the Iron of his own.] It was strange that *Sancho* did not alight and set on the Iron, but permit his Master to doe it. But hence you may gather, that *Knight-Errants* as they are of all Countries, and all Languages, so they are of all Trades; They take it from the *Ottoman*

man

man Race; who are always bred up to handicrafts.

Thou must not assist me, unless those that assault me be base and Vulgar people.] Very case Indentures these of a *Squire-errant*; and yet had they been given sooner, *Sancho* was, by his Conditions, to have run the same danger with his Master at the encounter of the Windmills: For what more base Castle than a Mill? And what more vile Rogue than the pilfering Giant in it? But *Sancho* was not dubb'd, and therefore was excusable, and never meant to be, and therefore would for ever be excused. Nor did *Quixot* (as ever I read of) make tryall of his Squires personall valour before they mounted, as a Knight in our Country (but not of that Order) did, who having dealt with a Master of the noble science of defence for his Usher of the Schoole, whom he obtained from him for a summe of money, before he came to his owne seat rode to a City, where he was acquainted with a huge *Bravo* in that Art, unto whom he repaired, and told him, that he had got a young pretender to the tactics, and desired that he would be pleased to try what mettall he was made of; the Tryer, looking very disdainfully upon the young man, (as *Goliath* upon little *David*) went forthwith to the Schoole, where having chose the weapons, to it they fell, the Tryer bidding him *Guartha*, and be carefull, for he should give him cause to know, that he met a man of skill; the Usher lay purposely open, and unguarded, and the other spying the advantage gave him a brush, whereat he vapoured extremely, shaking his head at the fellows unexperience; whereupon the Usher gathered up his skill and mettle at once, and gives his Trier such a wipe o'r the shins, that he made him make a Leg for't, though not in Courtship; and presently retires to the Knight, and swore, 'Tis a pretty fellow, there's hopes of him: Anon the Usher gives him a shrewd swap on the very end of the elbow, which he rub'd likewise in his commendations, and said, 'Tis a very pretty fellow if aith. By and by the Probationer with quick returns laid his Trier o'r the sides, legs, and pate, all in an instant, whereupon he threw away his Weapon, and sware to the Knight, He is for your turne Sir, 'Tis a question whether his Tongue or head ran faster in his commendation.

Do you not see Sir (said Sancho) that these are Friars of Saint Bennets Order.] The *Don* (contrary to the advice of *Sancho*) attempts this more dangerous adventure; for the Windmills could only grind the body, but these Friars the Purse. That Coate is higher priz'd in *Spain* than in *England*, where it was five pound a blow, and the *Don* being a nimble striker, how soone might the revenew of the *Mancha* have been thrash'd out upon one of their Canonically Coates? Besides the danger of the Inquisition, which *Sancho* dreaded as hell, where no Waller would be admitted, and the bottle of good Sack for ever to be banished, Bread and Water unto *Sancho*; the Furies were not worse Torment to him than the latter of them, for which cause he was very glad the World should ne'r be drown'd againe; for of all deaths he hated it, and like *Ovid*, not with him, was used to cry out,

Demite naufragium, Mors mihi munus erit.

Which *John Taylor* thus Englisheth:

*To drinke indeed is all my wish,
But how, not to drinke as a Fish.*

Sancho

Sancho run in to the Monke, and would have rasack't his habit.] *Non videt id Mantica quod in tergo est?* Yes, *Sancho* had seen *Cappuchines*, and knew where their Wallets were, where the stock lay, no paddee to a Trooper, so expert; and now you see the chicke of *Sancho's* service, he was for the plunder, the Squire for the bag, the Knight for the baggage, for he is with the *Biscaine* Lady, while his Squire made an adventure indeed, of robbery, but was taken in the fact, and having two unmercifull Jurymen, and Judges (for they were all) two heavy fitted Lackeys, never was horse so curried, betwixt two Northern Jockies, as *Sancho* was. *Sancho* pleaded well, that they were lawfull prize by law of Armes, but the unskillfull knaves (not knowne to Civill Courts) used him very barbarously, nay, no Barber would have serv'd him so, (though he had often gon away trimm'd for nothing) they grubb'd up his reverend haire by the roots, and left his chin as bare, as a pull'd hens rump. In ten yeares travels they came not againe; so that *Joan* at his return, thought him made young againe, and had they grubb'd downward, and a like growth come there also, it might have pass'd for a very good Metamorphosis. The *Monk* all this while (though he had his, *Thou shalt not steale* for *Sancho*) not remembering his Lackeys of the other precept (which was very neer violating, for *Sancho* was breathlesse, and that is as good as dead,) got to his horse, and with a greater speed (then he rode to be admitted into the *Monastery*) made away, and left poor *Sancho* in pate and beard a *Monke*, but of the order of the *Maledictines*.

Get thee away Knight in an ill hour, or I will kill thee.] This *Biscainer* was a *Castrill*, a very Foighter, and no doubt, but the Pusses in the Coach, were his sisters. But the *Don* recounting with himselfe (notwithstanding that he swore damnably, he would kill him) the infallibility of his security in being *Knight-Errant*, that it was impossible to be ever out-right killed, he made bold to throw the Caytiffe in his face, which was the greatest affront to a *Biscainer* (who is *terrá marique*, a gentleman) that could be offered. Had the *Biscaine* been tossed as our *Don* was by the Windmill, and a little higher in *concauum Luna*, no doubt but he had been a gentleman by all the four Elements. Two such high spirits are now met, and more implacable then *Clinias* and *Dametas*. The Author leaves us uncertaine of the issue of this single combate, (which however it went with the Master) was notorious on the Brutes side, for *Rosinante* run down the hired, tired jade of the *Biscainer*:

*And if the horse such prayes had,
The Knight got more, or he was mad.*

The End of the first Book.



FESTIVOVS NOTES VPON DON QUIXOT.

BOOK II.

CHAPTER I.

*Joult here ! we're at a losse, now what shall we doe,
we must toth' Exchange for newes, e'n at Toledo.
where if a Hawker with old scrowles Arabick
Doe not support us, downe goes all this Fabrick
Of Quixots Errantry ; but let me tell yee,
we happily meet Hamete Benen-geli,
An old Arabian book, which very few
Doe understand, but we have hir'd a Jew,
(Of which there are good store in Spaine,) who kenn'd
A better tongue, then wherein this is penn'd.
He doth translate this brave ensuing story,
which book by book shall now be laid before you.
Give eare therefore, 'tis times, for we have found
One of our Dons fall'n off from his head toth' ground,
Cut by proud Biscaine hand, but see he lies,
To answer for one eare, with both his eyes,
He dearly payes the making Don, Scriva-no
Dead on the place, but that the Ladies-pray-no:
what could not Ladies doe upon a Peer,
The most humane, that ever wore an eare.
No man but he, would e're us'd a foe-so
Upon his homage done to Dul Toboso.*

TEXT.

***** [left the Don and Biscaine in so doubtfull taking.] This pause, is
W like an Istmos or Peninsula, which dividing two enraged seas
by her naturall interposition, keeps them from emboguing or
precipitating one into the other. Otherwise, *Jonium & Aegei frangis*
mare, as saith his lofty Country-man *Lucan*. But you may guesse the
Com:

Combatants by their metall, like Stags and stonehorses. For as on each side of an *Istmos*, by the iterated beatings and rebeatings of the waters, the froth and *Venus*, the salt and spirituous bubbles (churn'd into a cream) are seen at top about the shoar : So every where did appear upon this *Pharsalian* Camp, the drivelings of these embossed Rivals, who foam'd like two chaf'd Boars, or blowne *Mastiffs*, whose rage had curd'd one anothers chops, that had they been milk-fops, they might have din'd from one anothers face, nor were their Horses in lesse Agony, and by excessive heats, continuall evaporations, and sweats, they were laundred and ladder'd, had there been water by, as there was land enough, they might have very well serv'd for the sport of the soaped Bull. It is great pity to leave two Knights tugging thus, like slaves at an oare, I will (with my Authors leave) make what haste I can for their redemption.

The Author leaving no notice, where we might find the rest of the narration.] This a *Spanish* quirk, a maze of the Authors owne making, as intricate as his braines, to puzzle and with-hold the inflamed Reader, whom he would make believe, for the dignity and antiquity of his History, that it came from *Arabian* head and language, and was translated by an *Hebrean*; But I am cleare of another opinion, though I like his invention well, and

Facile est addere.

And I shall put my conceit upon the judgement of the World, which of the two they thinke most probable. Therefore I conjecture that this story of *Quixot*, with many more eminent *Opuscula* of that nature, were all preserv'd in that famous and wonderfull hollow tooth of *Garagantua*, from the irruptions of the *Goths* and *Vandals*, and the *Barbarismes* of the *Ottoman* cruelty : which said tooth, *John Pontanus*, his *Ter-quaterque retro-Tritacus* descended into, by the assistance of a Colledge of Physicians (for there was room enough) and Chirurgions also, with all those huge engines, tooth-pick-axes, tooth-mattocks, and all manner of mouth-Pionery, provided for the scouring, cleansing, and purging of that stupendious concavity. In the rubbish of that vast *Hiatus*, were these two Volumes of the *Don* preserv'd safe and unperish'd ; which how they came thither, will be the hardest thing to make good : But it is of no such difficulty to save the scruple. For that exceeding Gyant being troubled with no small paine in his tooth, called the *Hodontalgia*, it caus'd such a vacuum in the place, that so much wind had gathered thither, as it was enough (as out of *Aeolus* cavernes) from thence at any time to have caus'd a tempest ; wherefore from all places there were helps and counsels call'd, and when stopping of it was concluded upon, they thought not at the instant, with what to doe it, (mens braines being not alwaies ready for every punctilio) but then finding what an intollerable charge it would amount to in Cotton-wooll, Linnen or Canvas, they thought it best, (and best cheape) to doe it with waist paper, which was approved on, and the Gyant willing to save his purse, descended to it : So all the Pamphlets then extant, all Romances, English, Spanish, French, and throughout the world were bought up, and amongst the rest, this of our *Don*, which being chiefly to be preserv'd, was laid next the root of his tooth, many piles of lesse worthy labours lying betwixt it and the casualties of the continuall defluxions that fell upon the place.

So have you him uncorrupt, and by the help of *Rablais* sweet as anut. *Rescuing damsels with all their virginities at their backs.*] This is virginity transplac'd; but it is plaine he means mothers, who had their little ones, as our Irish women use to go laden (who without all question were virgins) at their backs: Which eals to mind, a story of a Foot *Knight-Errant* of our Land, who was much given to take the pleasure of the Woods in the Summertime, and especially that time of it, when nuts are in season; into the thicket, where he was used to adventure; came a very faire Lady of goodly stature, rare and flowing haire, and of good carriage (for she had two barnes bound fast to her:) the melancholy Knight viewing her, was amaz'd at her rich beauty and poor clothes, at her light ordering her pasternes, and heavy burthen at her back, and calling the Lady to him, askt her, whence, and who she was, she told him, one whom misfortunes had sent into England for reliefe; yea said the gentleman, that thou shalt not want, and presently gave her a piece of mony, the Lady bowed her selfe and her family to him, and as she was praying God to blesse him, he desired her to spare that, and stay a little with him, and presently requested her to take the pleasure of the place, and shee should have better chaffer then nuts; which the Lady apprehensive enough, was willing to entertain, but told him the disconvenience of obtaining his purpose, whilst those weights and impediments were tyed to her, we will unloose them, said (*Sr Solitary*) may said the Lady, but if they be unfastened, they will cry for meat, and laid aside without it, keep such a noise, that may call in spectators more then we desire. Come said (*Sr Solitary*) that all may be secure, fasten the barnes to my back, and I shall be (as you shall order it) as good as a cradle to them. The Lady lik'd his pregnant fancy, and presently unwhitl'd, and swathed them to her Paramour, who was no sooner fast, but he was desirous to be loose, and when he prepar'd himselfe to beat the Tree, the Lady vanish'd with such speed, that he running (with weight) was not able to overtake his flying *Daphne*; and too farre he durst not follow, for feare of discovery: now he tryed to case himselfe of his charge, but the cunning Lady had fastened the whittles so equally behind, that his hands could not reach the knots, and while they were in the amorous embraces, shee withdrew with his mony, all injurious weapons from him, so that his knife, which would have decided this Gordian knot, was stolne. The Gentleman reflected upon himselfe, and both sorry, and asham'd of the action, that he might take heed for the future, and satisfie for what was past, made hast toward night to his Towne, accourted as he was, and at a Tenants house dismantles himselfe, telling her the story, and giving her charge to see the brats well brought up, which was a piece of gallant *Foot-Errantry*; and so what was intended Lechery, prov'd an act of excellent charity.

This *Dulcinea* of Toboso, had the best hand for powdering of Pork in all the Mancha.] This is the first Character we have of the excellencies, which were in this Lady *Dulcinea* of Toboso. But why this should move a Jew to laughter, I know not? rather it might have provok'd him to have throwne away the book, for the Jewes abominate all swines flesh, fresh or salted: which hatred against that foule beast, (besides the prohibition) was augmented from the Divels choise, after his dispossessing, and changing his lodging

lodging into a heard of Swine. But that the Commendations of her hand, in that piece of hufwifry, is not so ridiculous; I shall make it appear by two short stories in our owne Country: where a Gentleman having invited (about the Lent-time) some friends to his house, his Lady provided such cheer as was seasonable, the Collops and Eggs, and as it fell out, (a Hogg being slaine) shee had a service of the puddings, which being deservedly commended by the guests; Nay, said the Gentleman, friends be it known to you, my wife is abomination good pudding-wife. Take unto this another of like brevity, of one, who being merry with some friends late at a Taverne in London, and (as after all mirth some qualmes of repentance surprize us) he reflected upon his family in the Country, and pathetically laying his hand upon his breast, said, wicked wretch as I am, to be at such a late houre deboyfing my selfe, when now at this sad time of night is my poor wife making Puddings and Candles.

Quixot written by Cyde Hamete Benengeli.] I never read or heard of the mans name before, unlesse he were Nephew to *Allo-bazen Hali-Ben-Hali-Ben-Ragan*, who indeed was a grand Translator, and an Astronomer, and from that high study understood, what Country would produce the most eminent men for Chivalry, as well as other matters.

There was painted in the first quire very naturally, the Battail betwixt the Don and the Biscaines, and the Mule and Rosinante.] The lively pourtraictures of the Biscaines Mules and Rosinante, makes me condole the want of those Artists in my Nation; especially since the losse of that famous *Hyliard*, made more famous by the Incomparable expression of the dead Author,

— A hand, or eye,
By Hyliard drawne, is worth a history,
By a worse painter made —

Such stuff is now (though we have those can doe well yet) drawne, that it were a good piece of charity in the Painter (if he were skill'd in penne as well as in pencill) to write over the piece, what it is, that the puzzled spectators might know, which was the Hare, which the Greyhound, which the Lyon, which the Lamb, which the Eagle, which the Child. *Rosinante* was drawne so thinn, that he was transparent, and the Mule, that one might sweare he was hired. O for an Oxford tyred hackney with a *Freshman* upon his back, to be thus drawn to the life.

Yet in respect the Moor doth hate us so mortally.] *Fratrium concordia rara.* The Moors and Spaniards, (especially those of the Austrian family) are as like as an apple to an apple, an egg to an egg, an eye to an eye, a tooth to a tooth, or to come nearer, a lip to a lip; and for that reason, there may be some emulations, both striving, who should outlip the other. But the pretender to universall Monarchy, hath now the better on't, though the Moor may justly esteem himselfe of the more antient house, being more sooty and smoaky.

Historiographers ought to be very true and unpassionate, &c.] *Lipsius* could have said no more to *Tacitus*, who both were better Politicians then Historians; for by interposing their owne censures into the affaires they wrote on, they shew'd indeed their Art, but not their faith: That brings into suspicion

tion the truth of all the rest: better did *Stow* and *Holingshead*, wherein though there be many lies, (which they took upon relation to the times) yet they added never a wise word of their owne. Here is a very good description of History, and whereas I presume to turne his prose into verse, so here I shall turne his English into Latine. *Mater & nutritrix veritatis est Historia, temporis Coetanea, Repositorium & Billiotheca aëliorum; Index & testis rerum præteritarum, Futurarum Aruspex & Sybilla.*

The Trenchant swords of the two Valorous, &c.] The Gyants and the Gods for the time, were not so hot at it, as the *Don* and the *Biscaine*. Have yee ever seen two driving a Buck? that's something to it: two beating of Hemp, very like; but a brace of threshers excellent, who falling out about the overlarge soope of the Colley or Harvest-bottle, bestow upon themselves what was due to the sheaves.

Who is he that can well describe the fury that entred into, &c.] *Quæ dixit & quæ fecit?* nay, what said he not? what did he not? He did not regard his owne lost care, but said, he would have two for one, hee was always covetous, and given to extortion, for he vow'd to have the head too, to which they were supporters. And being resolv'd for improvement, he inclosed his valour, which before lay in common field, and with united hands, eyes, and all but cares, he let fly at the *Biscaine*, and with one blow, confounded and downe-dagger'd him, and as we say in our poor English Proverb, put him clean beside the Cushion. And there he lay *Semi-mortuum, Sepulchrorum & manium Penincola*. We had seen his head on a Speare (like the Boars before *Guy of Warwick*) had not the Ladies in the Hell Carts, screem'd out for their *Hector*, and humbly begg'd (once on their knees) to save his life, who had serv'd them on his, all his dayes, and nights too.

CHAP.

CHAP. II.

*Our Dons in blood, and won't heed Sancho's rules,
But rides about the field which is all gules
From his care stillant, swears they shall repent 'um
That drew that blood; and slights Album unguentum,
Which Sancho stole from his illfavoured Mopse,
Thinking it good for cuts, as 'twas for chops
In her o're parched face. But the Squire was
Unwilling that the Balme Fierebras
Lay in his Masters head, which being so neere,
He hop'd, in time would issue to his eare.
But now he rages worse than any Cæsar,
When he beheld his broken Helmes vizar;
The Biscaine he'll recall upon the place,
(For troth he was alham'd to shew his face)
And had he kept his oath of Fasts, and wakes,
H' had wak'd his last; but Sancho (wise) uptakes
That matter, and finding his stomach high,
Desires with bread and Cheese to pacifie
His great distemper, and by perswasion,
Upon the Cruel and Caus, he makes invasion.*

TEXT.



SANCHO prayed with all his heart.] Somewhat of kinne was *Sancho* to the Sea-men, who seldome pray but in a Tempest, and the prayers much alike; *Ut optat & potiantur, aere &:*

*As sailors pray at Seas to see the dry lands,
So Sancho prays, that he may have his Iland.*

These are not adventures of Ilands, but of thwartings.] The pitcher doth not goe so often to the well, but sometimes it comes home broken. This Proverbe, (if the *Spaniard* had understood it) would have suited very well with the *Dons*, who very much at present resembled the *Hieroglyphick*, having eares; *Ana*. It is the right discipline of Knight-Errantry, to be rudimented in losses at first, and to have the *Tyrociniū* somewhat tart. Those prove your surest veterans, and hardest Knights, who have smarted for their experience. The castigation of the lackeys, the unfavourable but auspicious hoyft of the Windmills (for in that elevation he saw all the Castles he was to conquer, and *Sancho's* Iland too) the care-ring of the *Biscaine*, (for it was more than admonition,) were the præludiums and tryals of his doughineesse: *Ardua virtutis via*.

And whosoever is to make his way thorow quicksets, thornes, and bryars, may very well lose an eare in the thicker.

Don Quixot check'd *Rosinant*, untill *Sancho* did arrive.] Marke the great love betwixt *Sancho* and the Knight, and the two Brutes respectively. Much

Much like that of pothooks and dripping pan, who once were at variance; the one was off the hooks, the other upon it was a drooping-pan; but at last by meditation of Andirons, parties of each side, they were reconcil'd, and in signe of everlasting amitie, when pothooks lookt down upon dripping-pan, then did dripping-pan look up upon pot-hooks. Even so and so the *smile* is quadrate, when *Sancho's* Assé bray'd, then *Rosinante* neighed, when *Sancho* out-crid, then *Don* did not out-ride.

It were not amisse to retire to some Church.] *Ignavi semper specie pruden in admonent.* Cowards are alwaies great Politicians, and huge creators of dangers and safeties. *Sancho* is afraid of hues and cries, for the *insultum fecit* upon the *Monks*, and a *clausum fregit* it had lik'd to have been; it was the *Pages* had not come in before the Burglary, committed upon his treble lock'd purse. Two reasons yet *Sancho* had for this caution; security of person, and conveniency of revictualling, for the provisions were far spent, the wallet was emptic, which made *Assé* and *Man* goe sorrowfully: *Sancho* was short and thicke, and being empty and lanck, there were two wallets upon one beast: He (though others hate it) lov'd to make a cloak-bag of his belly, wherein he desired a dayes provision at least before hand; for he did not use his wallets, emblematically one, and that the foremost, should hold others vices, and the hindmost his owne. That dyer was for envious folkes (of which number he hated to be) because they were lean. He lov'd all religious houses, but especially the Monasteries, for that the *Monks* were very well spread men, not dwindlers, but of an ample size, having bodies capable for large undertakings, and wherein the soule was not streightned, as in pinch'd and spiny carcases, where the received aire being stifled and choakt up into a narrow compasse, causeth stinking breath, and many other aneusanes in the body naturall, which he intended in his future Island (when he came to it) to prevent.

I will deliver thee out of the hand of the Caldeans, how much more from the holy Brother-hood.] This holy Brother-hoods, were the Officers of the Dorps, as Constables, Titching-men, Bayliffs, bumme or shoulder-Marshals, and the like dreadfull appearances, which make stop of suspicious persons, vagrants, under which *Squire-Errants*, if not Knights, might very well be comprehended; But that *Knight-Errants* are for the holy sister-hood, and feare no such bugbeares. He that feares not the *Caldeans*, Icerus to come before the Constable, or his vigilant *Capitolian* Watchmen.

O what a valdè vult, or rather a vult valdè

Is here, that feares nor Constable nor Caldec.

Pray use this lint, and a little unguentum album he hath in his wallet.]

Sancho had stolne his wives unguentum, wherewith hee fodert'd up the chinks in her ruinous face; that poor woman, for want of it and the thiefe, will gape till his return, like the parch'd earth in a drought.

A viall full of the Balsamum Fierebas.] *Opobalsamum*, I pray you, for a rarity of so transcendent operation! This was an imaginary Balsame, which was good for imaginary wounds. *Phantastes* being ask'd (in that learned play of *Lingua*) what a man thought of, when he thought of nothing, answered by present strength of imagination; he is thinking how to answer him, that asketh nothing; so for no wound, no *Balsamum* is best. This *Opobalsamum*, (as he would have it valued and esteemed) was neer of affinity to

to the sympathetick powder, which hath done wonderfull things. A strange but true story I shall tell you of the effects of some of it. A Lady fell asleep (as many do) with needles and pins in her mouth, which the unhappily swallow'd; great care there was to preserve her; Physicians from the four corners are called, and a Regiment of Apothecaries & Chirurgions; For her Knight terribly afraid of intestine turn-pikes, could not rest, till some remedy was found out. A councill was had, and no conclusive resukt; at last a little *Paracelsian* Apothecary Clyster-high, advised to make a Clyster with three hundred ingredients, which you may read in the *Pharmacopœa* (translated or not translated) but the chiefe predominator in the businessse, was to be two graines of *pulvis magneticus*, powder of Loadstone, which having the *Miscetur* and *Condiatur* by direction, was administr'd unto the Lady by the *Pigmy Minos* (drest up like a Gentilewoman) for more modesty sake, which wrought so appositely and sympathetically, that the occult qualities of the Loadstone, presently exerted and shot out their vertues through the body of the patient so vigorously, that at last they fastened upon the needle, which was attracted with a powder, the other impulsives helping to the *qua data porta*, and in such an instant of time, that little *Minos* could recover himselfe from the storme of her Ladyships Posterne gate, which stream'd and issued so furiously, that my Apothecaries face was stuck like a pinne-cushion, and the needle stuck, was in his nose cleer and untainted, with the many *Meanders* that it had passed thorow. The Apothecary was carried forth to the Doctors and his fellow Artists, who wrote *probatum* to the Clyster, and for the mishap, no other of the function was to dese it but himselfe, the Chirurgions as their office is at Anatomies (cleanly drest) made his face cleane, and the Knight gave him *Pulsus auratus* for his *sympatheticus*: And so all parties were very well pleased.

Give me but a draught of the Opobalsamum, and I shall, though cleft in twaine, be sounder then an apple.] All the Art is in the cleanly conjunction of the disunited parts againe; for if there should be *solusio continui*, but for a minutes time, and 'twere a head of Gold 'twere lost; for experience, you have seen a Calves head cleft by a Butcher at a stroak, and immediately (*in oculis* as they say) clapt together againe by the benefit of a fine white thread, which must be ever neer (for it is the thread of life) sutures like Portcullises, or a paire of shuts, strike one into another; but as I said, if an eare from that head be separated, as it befell the *Don*, not *Fierebras*, nor *Paracelsus* himselfe, nor *Bacon's* head of brasle can cure it.

With lesse then three Rials you may make three gallons of it.] With as little cost as he that found out the Philosophers Stone at first, and best (because best cheap, but these *Lapides* are not for Ladies) even with what think you? with the white of an egg, whereunto the cock tread is joyned, which without doubt hath a villanous *contagium* upon the grand *magisterium* of the Stone. Since Coales have been so dear, few doe adventure at this great worke. But that this opinion may find its abettors is very probable, for all things are now discover'd to proceed askue (the round world and all) Ladies are with egg, not with child, happily so by their cackling, I wonder they don't lay before they sit, and make up their la'ter as they say in the Country; To hear a woman cluck were pretty. But to our Balsame, the poor is more becomming a Mountebanck, then a *Knight-Errant*. *John Pontanus* talks of Dolars, and takes sixpence.

He

He swore to lead a life like to the Marquesse of Mantua.] Proh Jupiter inquit!

*What is my trusty Helmet's vizar broke in pieces?
Lend me his oath of Mantua who Marquesse is;
I will not eat on cloth, I mean on Table cloaths;
(For as Dulcinea, so her Don clean Napery loaths):
I will no Turnament of flesh, though my Dul-
Long'd as they say, and I of lofty thoughts were full;
I will not see the Mancha honoured by my birth,
Nor wil I tread (though a Knight-Errent) much more earth,
Unill these unpar'd nailest these sharp and tearing sweeters
I fasten on his face, that broke my Helmet's vizar.*

Thou hast spoken right and well, and therefore I disannull the oath, but I confirm it againe as to the Helmet.] Sancho keeps his Master very just, a Turk if he lay his hand upon his head, will never deceive you, nor a Jew, if he put it on your thigh; the Knight-Errent, if he lift up his eyes and hands to Heaven, cannot be released of the engagement, unlesse the matter it selfe be null, as if he should have sworn to maintain Dulcinea's virgin-honour against all Knights, and shee should, unknown to him, though not to others (as they use in Scotland) have ventr'd only a tryall of her potentiality to procreation, and had the scruple of her mind satisfied with a brace of barnes at once. In such a case (as the Casuists say well) *Juramentum est irritum*, or (as Doctor Cutbert hath it in his notes upon Baldus) *Irritum est Juramentum*. But the Knight was here Errant in his rage, and forgot that the Biscaine was a military Trophie, and Marshall Donative sent upon Parole to Dulcinea of Toboso; Whereupon, the oath fell of it selfe, as to the vindicative part, 'mary for the self-denying part, which was a voluntary and Sacramentall Renunciation of clean linnen at Bed or Board, it was to be kept, unlesse he purchas'd a dispensation from Rome. But I never heard that he wandred so farre out of the way, but inviolably kept so much of it as concern'd his sheets and shirts, as the Arch-Duchesse of Austria, at the siege of Ostend for her smock.

Knight-Errants, if they perchance eat, they eat only what is next to hand.] *Venter caret auribus*, is that true? then our Don wanted three. The onion though is be nought for the eyes, it could not hurt his left eare, strong smells being no annoyances to the sense of hearing; yet why may not the senses make bold with one anothers objects? you have heard it commonly spoken, I have smelt out his meaning, I smell what you would have, or what you are doing, (that is more properly indeed at some time) let me see what you can say; so for hearing, as an ill aire is smelt, so it may be heard, or understood, or felt. But the sense of tasting is most made use of at present, (which being very neerly related to that of touching:) the Don a naturall Philosopher (if ever any) would not suffer the objects (though they were very hard, and which is destructive to the Organs) to be at any competent distance or modicum from his teeth, which encountred a Gyant called *Crustbreads*, (a hardy whorson) the Cheese also was another Gyant, an *Argus* (but an old one) with an hundred eyes, as many as you shall see in a vault, and the matter as rocky, which this *Curius* never left, as long as he saw one.

The

The chief sustenance were some Herbs they found about the fields.] Sancho was a very *Lagum* as they call him, he could neither write nor read, a very beast, and fit for nothing but to pick fallers, which being the chief food (as the only *parabile*) wherewith the nature of our Knight-Errent was contented; What could you expect but faint performances from grasse dyet, or such as his last was, grosse fare? Had such a Knight liv'd in our Horifon, and led so valiant and so frugall a life, he had been dubb'd brother with John a Green; or had the times of old been worthy of him, he had been the only companion for Nebuchadonozor, when he was chang'd into a Beast. But we must leave him *sub dño*, whether a sleep or at supper all's one, the earth is bed and board to him.

*Sleep pair of soules, than whom none worthier lie
Under the blew, and the den-dropping Canopy.*

CHAP. III.

*Their Fare is mended, and now Sancho's Ass
And Rosinante pick fallers on the grasse.
Our Errants are invited, and this night
Is merrily past away without a fight;
Yet to the pot poor Sancho went; ne'r fear,
'Twas to the pot only (where the Goats boyld were.)
The Don doth drench his over-dry'd Mustachios
Once in good wine, out of the beards Borachios;
Good wine, as it with several spirits meets,
So doe it spirits work; it raises faits
And golden fancies in DON QUIXOTE'S head,
Whilst heavy Sancho's fit for nought butted.
The snoring Carle, doth sleep off all along
The Dons Oration, and the Goatheads song.*

TEXT.

SANCHO presently repaired to the smell of certain pieces of wild Goats flesh.] Here is *Esops* Fable of the two Hounds, moraliz'd in the Squire and the Don. Hound Sancho was for the Kyele, Hound Quixot for the Field, Orations, or Musick; but Sancho as he had a tun belly by nature given him, so he was verry much given to the belly, which being of that measure, was not easily fill'd. Such a servant was never advis'd to his Master by *Marrjot*. But although the Don could have been contented with the fresh services of Madam Aura, for which he opened as constantly, as an Oyster against tide; Yet the Knights of the Mountaines obtained this favour of their younger brother of the Hills and Dales, that he would vouchsafe his company to such cheer as they had; which Goat-provisions were most agreeable with their Errant bodies, which were alwaies saltitant, passant or currant, sometime volant, sometimes after a Windmill, or so couchant. *Omne simile nutritur a simili*, which is the reason that Swines flesh, (which most inwardly

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inwardly of all creatures resembles his master) is so nutritive and apposite, unlesse so old Jewry men, or *Scots*. I believe *Sancho* and his Master, fed most upon Goates countenance, the head boild in haire, being as rare and choyce meat, as Lambs head in the wool; very good dyets; and the most successfull for any that are troubled with a *desperatio Barbe*, beyond your unguents, or whatsoever else is given to dilate the pores of the place: 'Tis true, 'tis somewhat rough at going downe and untoothsome, but I told you before, it is not for the teeth or palat, but the chinne, though a pallat of Mo-haire is very good lodging (I take it;) now you know the attractive facultie is implanted in every part, and every part draws, and every part, (as the learned say) *agglutinates*, and *assimilates*, and then the work of nature is done, so that the chinne, the cheeks, the boscos, and suboscos (I mean) the dulapes and the jawy part of the face; know what they have to doe; and what tharch is best for that place: And it is very well known, that ever after this entertainment, and the next day, *Sancho's* face mos'd, and his chinne had a down sprung out, substantiall enough to grate a nutmeg. The *Don* had a Philosophers Aspect, with an oblong handle, Mustachios circular, which were a great grace to his countenance Martiall. *Sancho* was a most grosse feeder, and you might smell much of his dyet, evaporated from under his Arme pits, which reack'd upon motion like a lime-kill, and by this dyet, gave a stronger Hogo.

And *Spreading certaine sheep-skins*.] Those sheep-skin coverings without infringement of his oath, the *Don* might endure at his table; it was agréable with the chief head at board; and the bottome of the trough was futable to a knight in pennance, and in pilgrimage for a new Helmet; the horne cup, if it had been large enough, would very well have supplied that defect, and became the *Don* better then the cushion did the *Biscaine*.

The same is said of Chivalry that is said of Love, that it makes all equall. Love and danger are very glutinous, and of a sodering and associating nature; if two love one another, it is very probable they will lie together; and so for quarrelling, if two fall out, they will presently fall in, and together by the eares; *Contrariorum eadem est Ratio*. So here, extreame love of *Sancho's* person made him sides-man with his Master, love is a leveller, for laugh (which is a but a variation for love) and ly down, and Chivalry do's so too, lay all before it.

I doe here renounce from this time to the worlds end.] It was not modesty in this duck-legs, that made him refuse the Table-fellowship with his Master; but only feare of starving. For the Knight was but a small feeder, and *Sancho* durst not gormandize, and guttle and guzzle too (for he would doe both) under his Master's nose, as he us'd to doe at the side Table or the Cupboard. It is a good house-policy, and piece of great frugality, that a whole family should sit all in common together (according to the Proverb, 'tis merry when beards wag all;) the Master and men, Dame and damfels all together, (these cannot be so merry) whereby much, thabby licentious feeding, would be wasted is sav'd, besides, orderly eating makes no mammocks, nor scraps for the Almes-basket. It is impossible to cure servants of the wolf or dog in the stomach, without they be fed under the Mistresses eye; and on the other side, I doe admire how Ladies gentlewomen and themselves too, make a shift to look so plump and faire, with those

those slender pittances, which they eat at their Tables, where I am sure they abstain not out of an intention to save their meat, but from constancy in the sobriety. I will not censure the reason of the temperance, nor impute it to the *Callises* eaten before dinner, or the sweat-meats after, but leave them to their own waies and customes, knowing full well, that they were old enough to fill their owne bellies; with what? let it be left to their Ladyships good liking for me.

Tossed in with their fits whole slices.] If any man hath a desire to learn how to choak himself, let him look upon *Sancho* and these commoners, or cormorants (shall I call them? with whom a piece of Goates leg goes as nimble down, as it ever alive went up the crag; they doe as an exact trencher-Squire did with a Capons leg, draw him at one passe through the teeth, as emptic as you would doe a boyld peasecod. For handsomenesse of feeding, use of Napkins, and complement, they had been very well all trained up in *Grobians* school, where they learn'd every puntillo of a-bominable nasty and grosse feeding, which would make a man loath any meat that should be eaten by such swine;

His non invidias porcorum affine palatum.

Their palats all alike, it had been rare,

If with the hogs, alike had been the fare.

He took a handfull of Acornes, and beholding them earnestly, he began this discourse.] This Oration of the *Dons*, is much alike to that description of *Orids* golden age, which being excellent well rendred by the *golden Sands*, I shall not render it in such meeter, but in a suit agreeable to this subject.

The Oration of DON QUIXOT.

Happy that Age, which called was the golden,
Not because gold (which doth so much embolden
Men in this Iron age) was plenty store;
Alas (good men) they had nor coyn, nor oar;
But because all things were in common to 'um;
And those two filthy words, meum and tuum,
Were not in 'th World, but each mans heart and house
Were open, they kept gen'ral rendezvouze.
A man might dine, (like *Sancho*) fill his guts
For nought with Acornes, or with unsavory Nuts;
And for his drink (for Nuts are somewhat dry,)
The silver liquor did run babbling by,
Which out of hand they drank; for cups and dishes
Were not in use, by word of mouth, like fishes;
They drank and drank, and never could drink "up;
Nor was it vile to slubber in the cup.
In clefts of rocks, and ancient hollow trees,
The Common-wealth or Monarchy of Bees
Did hive, and left to men the fragrant vales;
Carrying no sting, but honey in their tails;
Vulcan was then no God, for then no stick,
But only cork, was fast ned to horse heels

which made Light-horses all, but not for fights,
 But Hide-park-races, and such free delights.
 Children they might as pleasure get enough,
 (But not as in the song) by going to plough;
 No hobb'nall whistled to the Teem, the ground
 Gave freely all her graines, without a wound;
 And all those fragrances she kind disposes,
 which now we buy of gardeners for our noses.
 Then went from hills to dales the Shepheard-esses;
 (Save of their haire) without all curious dresse,
 Their haire in ringlets, which they sometime twine,
 (Their beauteous skins as through a lattice shine)
 And sometimes flowing from the top to th' toe,
 You could discern nothing but haire to goe;
 Only some slender, but sufficient cover
 Lay o're the Entry, which they call the Lover.
 The silk-worme was not then put hard to work,
 Nor sed to clothe the Minions of the Turk:
 Ivy was all their cloathing, and good soules,
 Though they were simple, yet they were no Owles,
 But deem'd themselves as gallant in green Bur-docks;
 As they which clad in silk their stale Sca-vernocks.
 No art of words, no lipping, fraud, nor doubling
 Of minds, or chins, not gagging like Geese stubble-in;
 But if they lov'd they lov'd, pure down right they,
 Not having learn'd th' Hypocrisie of Nay.
 Justice was blind indeed (as true as Steele)
 As shee saw not the person, shee'd not feel
 Whom to befriend, and as the weight oth' see
 Pois'd her, doe either right or injury;
 It was before the dayes oth' dreadfull budge,
 There was none guilty, and there was no Iudge:
 Young men and maidens met, and so return'd;
 Lust was not kindled then, which since hath burn'd;
 No damzell can escape, though shee be stout,
 As Rosamond the faire was in a hut;
 Nay, were there now a Labyrinth this day,
 If money can't, Love will find out the way.
 Corruptions thus increasing, bribes and rapes
 (To such a height, that scarce a Lady escapes.)
 An order was invented, as you see,
 Valiant and chaste, of bold Knight-Errantry;
 Whose office 'tis to vindicate all Ladies,
 (which by constraint have seem'd with pretty babies)
 And all such widows, whom miscarriage
 Hath posson'd, 'fore their second marriage:
 They must all Orphans help, whose cunning mothers,
 Knew the right father, not the barn to smother.

These

These when their mothers dyed, being fatherlesse,
 From their reputed ones they must redresse,
 And of this noble order is your guest; that's I
 Whom you have feasted, with Goates flesh full big,
 For which, and for your Acornes as it due is,
 I give you thanks, as; had been Beef and bruesse;
 And though the meat was due, as I'm a Knight,
 I tak't more kind then if I paid for it.

Here the Goat-heard ended his duty.] This entertainment was Prince-like; meat, wine, and songs, it wanted only wenches; and as they in France, it had been cheer entire. I wonder the Don offer'd not a madrigall of his owne, but indeed, his Oration did supererogate, and no doubt but that Dulman Sancho was so heavie, it might have been obtained.

Fecundi calices, quem non fecere desertum?

'Tis easily answer'd, not such a clod as Sancho, or the Goat-heards, whose dull and unactive clay, no *Fragrantia frigida frigida* can elevate or firk up into any sparke of fancy. Wine is drown'd in their bottomes, and only happy when they spring aleak. But clods as they are, to their mothers lap, with them the earth, where they need not feare falling, but may ly secure without bedstaves.

Qui jacet in terra, non habet unde cadat.

Whose pallet is the very ground,
 Sleeps sure from falls, if he sleep sound.

CHAP. IV.

But here we are diverted, and your eyes
 Awbile are heated with sad Tragedies;
 The death of Chrysofome, who lost his life
 For coy Marcela, who would not bea's wife.
 O that a Scholar and Astronomer,
 Should for a plachet knock so fowly erre!
 Runne melancholy, mad, mopeish, and cry
 Old fool like a young child againe! and die;
 And for an apple, in Marcela's eyes,
 And for the Cherries, and the Straw-Berries
 In her faire Cheeks and Lips; and for the snow,
 The warme snow-bals, that lay her neck below,
 And for a thousand knackeries, yet lower,
 For which he many day, full hard did wor be.
 But nothing would prevaile, so the old Dotard
 Kicks up his heels, as Peter told the Goat-heard.

TEXT.

THat Chrysofome died for love of that diwileish lass Marcela.] Hey ho! for a wife say some, and hey ho, with a wife say others. Birds in the cage would faine get out, and those that are out would willingly be in. How is it, that no man likes his present condition? Old Father Chrysofome, would make young Marcela Mother Chrysofome, and

and young *Marcela* she loves no fits of the mother; a crosse grain'd flur, and lov'd courting, but not lying; servants, but no subjection. Well would she have lik'd a homage of a whole day done her with a bare head, and thredbare flatteries, besides favours and fillibubs, and for all this, think much to let her hand be kiss'd by the Idolatrous lips of her languishing *Paramour*. Nothing will surfeit one sooner than such fits, and pan-pudding, there may be some railing in these, but no reason for the other.

Leave off fond Lover, never dye at her feet,

Love and Penfe-postage, are a dangerous surfet.

Chrysoftome was skilfull in *Astronomie*.] He should have taught her some of his Astrological postures, and it had been a done business. But where were his brains that he never cast her, nor her nativity? Could not he read in those bright Characters, what would be the event of his own sute? What happy conjunctions were at her nativity? whether *Venus* were crosse legg'd, or *Saturn* crosse, or *Mars* melancholy, (as he is alwaies after a conjunction with *Venus*;) or *Mercury* honest, and then you shall never steal a maid, especially if *Luna* be in the Wane, or pick'd, and then it blowes no body good? Or whether *Jupiter* was not joviall, or *Sol* in his *Mubblefubbles*? that is, long clouded, or in a total Eclipse, then little work for Mother midnight, for *Sol* & *homo generant hominem*, though men goe to work after Sunne sets. This old fellow had not the *Hocus Pocus* of Astrology, he could not shuffle the Ephemerides nimble, and make the stars move with a *Palabras* or a *Falabras*, according to the wishes of the ignorant enquirers. Our figure-flingers went beyond him farre; they deal with the Chamber-maides to Ladies first, and (more like tutors then wizards) learn of them what the stars shall prognostick: *Abigail* discovers whom her Mistress dreames of, and then this *Albumazar* will tell her it waking at what rate he pleases: Or if this take not, peremptorily conclude the Lady doom'd, destin'd, and star-assign'd to one, who at such a time, in such a place, with such a shape, in such a suit of cloaths shall be walking, (and all that laid before by the gentle-man, who brib'd his mercenary tongue to the description) and this shall passe for irresistible Fate, and the wedding instantly dispatch'd, for it was sign'd in Heaven, and they will seal it on earth.

He saw her first at the foot of a rock, where the Fountain stands of the Cork-tree.] Many take great Omens from the place where they first saw their Mistresses; this fellow's first view was from a Cork-Tree Fountain, ever since the made water in his mouth, but it was unfortunate; first, because there was a Rock, which was the emblem of her hard heart; then a Cork Tree, which is the emblem of levity, inconstancy, volubility, and supernatibility; then at a Fountain, which will never stand still, but is alwaies running, and so nothing can be done. It had been farre better, (if fortune had owed him so much good luck) to have seen her rising from gathering of a Rose, or in the very cropping a flower, or collection of a whole posy. Besides that the proverb (especially that which plainly, and not paradoxically laies down the beginning of Love) made for him, it must needs have provid auspicious, for in progresse of a small time, it must have come to a wedding. Others have had their first views in a Church, others at a puppet play, at dancing of the ropes, some at Green goose Fair, many upon

upon May day in the morning, which being heretofore sacred to *Flora* (who was a sweet minion can tell you) in pursuance of her ceremonies, have had a green gowne, which hath brought things in its due time, out of the *parly* bed; of him that had the view of the Temple, (for I cannot ensample you in all) take this small account. The *Amoreto* was wont to take his stand at one place about the pew, where sat his Mistress, who was a very attentive hearer of the man above her, and the tutor was as diligent an eyer of her, for having a book, and black-lead pen alwaies in his hand, (as if he took notes of the sermon) at last he got her exact picture. The Lady observing his constant zeale, and quotidian paines (for she imagin'd that he wrote short-hand) could not withstand the pious Rhetorick of his eyes, by which fascination he first transmitted the venomous qualities of his warme affections; then finding some gracious returns of her bright luminaries, and favourable aspects, he gaz'd so long sometimes, that he forgott his Table, till eye check to his duty, he scribbled not a word of what was spoken. In proceesse of time, he came to neerer Colloquies, and they spake as others doe by their lips, whereby the Impulses of his desires were so strong, that these submitted her selfe to this religious servant, who, (after taking possession of her ensuring office) told her the notes he took, and shew'd her the fairest lines, that ever were drawn in short hand; the Lady seeing her face so well done, chid him for his hypocrisy, and bid him abuse that placeno more, but charg'd him to work on where he was, untill he copy'd out one like them both.

Now Barly this yeare, and no wheat.] Country people are abomination superstitiously given to credit such kind of Artists. A reasonable Almanack gaines more reputation then the King of Spaine's Bible with all his languages, or the King of France's, with more then his, or our late English translation, with more then both. If the Calender say fair, wet, windy, indifferent, or mixt of both, they will quarrell with the stars, if they make any good what *Lilly* said, though in the point of the Eclipse, they think him a little contoxicated (as they say.) He that made the day, is not once thought on; unlesse he agree with the book, which is ador'd, if it prognostick a good seeds-time, and Harvest-time, and those yeares most joyfully, where our Ladies day (being Rent-day) falls out late, when the Lady lies in the Lords lap; 2^d for such an Almanack: It is ordinary in the Meridian of London, for the wenches at an Easter to refuse the Communion, unlesse the Apprentices assure them a faire day to aite their Festivall cloths at *Islington*, *Hayes-Farm*, or *Totnam high crosse*.

He appeared one day appavelled like a Shepherd.] Our student hath chang'd his coat, he is of a black, become a gray Fryar. O Dove, what a piddod hast thou made in this world below? yea, and in that above too; if we will believe the stories of *Jupiters* shapes and escapes, his cleanly conveyance of himselfe, into the shape of *Amphitruo*, and thereby into *Alcmena*; was very neat, and of all his Metamorphoses, the most probable; that of the *Bull*, *Swan*, and *Ramme*, are beastly lies; But for a Lady to be surpris'd (with I pray Jove, it be *John*) makes her in the very fact a *Lucreece*, a Goddess of chastity, while *Amphitruo* is made a *Jupiter* and takes one of his principall attributes, even *Capitolinus*, which when he is so worshipp'd she wears hornes, which signify not (as we vulgarly imagine knavishly) but according

to the Hebrew signification, light, shining, glorious or transparent. This whining passion of Shepherds was very ancient among the *Arcadians*, who were the first pipers that we read of, but they made their nymphs dance after their musick, two or three to a flute; for the first age was *Polygamus*, they were stout lads, and more than *Cock-a-twoes*. I wonder how the *Dons* mist this praise of the golden Age in his Oration; I fear I shall find him a *Castill* or a *Pigill*, like old *Chrysofome*; or else thus transform'd, he would have had her by hook or by crook.

He made the Carols for Christmase day at night.] As good songs, no doubt, as our *Wassallers*, or the *whiney* fingers tone upon those ancient *Festivals*. His fancy sure could not be very high, where the subject and reward was but a spice bough; but it took excellently, and that's enough, *Dons* could do no more, and he that wrote in contempt of minor Poets thus, in that Elegy;

— You might safely swear
This verse they wrote in wine, and this in beer.

Very critically observ'd; and yet to see the fate of the times, some like him, and some do not, some cry hey for *Garzintons*, and some cry, hey for *Horsepaths*. E'en as they like, 'quoth the good fellow when he kiss'd his Cow.

The Villagers could not guess the cause of the two Students wonderfull change.] I can tell you of a stranger Metamorphosis, and of a Knight and an old one, (who by his yeares was fitter for the grave than a Lady) Who notwithstanding the silver Items on each side his face, and argon pendants of his chin, was resolv'd to stumble in at the Lover-hole, before he fell into the pit, and so passionately pursued his affections. (*Hercules* was not more effeminate, when he turn'd *Spinster* to *Cozen Omphale*) that he shift his Velvet Trunks, which was his customary wearing, and habited *All-a-mode* in the long slopps, became a *Monfieur* of *Sr Thomas Gresham*, O strange Exchange! Then he cut off his reverend beard (which on *Caio's* face would have countenanced a rattle) and smoothed his cheeks, (which the wind in fifty yeares had never kiss'd) and with a black-leadcombe, chang'd the colour of those haire, which were then Senatorian, and like a silver snow had covered the reverend house ten yeares beyond the *Clymaterical*; his close shoes alter'd into pumps, and he that could scarce goe without a staff, will now dance out of measure. He is turn'd Masker, Actor, and Author of a play, compos'd of Love, and at once personates himselfe, and is in act, Representative, Type and Antitype altogether: And all this like our *Chrysofome*, to winne the affection of a most delicate Lady, who to her beautie had wisdome, and knew that a gentleman of four and twenty, was better company than old *Ash*.

He had a face look'd like a blessing.] The context or words before will be comment to these, for a word or two backward, you shall find him ennobled for a good fellow, thence you guess, in what degree of beatitude his face was, an illustrious face, a glorious face, a bony face; or if you will have names more known and to the life, a *Robin Good-fellowes* face, a *Bardolphs*, a *Furnifals*, a *lone* face, or a *Bradwells* face, which was the blesseddest that ever I saw, wherein there was not room for another blessing, if you would have studied it. Our Hosts faces (if they have not the tho-

row

row blessing) yet their Noses commonly are in the *Zenith*, and as tortrid as if they lay parcht under the Sunne, when he enters into *Cancer*. Dangerous faces, to come neer a Magazine, and as comfortable and refreshing in a frosty morning, they smell well, (as the English proverb hath it) such a Nose is worth a double roast in a pot of Ale, and will make it whistle as well as a hot Steele. It hath other uses too, and very servicable ones. It was ones fortune to prescribe a direction to a friend, (who was too impatient to follow it, being choleric of constitution, and blessed in that part,) and it was concerning the fetching out a spot of grease from a fure, which the party imagin'd, should have been effected by brown paper and a coale, but the adviser said, with no coale (friend) only a brown paper indeed, which being applied to the middle part of his arme, on whom the mischance of Tallow fell, the patient, so I call him, though he prov'd otherwise, ask'd, and what now? e'n lay your Nose close to it, (said the Emperick) and it shall take it forth sooner then the best coale that comes from *New-Castle*. But the blade was *Sr John Oldcastle*, *Duke Humphrey* never rag'd so, and made after the Emperick, whom if he had reach'd, he would have given him a fee for his Counsell, as good as he could have told with his ten ends of his toes. Thus you see that all blessed Faces are not charitable, for who, (but one that will carry no coales) would have rewarded a friend thus for his opinion, only in Face-hot presses.

Her Face had on the one side the Sunne, and the other side the Moon, I see *Peter* is no kinne to him that keeps the Keyes where these Stars shine, what a heavenly wide face was this? wherein the *Sunne* and *Moon* must necessarily be ever in Eclipse one to the other, the interposition of the Nose being but small, and not casting shadow enough for a dyall, the Stars no doubt were like beauty specks all her body over, and from her breaths downward, those infinite company of little Luminaries made a milky way, whither we must referr the man, (usually in the concave of the Moon) but now somewhat eccentricke, for it would have spoyled the *Moon's* side of her face, to have had the pourtraiture of a man there. Beside the spoyling or crossing of the proverb, for the woman dyed in child-bed; but what of that? *Sol & homo* (as is aforesaid) generant *hominem*, as was here done; *homo* being Latine for Man or Woman, which at this time was born. But if the Man should have been in the Moon, it might have been *Luna & homo* generant, and it had been enough to have set the *Sunne* and the *Moon*, and the Man in the Moon together by the cares, with old *William* the Man of the house, about the Legitimacy of *Marcela*; which was the right Father; but they both dyed, and thee first, (as being the weaker) went to the old hole, and old *William* staid not long after, and indeed, according to *Peters* relation, I wonder the World did not end with her; for no doubt, but the *Sunne* and *Moon* were both extinguish'd at her death, and that is an absolute signe of the dissolution of the whole World.

Her Uncle was willing to marry her, as soon as she was of age, but not against her good will.] *Marcelas* parents dead, (old *William* and his *Astronomia*;) the Priest her Uncle was made Guardian of this falling Star, which at her Mothers departure to her fellow bodyes in the firmament, dropt by the way. The chiefe care for such a charge, the Priest presently pitch'd upon, advis'dly, providently, and pater-familiarly. It is a great improvidence in

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Parents,

Parents to let their daughters stay upon their hands like over-blown roses, till they become contemptible. A seasonable application, and timely looking forth is best (saith he of *Banbury*) in his Bride-bush, which to that purpose is very good, if a thorne or two were pluckt out of it: For as it is very good to provide, that the childrens; (I mean the young wenches) teeth should not be set on edge, so it is too severe, if for a small fault as the plucking of a crab, (for the sauce of such folly is alwaies verjuice) you make them tast of the Body of the Tree. A short, but apposite tale I shall tel you, and conducing much to the note; There was a Gentleman, who was very discreet, and searching into the natures and dispositions of his family, and finding amongst his *Philotas* and *Pamelas* (his daughters, for their beautie some, and some from gravity might not be denyed these names) that one, and one of the least and youngest was ripest, and more requiring then the rest; Husbandically provided first, that wanted first, forthwith got a *Principis obsta*, as they call it in Physick, or an *Intus existens prohibet alienum*. The Virgin overjoy'd, that her good houre was come, could not containe, and be content, that the servants should invite the guests, but her selfe would needs speake to some of especiall familiarity with her, unwilling any should forestall the news to those, whom she wish'd in the same happy condition with her selfe; which when shee had done to her play fellows, (for she was not well wean'd from that society) they wonderd and said, (good Lady!) Mrs. *Abigail*, I pray how is it, that you are so forward, and leap over your sisters heads: We should never have believ'd it, but from your owne sweet lips. Truly (said shee) simpering, and with her hankerchiefe at her mouth, it were presumptuously done, but that my Father, who knowes me of an egg, gave very good reason for it, for he said, (I know not what he meant by it) that some eggs would hatch in an Oven, and that in hot weather, things won't keep without salt.

Parents are not to bestow their childrens where they bear no liking.] To whom it concerns this. The worldly Parents of these dayes, are rather hucksters then Parents, and make markets of their children, *A quantum dabit*, upon their heads, putting them off to him that will give most, without respect of yeares, or compliance in affection. So the Lands be coupled, the estates joy'n'd, the parchments seal'd, 'tis no matter whether the two parties come in any other sheets. Like *Samsons* Foxes, they meet, if ever, with firebrands in their tails, and burne up all that Patrimony (or Matrimony, say you which) that was so unhappily laid together: Matches made in the minority of both parties, are like those in a sinder box, for a short flame, not durable love, and goe out as soon. The Male commonly, is sent to travell halfe a dozen yeares, to know what to doe against he returns, and in the mean time (scholars in that school, take too much, and turn over too many lessons;) he learnes more then doth him good: Sometimes (like an unfortunate Merchant) he brings home lesse then he carried out, and if he dare examine his *Cocquets*: he finds himselfe a shrewd loser. Miserable must needs be the condition of two so joy'n'd, especially, if the Female have made experience, or was told by her Aunt or Grandmother, what incombe he might have made in his travels. As unfortunate it is, when fifteen joines to seventy, there's old doings (as they say) the Man and Wife sitting together like *January* and *May* day, his Nose with *Ificles* dangling,

and

and her breasts as fire-bals, beating with a vigorous spirit, and never leaves the trepidations, till she hath got a *Pericardiall Tulip*, which she loves at her heart.

She cast her frowns from hers, as with a sting.] *Marcela* was not like her in the Eclogues,

Quae fugit ad salices, sed se capiente videri,

Who runs into a bush her head to hide,

Burglad with all her heart she was espi'd.

Shee was a sullen Shepheardeesse, and meant to keep her virginity, till it was impregnable for ought she knew; for if it be fortified, or rather fiftyfied, 'tis as hard work, as the siege at *Offend*; let it alone for me.

There is not one of the Beech Trees, in which *Marcela's* name is not ingraven.] Of these kind of Love-knots, the *Arcadia* is full, as *Hide-Parke* which will not be so full, as heretofore; therefore happy those Ladies, whose names are to be seen. As they would with themselves in the bark-green, before that it was inclos'd, for it was impall'd before, and a price set of six pence a man, twelve pence a coach; I believe it is the best pennyworth this day in the world; if there were but one season all the yeare, and that the Spring. But if you ever come to these Beech Trees, you shall finde excellently well cut by his owne hand, as the Monument of his true Love, and her cruelty: This insculpture of our unfortunate Lover in Capitall Letters,

CHRYSO—MAR

and

STOME—CELA.

Sancho did lay himselfe betwixt *Rosinante* and his Asse.] *Sancho* slept most of his story, only wak'd when the Goat-ticks stung him, for flea-bitings would not move him. But for the sight of a lodging, no man ever came neerer him, he provided against all winds, for he lay revers'd with his head to the beasts tails, so that when he turn'd North, he had the warme blasts of *Rosinante*, and on the South, the Fuzzings of his owne *Asinego*, betwixt which two naturall stoves (besides the unctious Lard wherein he batten'd) he slept as profoundly, roundly, and soundly, as if he had laine by the gentle, and sleep-moving murmurs, and rattlings of the silver currents, and the sweet and refreshing gales of *Zephire*, fanning his fooles face.

CHAP. V.

*Fie, what a pudder's here! A man, no place
Will serve, but that where he saw his Loves face,
There he will lay his bones; 'en at the rock,
Where first he saw Marcela's hemme 'oth' smocks;
AÆdon like, the fool was peeping then,
When Women can't endure the sight of men.
Just as if one a Lady bright should seize,
In that strange moment, when she's killing fleas;
Yet like AÆdon he would fain have borne,
Rather then lost her, the faire sprouting horne.
The Nymph comes to the Funerall, and makes
A set Oration, which Don Quixot takes
Not by the eares, and yet it wrought so much,
That he the Lady faire doth stout avouch,
And justifies her Nay to all fond wooers;
What will they have her, soon as they come to her?
Soft Fire will make good Malt; she will doe so,
Let 'um expell: what? a word and a blow?
Don Quixot, though Knight-Errant, thought not fit,
Though shee did want a man, to enter it.*

TEXT.

They saw six Shepherds more coming towards them in black skins.] 'Tis strange the Don did not think of accourting himselfe according to the equipage a sack-cloth, or black Goat skinnie, would have made him a compleat mourner. But it seems it was repugnant to the order of Knight-Errantry, which does appear Azure and Salles, black and blew, or else in no colours; yet he might be no unbecomming person there, for the Knight was a very dolorous object upon one side, (you know how pitifully a lugg'd fow looks) and therefore being a very lamentable spectacle himselfe, and a most pittifull spectator, you cannot without manifest injury to his passion, deny him to be a man of as much sorrow, (and a close mourner too) as any in the company.

[This discourse thus ended, another began.] In *Vivado*, you have pourtraisted unto you, the forme of a wise Traveller, who studies men more then places, and rides his company more then the way. He is like the winged *Peregrine*, the Bee, who sucks from every flower something, till shee hath fill'd her sweet bagge, and laden her slender thighs with gummy balme, that her oares and sailes can hardly beare her up; when with her he comes to hive, at night he stores up his dayes gatherings, and what is worth his observation, goes into his cerceous Tables, and what is not, passes away at supper for Table-talk.

[Since which time, never any Englishman kill'd a Crow.] The Metamorphosis, translation, or rather tranation of *Arthur* into a Crow, is not a *Since* in

in our Ephemerides or Almanack; how it escap'd *Lily* I know not, unless because he is white, and the other black. But *Be, & assure there*, well said *Spaniard*, we will grant that we kill no Crows to eat, but to fright themselves and Kites from our fields, and such ravenous vireas from our gardens, we doe;

Barbarus has segetes & culta Novalia Atalum;
Do. A. you Remember (*Moors face*) *Tilbury's*
I doe believe we pluck'd a crow with yee.

Or if you deny it, I am sure we flew abundance of Rooks, (which were birds of a feather.) In 58. a yeare you may remember well, as also about the time of the Powder-plot; for the infinite love and reverence we owe to *Arthurs* Bird, we gave the Crow a pudding or two, which were first very good links; & then they were broild for the birds better digestion.

A. & B. Beglamore with divers others of that age.] Your Catalogue is not perfect, it sounds as if an expurgatorius were upon it. I could help you, if I were forbidden, but because *flavorum omnia plena*, let *Don Quixot* and this Comment pumpe the Basket; what matter is it?

Nos numerum sumus, and though we be not threes we are twos, and *vel Duo vel Nemo*, both or none.

The Travellers perceiv'd he mist none of the mselfe.] It is strange to see the sagacity of some men as in their insight; though the *Don* thought big, look'd big, & talk'd big (which is the only way to set off the simples) yet these *Aling-don-ly's* (as they call them) the *Capitros* the Merchants, had him in the wind, and snatched him out to be a fool very humbly, coucht under this notion, of none of the wisest; in all faculties, in all professions, you (if you be curious and inquisitive) shall find some of these sort of people, that they call none of the wisest; and if you are given to strict observation, you shall find others, who do not move out of door, but they lay their business, the time, the place, the stay, the return, all so exactly and methodically, as if it were by a scheme: And these, when all this pains and forecasting is bestowed, (though they will not be thought so) are none of the wisest; nay, these critics and censurers of mens manners, garbs, discourses, clothes, (I knew one so punctually, that he could tell how many buttons his friends had to their suits, and how many clocks were in their bands) are even as their objects, nay, some *super-superlatives*, none of the wisest; I leave off this note with a wordy piece of indignation, of a scholar I cannot say, but of one who wore a gown who hated a gentleman of such a house, only for this Reason, that he was the first (for the other had lain long hid and obscure) who discovered him to be a fool.

I doe believe the Monks of Charter-house li'd not such strict lives as the Knight-Errant.] The *Don* is at his oration againe, and by the length of them they are *Corroutan*. I shall once more take the paines to run it into verse, and be assest it is a question, as it were stated by the *Dons* that *Errantry* is a more hard life then *Monkery*; we will suppose *Vivado* for the Monk, and the *Don* in his owne person, shall by way of a short and pittie dialogue, canvass the matter over againe, till convinced by the pregnancy of both reasons, you yield to which your judgement shall incline.

VIVALDO.

Piety forbids to raile; I will be civil,
Though I encounter with incarnate Drivell
Knight-Errants to compare with Monks: what hopes
From our shav'd Crowns, course coates, and girded ropes?
If one, whose hands are purple with man-slaughter,
Shall think to be in Limbo Monkes hereafter;

QUIXOT.

Father I say not so, 't's ne'r desire
To come to yours, or good St 'Tonics fire.
Enjoy your Limbus to your selves, I know
You doe deserve enough for living so,
So barely, poorly, basely; yet for all that,
(Sure 'tis Gods blessings,) you're all very fat;
If that your Limbus be a fa'ring fier,
Make hast unto't, you'l make a jolly Fryar.

VIVALDO.

Not so much speed (Knight-Errant) you ran post,
But 'lasse you never read of Wandring Ghost,
Of a Knight yet uninterr'd, who's odaine dy'd,
And never men nor God have mercy cry'd,
And there may wander on the Stygian verges
For want of mony, to procure a derge.
We are content to live within our Cel,
Praying for such as you, who fight for Hell,
And in a desperate frenzy doe such Deeds
Which puts us Monks unto our nightly Beads.

QUIXOT.

Father, we are for fighting, not for pray,
I have not said that thing this many a day;
Only Dulcinea help me, smile upon
Thy Don, and blesse him in the action;
When Gyant doth lay on with stump of Tree,
Then deer Dulcinea, down upon thy knees,
And that's enough, that without word spoken,
Confounds all weapons, whether steel or oaken.

VIVALDO.

Is this devotion? 'twere a sin to smile;
Dulcinea helpe! how you your soule beguile?
You must invoke some other kind of Saints
As are departed, who did know our wants,
And feel them too, who liv'd cum-vobis,
And to those cry, orat' orat' pro nobis.
Pray Sancta Clara, Bridget, Frances Win,
And pray Loretto, against all my sinne,
And pray good Katherine, that didst wind thy wheel,
That I by fumes of drinke may never reel:
O pray all Saints of ages and of Sexes,
Against all evill, that our soule perplexes.

QUIXOT.

QUIXOT.

what though I say no hymnes, nor Ave-Maries,
I fast, and keep a dyet like the Faries;
Sancho shall witnesse it to good St Peter,
That when I have to eat, I'm no great eater.
I've read of Peters sheet, and large provision;
But I was ne'r in any such condition;
Sheets I renounce, and vittuals I have none.
Sancho produce the wallet; See, all's gone.
who does endure so much? besides I'm batter'd,
Thirstie and lowlie, gall'd, ratter'd and shatter'd:
Shew me throughout the world so wo' a fight,
As I at present, and yet I'm a Knight.

VIVALDO.

I grant, you Errants are a ruefull Tribe,
Like wandring Jewes indeed, (without a gibe)
Yet though you want from lasting, to ere-lasting,
You cannot call this a religious fasting.
This is plaine hunger, want of vittuals,
Poor rogues, you'd need be sent to some Hof-pitals.
But we a thous and Ave-Maries say,
And night by nights and day by day we pray:
We fast indeed, for though we have good Wine
And oyle, and all that pampers up the groyne;
Yet in the sight and smell of a Full Kitching,
Wee to our Cresses goe, Penance, and Breechings
And what we doe, that does the pretty Nunne;
Up goes her trinkets too, sure as a gunne;
And when we have mortifi'd and taw'd the flesh,
we feed with stomacks good, as they that thresh.

which in my opinion, is a kind of Gentilisme.] I must fall to my notes againe,
for neither in verse, nor prose, sea or by land, high way or field, must a
Knight-Errant be worsted; therefore the issue of the Poem lies doubtfull,
and conclude them both with

Et vitulo tu dignus & hic;

No quarrell upon any ones behalfe,

They doe deserve alike; Divide the Galle.

Don Quixots Religion, though not his fare, is very like that of Chaucers
Physitians.

Whose meat was good and digestible,

But not a word he utter'd from the Bible.

Knight-Errants have neither grace nor meat, unlesse it should fortune
his Ladies name should be so, then perchance when he fell on, not when he
fel to, Grace might be said. They fall upon food, and adventure Windmills,
Carnages and Goats-flesh as ungodly, as we doe upon Oysters, Melons
or raw Hartichokes. There are few Christians of the order, they being ge-
nerally Apostates, or voluntary Mahumetans, and subscribers to the *Al-
tan*: For according to the principles of that fabulous book, they *Knight-
Errants* is from this world into the next, with a *Dulcinea* here, to *Dulcinea*
there;

Turkish
Paradise.

there, *Toboso* being chang'd *pro Paradiso*; and his *Dulcinea's* twinklers enlarged to the full breadth of *Queen Proserpines* sawcers, which the *Lady Margery Omletia*, at the largest extention, can no way compare to.

If the *Lady* be in place, he turns amorously to her his face, &c. In these words, if you will, but they are too good for a Neates tongue, or a Calves head, being borrowed from that excellent play *Lingua*, in *Tadus* his speech when he was mad, and supposed himselfe *Hercules*:

*Omphale dear, Commandresse of my life,
My hearts repose; sweet Center of my cares,
See where the mighty sonne of Jupiter
Casts himselfe prostrate at thy conquering feet;
Scorne not my voluntary humbleness,
But blesse me with Commands.*

Or if you will have our *Knight-Mummers* owne words, which like *Abel Druggers* ginger-bread, must melt out of his mouth before you can heare it, heare 'um e'n as good as mine Host mutter'd over him at the consecrating of him *Knight-Errant*, out of his provender book of Ceremonies.

*Toboso's honour, and Toboso's shame
Known unto none but me by thy new name,
Not to thy selfe; for thou poor simple wretch,
Canst not conceive a name of that high fetch,
As great Dulcinea, and in Tobo-so,
Thou art so poor, it grieves me see thee goe so.
The Sailes of Gyant Windmills shall be smocks
For thee my heart, or it shall cost me knocks:
No linings can be cooler, nor no Fanne
Us'd by the Persian or Mahumetan.
What prowess canst obtaine, Sancho shall steal,
Thou shalt receive, and I will stout conceale.
Only thy count'nance grant, grinne on thy Knight,
O shew thy teeth upon thy Favorite;
Give a good glose from thy strain'd goggle eye,
And as a ball from Canon shot I fly.*

There is no History wherein is found a *Knight-Errant* without a Love. A *Knight* without a *Lady*, is like a *Face* without a *Nose*, a *fiddle* without a *bridge*, a *body* without a *head*, a *souldier* without a *sword*, a *Monkey* without a *taile*, a *Lady* without a *looking-glasse*, a *glasse* without a *face*, a *Face* without a *Nose*,

and so about it goes.

All *Foyters*, men o'th sword, *Hectors*, *Herculeans*, *Samsonians*, are all of them *Pamphilians*, that is, universall servants to all *Ladies* who have faire faces, fairer fortunes, lusty Butteresses, and requiring gascoynes. Indeed, there are a sort of men call'd *Solifidians*, such who have vow'd to one single piece of surpassing excellency their faith and services, and so are ingross'd and inclos'd, and made severall, who before were common. Of this order and rank was our *Don*, who would be believed constant to *Toboso*, yet I suspect him, for you shall find him running at sheep anon; I doe not mean

mean

meane for hunger, but lust; he loved mutton literally and metaphorically, as will appeare by his purrui't of *Marcela*, whom had he overtaken (after the Goat was digested) I know what kinde of pulse he would have had, that which they call *Caprizans*, and you may guesse the rest.

Shee is not of the *Roman* *Curtios*, *Caio*, or *Scipios*.] Her lineage is very large and spreading, and infinitely branch'd (exceeding *Justians* Tree, on the negative line or side) but very thinnie, empty and lanck upon the positive; I doe believe shee could scarce run two ascents without the help of a *Town* or *Parish*, where her *Grandfather* was found, and for want of friends and acquaintance, accepted of the name of the place, and it is very likely to be the true genealogy, for by her bulke shee must necessarily be imagin'd to descend from some body corporate, left by some body politick; and kept by some body Civill, or else *ipsem gregis ab nuda*—shee was (for the *Don* hath not yet discovered her as shee is naturally, or rather domestically endowed, but sets her out in her errantick titles, and the fantastick and imaginary apprehensions of her future *Queen-ship*) shee was I say, *Aulica Coquina*, and of that litter which is but a degree neater or finer then the turne-spits, if the dog at any time was weary, cry a wheel, and shee knew not whether it was her turne or no, only shee did it without side, the dog within, shee by hand, that by foot. Many of her kindred are knowne by the names of *Cicely Bumtrinket*, *Gillian* of *Winchester*, *Long Meg*, *Jone Basie*, besides the *Fustibeggs*, the *Dowdees*, the *Trollops*, the *Maukins*, the *Fussocks*, the *Trugmouldies*, the *Funcos*; all which were *Fausen* sluts, like *Bartholmew Faire* pig-dressers, who look at the same time like the damms, as well as the *Cooks* of what they roasted.

Sancho Pancha did verily believe all his Masters words were true.] *Sancho*, though he was not train'd up to second his Masters lyes, yet he had as good a quality, which was to hold his peace and let them passe. *Darus* had no better commendations then *Sides* & *Tacturnitas*, as saith the *Comedian* in *Andria*. A *Spanish* stutger will shift off a lie sometimes as well as a louse.

This is the *Body* of *Chrysofome*, who was peerlesse, &c.] Now we must leave fooling, we are at a funerall, and *Chrysofomes* body a spectacle of mortality is before us, *Signior Ambrosio* likewise hath a pastorall oration for his brother *Shepherd* deceased, slaine by the negative voice of *Marcela*, who this night is to be rail'd upon by the black skins, in as lamentable noyle, as the wild *Irish* make their *O bones*. As for example;

O bone O bone! why wouldst thou dye good *Chrysofome*? hadst thou not *Sheep* and *Oxen*, I and *Cowes*, yea and red *Cowes* (whose milk is good against the *Consumption*?) hadst thou not *Orchard* and *Gardens*, and sage in those *Gardens*? which whosoever hath and eates, how canst thou dye? Was not thy *Father* and *Mother* dead and left thee all, why wilt thou dye? *O bone*! hadst thou not wit more then all thy friends, neighbours and kindred? and why then wouldst thou dye, and leave us fools behind thee, but *O bone*! We will follow thee even to that place where thou receivest thy deaths wound, *O bone*! for a womans denyall, *O bone*! didst thou not know? yes, too well, that *cateri volunt*, *O bone*! or a whetstone, for my wits are very dull upon this melancholy subject.

He commanded mee to sacrifice them to the fire.] What volumes of this hard subject had this Loves-Martyr wrote? which after this fire, were never to see light. It was well done of *Perualda* to endeavour the reprieve; for the vapours of so much discontented, sad, melancholy stuff, might in an ill time affected all the standers by, and wrought such sad impressions in their braines, that the party that were single might have disavow'd women-kind, and then it might have (had the example been followed) brought the World to a conclusion that Age, and the parties married would have no doubt gone home, and for feare of such unkindnesse, so laboured to please their wives (for men doe strange feats when they are melancholy) that the numerous fruits of one nights benevolence, would have so peopled the world, that *Spaine* could not have kept them, though it might containe them, and so put the succession to seek new habitations in the West Indies, who are as glad of their company, as of the Feindes.

Which had this title, *Aditty of Despaire.*] I shall change the name of it, and call it the *Ditty of Comfort*; because I presume, though I doe not desire the same subject (that is, an inflexible Mistressse) that I can make as good a one my selfe. So when a Lady sees a face not of extraordinary symmetry, let her call it a comfortable face, hers is as good. When a Sermon is preach'd not of too singular composure, but plaine and easie of apprehension, that also is a comfortable Sermon, another man may doe as well, and so for other things, as your owne application shall best serve.

CHAP. VI.

The Canzone of Chrysostome in Despaire.

Give eare unto my Elegy,
Or shall I call it Legacy;
Let it be both: For in it I deplore
My owne sad love, and charge you give it o're.
My yeares, when first I saw that face;
(Had I ne'r seen her nor the place,
Where bathing shee let me on fire:
Strange! water should incense desire,
I had been happy) but my yeares
Bad me be bold, though my heart feares.
No such Orient Pearle Dian shad
From her pure skin, and drenched head,
When that the silver streame grew rich,
And found her water pearly, which
Dropt from the Goddesses, and now Graces
Her Nymphs, and serve them for neck-laces.
Marcela as she bath'd her limbs,
Th' enamour'd fountaine standing seems;

And the Fleets waters could not move
Turn'd to a lake by powerfull love:
The bowes together twist, and shew
That you and I ought to doe so:
And all the birds in a joynt quire,
Did sing her into soft desire.
In gentle murmures the kind wind,
Conveig'd into her eare my mind;
Which when shee heard, she straightway digbt
Her robes, and did her selfe benight,
As from the howling of a wolfe,
And from the fountaine as a gulse,
From all the birds as birds of prey,
From winds, as bands shee flew away:
And as shee unrevoked ran,
Shee thought each tree to be a man.
But I had grav'd in thousand rindes
My loves, which where shee written findes,
Shee barkt (hard heart) the guiltlesse trees,
And so by proxie murders me.
Enjoy thy cruelty, ile fall
The Martyr of thy spleen and gall;
Triumph in scorn, 't shall be in vain.
Relenting, with me live againe:
For by that rock ile buried be
The emblem of thy crueltie;
Marpesia, lose thy craggie name,
Marcela is the rock of Fame,
Fam'd for the death of Chrysostome,
His life sometimes, but now his doom;
Thou lend'st indeed a thread, ah but
It was no sooner lent, but cut;
A face thou shepardst a spring of life,
But in thy tongue there was a knife:
Soft as the Down of Swans thy skin,
But thy heart was adamantine.
Learn all of me, Shepheards be wise,
And come not neer those charming eyes;
For if shee catch you in the flame,
Shee'l hold, and burn you in the same;
Let her range on among the Beasts,
You'l find e'ne Heard more gentler Breasts,
And make your suites to flocks and trees,
They will be mov'd, they've Sympathies,
But this Marcela's only skin
Without, and patrifed within.
Remember what a dying man
Saies, and the Canzons of the Swan;

When e'r this cruel faire one dies
I charge you her anatomize,
And when she's found, as I relate,
Such stone you cannot penetrate,
Lay her upon my open grave,
No other Tombe-stone I will have.

TEXT

At the top of the rock whereon they made the grave, the Shepherdess Marcela did appear.

See where our Cynthia shines, but hark,
Though the Moon shine, the dogs will bark.
Our Don and Rosinance both neigh,
Forgot is foul Dulcinea;
He would adventure a sound knock,
To change his Dul' for her oth' rock.



Ambrosio impatient at that sight, was able to compose the quarrels of brethren, rather bark than spoke, and in most bitter *Billinggate* Rhetoric, bespatters a Lady of most immaculate fame, and firm constancy, as the Pedestall she trod on the rock : *Bona Verba*, better words good *Ambrosio*, what, downe right *Basilisks*, *ferre Nature*, *Mercileffe Nero*, *Tullia*, who would have lookt for such *Nectar* with *Ambrosio*?

I come not here (good Ambrosio) quoth Marcela, to any of those ends thou saiest.] Marcelas speech is a pure defence of resolv'd virginity, vow'd Nunnery, a rigid constancy, and obstinate resolution to gather nuts all the vacation long, which are very stiptically, and the bodies that feed much upon 'um, coittive, and seldome loose.

Our faire *Hippolyta* dedicating her selfe to the Forrests and Woods, where exercise and continuall labour and variety, give check to all those passions, which a sedentary and lazy life are subject to: Spinning will not qualifie nor suppress those fancies so much, they are not allayed with a wetting finger. Carding can doe no lesse, which (as it would affect somewhat,) our Ladies doe most intollerably ply. But *Tis* and *Tom* are not of the Wool-pack, nor those stocks of the primitive good house-wifery. Though this life of Shepheardizing be out of fashion, yet farre better doe they, who in remembrance of these rare pieces of abstinence, busie themselves in rock-work, in Civer-baskets, in waxen Fruit-Trees, in making *Adams* and *Eves* even in wax, representing their state of innocency, in framing Paradise, *Babell*, *Jerusalem*, *Ninew*, *Troy*, or any thing, rather then setting up t'other dozen, or wasting the week amongst young gallants, who, to shew their breeding, must lose their money fashionably, pay the box generously, and so they winne, (shall I say, or rather lose (for unless they lose they shall be accounted hard-heads) the reputation of compleat Courtiers. To all of this *Marcela* is an example, and a plea, a president and leading Case to all such Ladies (if any such there be) whose servants have departed out of this world upon the same occasion taken, that *Chrysothome* did: Shee in this eloquent speech, doth vindicate all refractory damosels, from the least accessaries or lyableness of guilt from the ends (violent or melancholy)

choly) of their puling, *snivelling*, or *Hen-hearted* Servants. No woman is to be indicted, as cruell Spinster, for the shortened thred of *Tom Foles* life ; if he dye or runne mad, or beyond *Sea*, or vow not to have his Beard or powder his Cockcombe, or ride in a *Coach* or *Sedan*, or goe to Sermon (that is to wait upon a Lady to Church) upon the Repulse, the Maidens, nay, the harsh Letter, the Frowne, the Gloat, the Hung-lip, the Neglect, the Go-by, the Bannimus from the Table, returne to Presents Letters, Fancies, (all but kisses and Banquers) of the most exquisite *Marcela* in the world. Oh *Chrysofome*, *Chrysofome*, thou wert *Fellowe* Te ; Thou didst cast away thine owne life, and deliverdst the *flacke* as well as buried in the open fields, for being such a *Goole*, *Widgeon*, and *Niddecok* to dye for love : Of which sort before you shall find one in the Bill of Mortality, you shall find ten thousand dye of *Griefe*, and the *Rickets*, which is a disease, when the head sucks all the nutriment from the rest of the Members.

*I never gave any hopes to Chrystosome, or any others.] Our brother departed is to be blam'd more and more, that will take no Answer: she told him (in plaine English as they say), she could not love him or any one: What can't be can't be: It's better to goe out of the house, than to be thrust out, and be laughed at. But this Pagan Scholar would not beleieve a Woman in the Negative to her owne good, he had read no doubt of some one, who said, she would embrace Fire, or the Faggot, rather than such a One, and in a fortnight the Imprecation forgon, she hath been tyed and bound up to that more abhorred Stake. His *Mahomet* *ne credits* here fail'd, *Marcela* was resolute and stout to her *Quinquam*; not like that tergiversating and back-sliding Lady, who desperately vow'd and threatned the Ponyard, present death upon a libidinous assaulter, who notwithstanding the apparent and instant hazzard of his life, (gracelesse wretch) fell on and form'd his peremptory desire, so furiously and inconsiderately, that had not very much mercy been eminent at that nick of time in the Lady, the Assailant, if he had a thousand lives, they must have been lost all. Such an unvanquishable spirit no Age hath met with, as was found in *Marcela*, who without doubt was of *Amazonian* Constancy, and could have rather endured one breast cut off, than a Child sucking at um: rather the Bowes and Arrowes with the Man-like Quiver at her back, then that any effeminate shaft should come nigh her Quiver: rather the Busk in upon her halfe way covered Legges, then endured the lace'd Pantofle, the silk Stocking, the button'd Smock, or the sweet bag at her Pillow, or a Pillow to her Downe-bed, or any bed but the Downes themselves; where shee lay and compos'd this ensuing Poem, to answer the untrue, and unjust accusations of *Chrystosome* and his fellow Shepheard, called *Ambrosio*.*

MARCELAS Ple

*I doe appeale to all my Sex;
Whom tedious suitors hourly
And chiefe to those (if any be)
Vnder my vow of Chastity.
If none be found, then I doe call
Such as the Matrimoniall*

*None hath caught, fast, but gladly would
 Be such as I am, if they could.
 Is it my sinne for to be faire?
 T'have pleasing Fetters in my haire?
 T'have an eye made for to kill,
 Or to revive at mine owne will?
 And such a voice as Birds stand mute
 To heare? and dye as on his Lute
 Once fell the Nightingale,
 And fainted when her voice did faile?
 To have morising lips, yet such
 As onely know each others Touch?
 A hand so small and snowy white,
 'Twould serve to light you in the night.
 A Breast where Azure vaines are drawne,
 (Soft as the Water, or the Lawnes)
 Yet plimming by a generous beat,
 That alwayes by one Pulse did beat:
 Pasternes upright, so small a foot,
 It puts the Docs, and Hindes unto
 To tread so nimble o'r the Plaines,
 And tires the heavy clouted Swaines:
 Nature if these be crimes, I lay
 On thee the charges of this day.
 But if what thou didst freely give,
 I meane to keep, long as I live,
 Pure and unsullied, as the Rose,
 (Not tainted by approach of nose.)
 Why am I blam'd? Cause Ile not part
 With these, by giving up my heart
 Into anothers mast'ring power,
 To crop at's pleasure ev'ry Flower?
 If I decoy'd a simple Swain,
 Or gave him hopes to come againe:
 If I receiv'd a Gyrland, or
 (When that I knew what he plaid for)
 Would heare his baited Lays,
 Or gave him either smile, or praise,
 Let him appeale unto that smile,
 And Ile no more his hopes beguile.
 But when I've told soft my mind,
 Which you may read, if you're not blind,
 Through my transparent skinned, that I
 Intend to live a maid, and dye;
 If like this Chrysostome you pine
 To death, it is no fault of mine.
 I am and will be on my vow,
 Answer my Riddle, if you can tell how.
 Had I submitted to thy Foolerie,
 I must be false unto my selfe and thee,*

*If I that had vow'd Chastity before,
 Should marrie, married I should play the whore;
 For marrying to be chaste to mee I vow,
 How art thou sure, when I broke one but now.*

'Tis onely she alone that lives therein with honest intention.] How now Don, I begin to smell a Rat, if Marcela alone, if these honest intentions, what is she of Toloso? This cannot be forgetfulness or incaution, for it was morning, and he was fresh and fasting. On my life Dulcinea was no better than she should be, pray heaven she were so good: yet it may be he spoke this for few that hyperbolically that ignorantly, as the good chaste wife, who surprized with a Quarrel from her jealous husband, who had heard abroad amongst his Neighbours, that there were but two men in his parish that were not Cuckolds, could not stay any longer, but forth-with repaired to his wife, and told her the storie, and was very inquisitive and urgent with her to resolve him, whether she knew or could ghesse who those two happy men were: The good soule not reflecting upon her husband, or her owne vindication, being secure at home, puzzled her selfe to satisfie him of those abroad; but knowing how unhappily she was situate, and confident of the truth of the rumors, she protested she could not possibly ghesse who those two should be; which rais'd such a dissention betwixt them, and her husband was so touchy for no cause at all given, that the good woman was forc'd to the course her neighbours used, onely to live a quiet life with her Husband, who after he was come into the honest list, was more contented than ever before; and his wife, by such Arts as her Gossips taught her, quite rid him of all his jealousy, which in the time of her constancy to his Bed, he was ever plagued withall.

Which Ambrosio said was to be after this manner.] But I beleeve Marcelas was more proper which the engraved in the Bark of a tree, just against the place of the Rock where the unfortunate Sutor lay.

*Suffer kinde tree this Epitaph to grow
 With thee, and as thy Gummes doe flow,
 Intombe the Words, that none may dare
 To take them thence, but see they're there:*

EPITAPH.

*Against this Tree duth lye a Swaine,
 Who dy'd indeed, but lov'd in vaine,
 Who hop'd to have been Marcela's Lord,
 But dy'd upon a cruell word:
 To whom I wish'd a longer life,
 But not as he, to be his wife.
 Yet if his Dust content can have,
 Ile mingle Asbes in the grave:
 And when it is my welcome Turne,
 What Bed deny'd, enjoy I th' Urne.*

The end of the Second Book.



FESTIVOVS NOTES V P O N DON QUIXOT.

Book III.

CHAPTER I.

*Swift as the Roe, Virgin Marcela flies,
The Don can onely follow her with Cries;
But our Atlanta doth not misde his Calls,
Nor hath the Donor gold, or gilded Balls
To bait her flight: but both resolve together
To bait themselves, and let the Devil go with her.
The grasse is Table to the Don, and meat
To Rosinante, who full was for a feat,
And lustfull, scents the Mares Gallician,
And presently is for coition:
The lab'ring jades were not for wanton tricks,
But answer his Levalto's with shrewd kicks.
But Rosinante persists, and maugre packs,
He mounts (girl-burst) upon their skittish backs;
But the Yanguesian Carriers with Battoon
Did cudgell out of 's side the salt Baboon,
And ram'd him straight; whereat the enraged Don
Enters the Lists, but had blowes three for one.
And Sancho too was here a Combatant,
But you will know the issue by the plaint:
Plaintiffs were both, both Sancho and his Master,
Defendants none, the Umpire is a plaister.*

TEXT.



*T*ravelling the space of two houres without finding her, they arrived to a pleasant Meadow.] Marcela was too quick of foot for the Don; she that used to chase the vvilde Boare, and ore-take the wounded Stagge, how vvas it possible that an over-ridden Stallion, or a tame Ass should over-reach her. Horse and Asses tir'd, and soultred with the heat of the day more than affection they

they flung their caps at her, (they had tassell ones in their pockets) and cried as we doe of a Hare escaped, let her goe 'tis but dry meat. But the Meadow is got, the pleasant smiling Meadow, but no Marcela to bestowe a green gowne on; here is the pure and refreshing streame, but not Marcela, who us'd to dresse her sweet face in it, made more sleek, lovely, and glassy, by receiving and returning those lines and imagery to those eyes which were only fit to behold them.

They did fall to with good accord and fellowship.] Hopelesse of satisfying their eyes, they consult how to pleasure the rest of their senses; and (the Don being maimed in the Organ of one of the chiefest) it was high time to provide for the maintenance of the rest;

—— *Strato discumbiter Ostro:*

The green Carpet was laid before them and they (*more graciorum*, in their lying down, not at this time in taking up, for they had no *Cacubum*) I may say too *more Brutoni*, for *Dos pro cumbis humi*, they I say laid themselves downe, falling to it, haile fellow well met; Sancho prov'd the nimble feeder, having his nose seldome out of the Manger, which, the Don did not so much mind, because he often gaz'd about for adventures, and did not follow his blow, or rather his stroake, (for this encounter is of the Teeth) in-fomuch, that Sancho was the Knight of the Meadow, though the Squire of the High-way.

Rosinante had a desire to solace himselfe with the Lady Mares.] Rosinante it seems was not runne off all his metall, he was back'd to enterprizes, and would have had a Barriers with a Gallician Philly, which was a great error in the *Cephal-Errant*, for he was by ordure of his horse-hood, to have reliev'd the Lady Mares, (not as Spanish Jennets are begot, not in that corner) who were oppress'd and overladen with heavie packs, and ought not to have laid more sacks to the Mill (as they say) being the only horse of the only Lady-relieving Knight now remaining in the whole world. But the Yanguesian Carriers (finding the Beast troubled with melancholy) presently flew in to the assistance of their Mares, who had hitherto (more then many rationall creatures will doe) defended themselves from this foule ravisher with their heeles. But now Rosinante is at the stoole of repentance, never was *paure* Brute so hamper'd for wicked intentions, never such sharp blowes for the gentle stroakes that he meant to his Gallician Sweetcharts; besides that, he did carrie the favours of one of the goodliest amongst them upon his flank (as plain a Mare-shooe, as ever was made by Smith;) these Battoone marks were too intollerable, (which their Masters did accumulate upon his hide) till he lay down upon the grasse, worse tired with this wooden entertainment, then if he had all-abroad (as the Scotch Kerle saith) aw the Phillyes one after another upon the place.

Sancho at the second Peale is struck downe, and the Don fell at his Coursers feet.] Love me, and love my dog. It was a signe Sancho did not heartily affect the Don, that he was so unwilling to relieve Rosinante from the Yanguesian Gyants; but he had reason for it, he saw their number, and the noise of the weapons, from Rosinante's sides, made him provide for his own: Feare hath a quick eare, and though it was tickled with the government of the Islands, (which alwaies buzz'd in the hollow of it) yet he perceived it was a desperate causway that conducted thither, and that he should

undergoe very strict discipline, before he came to exercise any. And so it proved; for though he was spur'd up with hopes by the couragious inspirations of the *Don*, yet (alas, notwithstanding he collected his full spirit) what were *Hercules* and *Lycas* against more then twelve labours at once, or rather labourers? whom *Sancho* very properly advised not to charge on foot, or indeed at all, or to engage upon a horse quarrell, which would gaine no credit in History, and especially if they should be foil'd; what a blemish would it be in the book that was to be wrote of them? to see in a great Cut or Brasse leafe, there *Rosinante* laid breathlesse, and by him the *Don*, not able to heave a side or stir a limbe, or stretch forth a hand, and *Sancho* in wofull manner pictur'd aloof off with his face to the ground, ashamed to looke up to Heaven, or upon man or beast, after this ignoble victory; Only the Asse, reserv'd to carry away the blushing spoiles of the field, will be seen in the piece free, grazing and leaping, and as having more wit then three, contented himselfe with his pasture, not like *Rosinante* given to lust, nor like both the fools (I mean as to this enterprize) his masters given to revenge.

The Carriers with all possible speed, trussing up their loadings, followed on their way.] *Fuga est pro culpa*: A guilty Conscience is a thousand Judges, Juries and witnesses. But who shall make hue and cry after them? who shall raise the Country? It being done betwixt Sunne and Sunne, the hundred was to pay for the Injury done by the Carriers, which were wont to pay for injuries done to them: But it was secure as to that matter, for *cantabit vacuum*. The *Don* fear'd no robbing, and as for their Brutes, they were not worth stealing; Nothing was taken from them, the fault was in what was given them, and not the hundreds nor ten thousands could take it off. *Sancho* more wise (for in afflictions he got experience) then his Master, (who, like his Cousen in the mortar, never profited) remembered his Lord of the liquor at *Feoblus*, which was much, that his head (so disordered) could containe so hard a word in it. But as for the *Balsamum Fierebras*, it was at that distance, (as a Doctor of Physicks remedy was in time of present application) some forty or fifty miles off, but this farther, not in *Faños* (though as by the name appeares) but in *Fieri*.

I cannot set a time for our recovery, but I am in the fault of all.] *Statutum est semel mori*, the *Don* knew that; but as for the *statu dies* of a sickness, the beginnings, declinings, perfections of any disease, herein the *Don* was to seek as much as for his Balsame; but *pares in culpa*, *pares in poena*, like Master like man, *Sancho* was cheek by jowl at dinner, and now he is jowl'd with him after dinner. But confession is the first step to repentance, though a fool could not be mov'd by either of them, yet notwithstanding it was reall, for here was contrition, (or rather attrition) also adjoin'd, and an absolute resolution upon *Sanchos* part, never to play such a prank againe, with endeavour of satisfaction, and an Act of Oblivion to these *Banquesian* Carriers. There wanted now the *Monks* of his former adventure to pronounce the absolution, and the *Don* was fit for Heaven; and so he was without it (as to the matter, though the forme were wanting) yet he lookt to get that Paradise purely by suffering, which *Sancho* (unlesse at this time the purchase was paid for it) desired some other way might be achiev'd.

Draw thou, and chastise them at thy pleasure.] *DON QUIXOT* very cunningly

cunningly, but nobly, would have entail'd these inferior Encounters upon *Sancho* and his heires Male. Indeed dry-bastings, cudgelings, furringlings were too mean for a Knight, and more compatible with his Squire, who by often malleations, hammerings, poundings, and threshings, might in good time be beaten out into the forme of a gentleman: For he was like a wedge now, or like gold in the Oare, thick and rough, and no doubt, but these *Tanquesians* did but act the part of Goldsmiths, who with much labour, polish, and furbish up the splendor of rough-cast metals. After some few experiences of this Goldsmiths-Hall Furnace, the man no doubt would be far fitter for the government of the intended Island, who in the shape he now was, cannot be esteem'd proportionable for any plantation, unlesse it were in the Antipodes.

What would become of thee, who dost disable thy selfe in respect thou art not a Knight, nor desirest to be.] Here *Sancho* had almost lost a Hog for want of a halfe-penny-worth of Tar. The hopes of an Island (and that no small one) rather then compleat his Errantry through blunts to sharpes, through furringlings, to the garters and Zones of *Amazones*. The *Don* excellently well upbraides and excites his coward-spirits, setting before his eyes (which were much benefited by looking upon the green grass) how venerable, of what high esteem among the *Romans* the *Veterani* were, who were nought else but old beaten Souldiers. What respect a Captaine gaines, who at his return views his Country, and thee him, with a face and skinn as scarrified as that body before an Almanack, a signe of what danger he has runne through, as those are of the Sun passing through the Zodiack: Then after his departure, to have this skinn hung up in the school of Anatomy, where every year, thousands of Ladies view the Monumentall fore-skin, with as much joy as did the Hebrew damzels, those of the slain *Philistines*; what and how many legs hath a Colonell (whom an honourable shor hath left but one to) in place of that? All eyes will look upon him, who hath lost one: *Polypheme* was more star'd at then *Ulysses*, and *Argus*, if ever he had the fortune to see him, more wondred at his sawcers, then all his owne hundred of small eye-let-holes. Every man lends an hand to the Officer with one arme; nay, our very enemies (after the hot disputes are passed) are in honour with us very much, especially, if by some great piece of valorous hazard, (the signes whereof are eminent and visible) they beare the Characters of their own gallantry, and of successe. Such *Sancho* was my care, and ever will be throughout *Biscaya*, and all cares will glow, in memory of the blood I lost from that. Doe but recount (for I must speeche out this timorousnesse from thy head and heart) recollect with thy selfe I say, what honour a Ship hath (senselesse of the thing done to her) which is famous for some singular Sea-service, the water-men speak nobly of her, tell their passengers how bravely she behav'd her selfe at *Lepanto*, at the *Golp D'i Venice*, in the *Mediterraneum*, in the *Sirraights*, at *Gibberall* *Terk*, amongst the *Cypriots*, the *Candiots*, the *Smyrniots*, the *Sejois*, the *Scanderouns*, and many more Islands, where she hath taken in fresh, and whether the joyfull natives runne as much wondering to see her honourable Barke, as if a *Sturgeon*, a *Sea-Calf*, a *Porcizipe*, a *Shark*, a *sword-fish*, or *Leviathan* himselfe had been cast a-shore, and could not retumble his vast hulk into the maine Sea againe.

The pains of the disgrace doth not so much trouble me as the griefe of the blowes. These Orations rais'd not *Sancho's* spirits a jot, nor his body from the ground: Inso much, that he gave over the thought of the government of the Island, and imagin'd he had taken possession of the Continent, where he lay a *Living Lease* seal'd upon the ground, yet not in case to molest any Trespassers. For unlesse *Rosinante* could be caught againe and his *Ass*, what liklihood of any other Purchase, then this of the Turf? *Rosinante* was the concluded Author of these last mischiefs.

—*Equo ne credite Teucris.*

Never trust a modest-lookt Stallion, your soberest Jades are firkers in Corners, and your horse that sayes least is (like the silent Sow) for Draft-Mares. But *Sancho* was resolv'd to humble him, if grasse and hay can doe it; he is to be interdicted Oats and all Flatulent and erecting dyet for a Moneth; but had *rem* been prov'd in *re*, his mouth had been excommunicat'd Provender for ever; for a lascivious furring jade could never prosperously carry the chaste body of a Knight Errant through his Virgin-rescuing Adventures. It is dolorous to relate in what variety of Agony hee lay shifting from side to side, and sometimes upon his knees, but nothing would give him ease; and the sight of his Master lying in worse malady was double griefe unto him.

Tormentum miseris socios habuisse doloris.

I know all these Incommodities are annexed unto the exercise of Armes.]

Play the Crab with me, and runne a Note backward: and for observation upon the place, I conceive that these Incommodities were so heavy, that they conduced not to the exercise of his Armes, Sides, Back, nor Thighes: all the parts of his body being in a parity of suffering, not by compassion or sympathy, but by the proper anguish of each particular joyn't and member. Otherwise some unexercis'd Limb (like the undipp'd heele of his brother *Myrmidon*-killer *Achilles*) had been enough to lose the whole man. For I can compare the thorough and Integral, and almost quotidian poundings and bastings of the Squire and his *Don*, unto nothing apter and more convenient, then the daily fowling of that valiant Greeks body in the enchanted Bath for *Invulneration*. Certainly if Glasse may be so indurated by fire, that it may scorne the force of the hammer, so verily I believe, that our Knights parts would be stock-fisht, and solidated by continuall contusions, threshing and quassations, that in time they would be inferrible, that is, Sword-prooffe, Battoone-prooffe, Cudgell-prooffe, and Surcingle-prooffe. *Milo*, tis knowne by using to carry Calves, improved his strength to the burthen of a Bull: So the *Don* by bearing well and stoutly these *Tanquesian* trials of skill (*Tyrocinia* meere *militaria*) in time would contemne all the injuries, nay the very packs (if he were put to it) of all the Carriers of all Rodes. *Atlas* by such stupendious burthen-bearing came to be Porter of Heaven it selfe, and *Hercules* his sup-porter, that is, under-porter, and the *Don* (when his earthly labours are to cease) in reversion to *Hercules*, *Nemine contradicente*.

The wounds, friend Sancho, that are given to one by those Instruments which are in ones hand by chance, doe not disgrace a man.]

—*Mene*

—*Mene Iliacis occumbere campis*

Non potuisse, tuque animam hanc effundere dextra.

Had I but falne in Trojan fields,

Cover'd with *Myrmidons* rich Shields,

Where *Hector* lyes in his bloud graveling,

Slaine by *Achilles* lusty Javelin.

There was the honour of it, *Sancho* to fall by *Achilles* his Speare, that was Field-Honour. But to have a Pack-staffe salutation, it is not dishonour in the Heralds Court of Knight Errantry. 'Twas no legall Combate (judge all Masters of Defence) where the weapons are not nam'd in the Bill, and produc'd upon the stage. This was meere *Chance-medley*, and mis-application of tooles. There is no flaw, no shoulder-spraine, hip-shot, nor rib-rost in thy credit; ther's the comfort Brother, we are reputation-sound. A hundred of these (which however Heaven avert) make but misde-meanors in *Knight-Errantry*, and can never amount to an Attain-dor.

There is no paine nor griefe which Death will not consume.] Death (Brother *Sancho*, now we goe forward againe) said the *Don*, puts a period to all Travails, all Adventures, and therefore necessarily to *Knight-Errantry*, it selfe, and dissolves the Order, then which it were better that the Machine Catholike should fall: For thereby so many plunder'd Ladies, abused Virgins, oppressed Matrons would be left unrevenged. No, no, friend, let us to our Brutes againe: And for a concluding story about Death take this; An old lazie fellow having over-burthened himselfe with stolne Futz-bushes, groaned more under the weight than stealth, and even spent and tired, cryed out, Come death, come death and welcome: which spokes comes in a gashfull, horrid, meagre, terrible, ugly shape, *Phoberoon Phoberoton*: That is Death, *Sancho*, a very ill-lookt Fellow, worse than the *Tanymsians*: and this *Ran-bones* demands of the poore old fellow, what he call'd him for. The man looking up amazed, Nothing Sir (said he) but onely that you would be pleas'd to help me up with my burthen. So I say, *Sancho*, and doe thou as I say: Let Death alone yet, and saddle me for the *Ass*; that is, take me, and lay me upon thy *Ass*, better be a burthen then lie here for old *Phoberon*.

I doe not hold this kinde of riding dishonourable.] *Sancho* you may per-chance thinke it improper to behold me upon thy *Ass* hanging Wallet-ways; but if thou didst consider, that I intend after the next glorious defeat, to be for *Madrid*, and there to accumulate the Order of the *Golden Fleece*; thou wouldst not much strange that I doe before-hand conforme my selfe to the Ceremony, which is the ancient Order in the world, and indeed was first belonging to the *Ship-Knight-Errants*, the *Argonauts*. And as for the dishonour of riding, or rather (as present necessity commands) bothwarting, or over-laying the *Ass*, know—

*Nay look, O look throughout the world so wide,
And each one rides the Ass, or the Ass doth ride.*

But *Sancho* you may reply, that is uncomely: It is so, if there were no more

more in it; but I have been tax'd for want of Devotions by *Vivaldo*, therefore now I will to them, and though it be *Kim Kam*; yet it is more then hath been related of any *Knight-Errant*, and I will for future luck-sake crosse all my Adventures in this posture, as I lye even crosse the Assle, that no Inchanters, Giants, Carriers, or Windmils, may any more prevaile upon us, and be assured, that though I doe not *ad Sydera tollere vultus*, yet my paines and moanes reach thither, and I look downwards in defiance of all hellish Confederacies, from whence they come: Goe on therefore with alacrity, (good Brother *Sancho*) for (if thou couldst Prognosticate so well as I, who through all accidents look to the end of my Intentions, and shape them good or bad for that designe) thou canst not but perceive thy self already in the very way to promotion, being chang'd from a rider of a poor Assle, to be the honourable Conductor of Assle, Horse, and Man, to the greatest Castle now in sight.

*So let them goe, all in an happy houre,
Well met Fooles! Jades, and Asses, One, Two, Three, Four.*

CHAP. II.

Our Don is Inn'd againe, O cry yee mercy,
It is a castle with him (as I heare say)
Three Ladies at a time (all well appointed),
Wait on our Knight, who is with Grease anointed.
To bed he's carryed, and without his Suppers
Suppled with Kitchin-stuffe from head to crupper.
Twas ease and sleep he wanted, take enough,
Belly and back must not have Kitchin-stuffe
Both at a time; if that his bones were quiet,
His Belly was nor did cry out for Dyet.
But O the Body that mine Hostesse greas'd,
Three Women view'd the corps, and not one pleas'd.
Great Bumps and Hillocks in his Flesh arise,
Like Hills thronne up by Wants, which want their eyes.
Such fruit the Pine-tree beares, but no tall Pine
Appear'd, or a Top-gallant Masculine,
Which made my Hostesse, and her pretty daughter
Take little pleasure in him, but of laughter.
The Asturian whore, much like an Astrick Monster,
Came to his bed by chance, but he can't once stirre
Ought but his tongue, which brought our Warriour
Again into the clutch of Carrier.
Base and umanly fellow so to do's,
To tread a right bred Horseman under foot,
Against all law of Armes, whilst Sancho Panck
Dosh play the Batt'le on Moll-Tornes Flanck.

Sancho

TEXT.



Ancho said it was nothing but a fall from a rock.] Our fleec'd Knight, or Knight fleece, not of the Fleece, (unlesse when he was laid in the Flocks) by *Sancho's* nimble wit passes for *Rupescadente*, the Knight of the Rock, not that he fell upon, but from; the Knight of the precipice more properly, or the Knight of the Downfall, or the Knight of Ruine; any of those Attributes or Titles were futable to the Don and his Squire, the Squire of the Quarrie, or the Squire of thrubs, or Squire of brushles, as you shall see every where about stony, rocky, and craggy grounds.

Made a very bad bed for the Don in an old wide chamber.] The uneasiness of his bed was nothing to a *Heros*; that had made the ground his Pavillion. The Emperors of Asia ly on quilts upon the ground, our Don lies upon the ground abed, Feathers effeminate, and soft Flocks suffocate; bedcoards and boards are the best flesh-firmers, Consolidating and Contabulating his Body of Errantry into a gumme and moving Mummia, which was first made of the *Mauritanian Knight-Errants*, and thence deriv'd to the Spaniards.

The Hostesse and her daughter anointed him all over, &c.] The Asturian held the Candle.

A fit servant to hold it to the Devill. By the Benefit of this light they saw

Monstrum, horrendum, ingens, cuique est Un'avis Adempta.

These Maukins were not so modest as the good Lady *Prioresse*, when the search was made amongst her Nuns for one, who had under that disguise made the handsomest amongst them, horribly forswear herselfe. And at the last, comming to the person indeed, who was the wicked cause of the breach of her vow, when I say they came to close, and hot-hunt, even to *Asinanax* to the privy search, notwithstanding that his ti'd up *Asinanax* was so fierce (like a muzzled dog) at the sight of the beauties, and fellow searchers, that he struck Madam *Prioresse's* spectacles off her nose; yet I say, the grave Matron and her faire assistants did not, like these impudent heildings, stare upon the violation of the Conventicle, but with great care, laid their hands to their eyes, and through the crevices only of their fingers saw to their great griefe, how rash and inconsiderate such vows are upon better meditation and second thoughts. But here was no such incouragements, yet they did Hog-grease his body, and smil'd and twitter'd at the bumps in his flesh, which was like a bruised Pig, (but not so white) splotch'd all over, or like a mouldy Cheefe, where three parts are blew and winnow'd, or like a musty pyc. The Hills and Dales in his body wasted her spike-nard extreamly: Indeed, he was more fit to have been delivered over to a plasterer, who with a shovell or two of mortar and a trowell, would have daub'd up the gaps and *Cosmes* of his dilapidated Carcasse; that done, to a Carpenter to have new planckt him, his muscles were so extended and contunded, that he was not *Corpus mobile*; after that, to the joyner with him, to shave and smooth the knobs made by the *Tangue-sian* Rockers; and after that, a Mason and other Tradesmen, for the reparation of the Oeconomie of his whole body, which was all out of order, both Timber and Stone-work.

It

It may very well be said my Hostesse daughter, for I have dream'd that I fell from a Tower, and could never come to the ground.] A Tower with Pinacles I believe, and there shee held, for shee fell upward. This slut recites the dreame false, and in her owne person, when it was her *Amorosos*, the Curate of the Parish, who being often in hopes (and sometimes gratified) with a nights lodging, dream'd that he fell into a Well, where he went down, and he went down, and down, and still downe, but he could never come to the bottom; which afright awakened him, and upon the next motion, he moraliz'd his Fable of the Well, and found himselfe in *puteo Sans Fund*. Her Dreame as it is in the *Arabian Copy*, was of catching at the Pin-nacle, Pinnacle after Pinnacle, as people that are drowning, doe any thing they can lay hold of.

Know then sister, that a Knight-Errant is &c.] *Mantornes* is the Monster of this Castle, which I marvell the *Don* did not (though naked) assault, as *Hercules* did any living thing, when he run mad in his shirt dipt in the blood of *Nessus*. She was a more rare sight, then we exhibit at *Bartholmew Faire* (take in to help it the reaking, weary Rouncifolds of Py-Corner too) yet this Beast *Sancho* calls sister, (perchance both of a litter) shee was a sow of the largest breed, if you look upon her paps, and if *Circe* had lived in her time, she would have us'd no other Incantation for the Metamorphosis of men into swine, then the stroakings of her dugs, which would yield (after she had taken the rennet of a brimming) as much as a *Dutch Cow*. Upward she was *Elephant* in head and ears, but not so docile, not so wise as that Creature, nor so serviceable, for then *Don Quixot* would have absolutely renounced *Dulcinea*, and took no other Lady then this, who could carry Castles upon her back, as fast as he could take them. Her face was flat, and very much like an *Owles*, if not more *Oulebie*, and her Nose adunck like an over-grown *Eagles* beake, her voice, and that melodious birds, much alike. Her Belly of a capacity for a Cellar, two Stands of Ale might find room therein, and a century of spickets; yet this younger sister to her at *Heidelberg*, is enamor'd with the name of *Knight-Errant*, and desires to know more of his nature, which *Sancho* describes so villanously, (as if he suspected the *Dons* inclinations) and intended (if their bellies did not deny the Banes) to joyne issues with her himselfe: yet take the Description, 'twill serve for Future times as well as these.

A *Knight-Errant*, is (as you see) a Creature bruised, baited, swadled, greased, bed-rid and fit to be sent to *Madrid*, to the house of *Beibelem*.

Yet whom, thou seest thus vile to night,
To morrow is a Prince, or some such might.

Sitting up in his bed as well as he could, he took his Hostesse by the hand, and said.] The Hostesse having suppled his joints, that he is able to sit up, Gracefull and Gracefull man (as she made him) the Lord of *Mancha*, or the *Liquor'd* Knight greases his fat fowe, that is, gives her the oyle of *Mancha*; Courty stuff for hers of the dripping pan. And

Inde toro loquitur gravis nrsus ab alto.

Most gracious Lady, so y' have the Laird
Of *Mancha*, for no cost of oyles you have spar'd;

Before

Before I was illustrious, but your kinde
And gentle hands have made me so behind.
Lend me your daughters hand, 'Ile handle her.
Ah girle, art thou a match fit for a Chandler I
If my hard hearted Queen should vampe to Charon,
A Boat for her, a Chariot for thee, Faire-one.
Now by m'e anointed Flesh and Bodies glen,
(Such Aromatick aires there are but few;) I'll
I'll stick my Dear to thee, and cling withall,
As fast as e'r Tantoblin to a wall.

This said with emphasis, as much as his collected Spirits would give leaves, with pathetical looks now upon the mother, then the daughter; then *Mariornes*. Our butter'd *westphalia* gave *Sancho* order to informe them further of his Worth, Country and undertakings, and looking for no applause to his Oration, he slid into his bed like a hogshhead downe a soap'd ladder. His bed was full of holes, so that the Flocks broke through the breaches, and stuck all about his fullsome and unguentous Body in such numbers, that he suspected himselfe to be infested with the swine Pox. That thought, and the fear of a Rat-encounter kept him waking; For he was baited with stronger allurements then roasted Cheefe, or rusty Bacon;

The Carrier and Mary Tornes had agreed to passe the night together; a good wench, if she promis'd, shee kept her word.] This *Asturian* golph was better at keeping her word then his honesty, and of all words, she never made good her nays, if she could remember that ever she gave a denyall. Shee was true Touch, a word and a blow, say and hold, touch and take, happy be lucky, strike me handiell, kissing and clipping, laugh and lye downe; and hey then up goe we. A Lady that very well deserv'd to be brought to, and attended on dayly by two able and lusty *Furcifers* or Squires of the Body, at that famous Castle call'd *Bridawlia*, where amongst Justice *Quandius* Seraglio, she should worke at the merry hemp pest, and twice a day the foresaid Squires of the Body should Fleboromize her salt Corium, till all the wanton blood flowed out at the lacings of her flesh colour'd Waist-coat.

Don Quixot lay with both his eyes open like a Hare.] A thousand feares, fancies, *Chimaras* keep our *Don* not only like a Hare in his eyes, but his braines also; which being as vertiginous as a whirle-pool, presented ten thousand whirlygigs, Windmills, and Turne-pikes to his errantick soule; so that by the very strength of Imagination and exalted fancy, he would make sallies in the bed, and sometimes out, and routed all the Flocks out of the dilacerated Tick, which hung about his gl'd Body, like Bees at a swarming, or flies got to their winter quarter, thousands in a place; he was all over like a hillocke of black-berries, or small Toadstools; here and there they were thinner about his legs and armes, like Sheep-dung in a Mulberry Tree; so look upon him now, and you will take him for no *Knight-Errant*, but an arrant Shepheard with all his Flocks about him.

While he was thus troubled, the *Asturian* wench entred the Chamber in her smock, and the *Don* caught and grob'd her smock, &c.]

L

Tumidoqu

*Fumidoque supervenit Uglee,
Ugly Torneadum fuscissima.*

Whilst the *Don* with his Flock-crump-shoulder was acting *Richard* the third, in comes this, not Ghost of *Jane Shoar*, but of the very Common shoar, the Quintessence of *Tantoblines* Fields; and is the nasty prey of his high employed thoughts, raised for the embraces of the Lady *Quintanonia*, and supplied by the Lady *Pentastle*, or the fullsome Lady *Boggardina*: whom, as soon as he had incircled in his Arme-twigs, he might have roar'd out upon, as loud as the gentleman of the Ins of Court, who coming out of the country on a night, when the boggards were to be cleaved, and having no notice that the place was unplankt and laid open, being called thither by an *expellus*, *extrudas*, *exenteres*, *ne admittas*, a writ in that case very necessary, fell into *Cocytus* amongst the pickle, he came to augment, where floundred extremely and uncouthly accoutred, yet he resolv'd to call for no helpe till the like mischance enlar'd some body into that enchanted Cattle, which was the first that ever was made under ground. At last a stranger (who with good Ale, had mellowed and lessified his intestines) came wadling with a load of Sacrifice to *Stercutium*, and ready to present to *Cloacina*, fell into the Armes of his Senior Ycoman *Fetterer*, who overjo'd more in his companion then the place of meeting, swore, and art thou come? Welcome to the Wedding *Dios Diablos*! the place, the fall, the squash, the hugges, the Salutation, and intollerable Incense, did so confound our *Votary*, that he could not containe, but utter'd *Grobian* returns for the kinde entertainments of his friend *Marius*, in the Lake of *Minuradum*: Who, after his belly full of laughter, cri'd out for help, which suddenly came, and in an instant they were lighted, and came cleanly off, though they went fowly on. These were adventures of *A-jax*, which none but these two *Knight-Er-rants* (for they mis'd their way) ever attempted, except our Father *Ben* and his *Argonauts*, when they vent'red in an open untiled whirrey, through the Common shores of a Spring-tide; but how they escap'd the dangerous gulph of *Mala Speranza del Arse-bolo*, you may read at full, in that most celebrated Poem which is stil'd *A-jakes*. But our *Don* could not distinguish a *Tantoblin* from a *Pancake*, but extracts and sublimes out of his *Balneo Mariae de Tornes*, (whose exhalations were no better then those of a dunghill) the fumes and evaporations of a Civet Cat: For exsented (as he us'd to be) and only a man of *Phantastie*, he conceives on the one side of the *Asturian*, he touches balm and dissolv'd gummies, when his fingers were in a tarre pot, and the smell more odious than that of soap-boylers; and on the other side, for the amorous foole was resolv'd to survey his whole *Quintanonia*, he imagines he feels Ginger, Nutmegs, and the cordial borders of Mace, and such orientall spicery, when he was knuckle deep in the bogs and quagmeirs of *Old-Lingia*, and the bristles of a wild Boare or Porcupine, were more soft and pleasurable then her filthy *Furz* bush.

I could wish to finde my selfe in Termes, most high and beautifull Lady. Which speech because it is but short, I shall give you in Meeter.

*Lady, whose bodies bright (for ought I know)
As farre as touch can judge, I deem it so;*

angelus

How

*How shall I recompence these high shewn-favours?
How ever re-incense you for these favours?
I doe smell out what your good Ladiship
Would have, by th' applying of your lip
To mines, that as our sugar'd lips doe touch,
So other parts (as well) may doe as much.
But our Yanguelian Varlets, Lady trust me,
The whorson Rascals have unfram'd and burst me;
No limb is sound, no joynt, the smallest rustle
Against my body, vexes every muscle.
Your pardon therefore beautie, most desiring,
That I reply not to your dock requiring;
Besides, and 'twas well thought on by the mackins,
I have a Lady too, who longs for smacking.
To you, who only can her parallell,
For softnesse, plumpnesse, roundnesse, and for smell,
I may impart her name (there he kiss'd her,)
And there he whisper'd call her (Adam) sister,
Sister Dulcinea; were't not that, no doubt
And all my Aches, we would have a bout.*

The Carrier discharg'd so terrible a blow upon the *Knights* jawes.] Jealousie hath a quick care, and the *Don* (though he whipter'd his soule intents) was over-heard by the Carrier, and over-believ'd too, for he verily did conceive that *Maritornes* had made a pack of the *Don*, and taken him up incontinent: wherefore like an errant Stone-horse, (deluded and detain'd from a leap) he throwes about, kicks his consort, her Knight Stallion, and leaps upon the *Don*, and tramples upoff his Valiant Body, and kneaded the Mill-ground Knight, as if he meant to make dough of him. His bed (but that is fell with the weight) had been the softer for it; the Flocks were never so well turn'd since it was an Inne: the *Don* was blooded in the mouth as he had been prickt for the flangers, and the Flocks clung to his chops so artificially purpl'd, as they had been Mulberries indeed.

The nench, seeing her master, ran into *Sancho* Pancha's bed, who slept all this while soundly.] It one wove another will, *Quiddere* blunt queth the old Woman to the young man, who complain'd that his wife refus'd benevolence; which is the corruption of *caeri volant*. *Maritornes* expects retaliation from *Sancho* whom she greas'd with her owne hands, and now would be repaid with *oleum Anthropinum Hypogastrio applicatum*, or at least with if his lamp were dry, she desired shelter under his *Abdominous* pent-house; till her Masters Inquisition were eluded. But old drowsie pate slept very soundly, except that now and then he groan'd extremely, being hag-ridden by the *Asturian* incumbency, who having gather'd her selfe in a circle about his umbilicall hillock, she had imagin'd by her agglutination and naturall Incantation, to have raised the spirit of the adjacent coppice. But her Master not finding her with his Lamp and by the fire that sparkled from his eyes, endeavoured to reach her by the care, calling her by her proper, as well as common name, *where where? Where where? where art thou?* By this *Sancho* awaked, and feeling that bulk, gave *Maritornes* many blows, which she exchange'd so trimly.] The noyse awaked *Sancho*, now cas'd of

L 2

his

his *Ephialtes*, though in a sweat an hour after. But his difficulty of breathing was supplied by the motion of his Armes, for he intreated his unknown, unseen, but not unfelt bed-fellow, so roughly, and so rudely, that she could no longer brook these unmanly returns for her warme and gentle Bumme, and Belly-pats, and defrauded of her hopes, and exasperated by contrary blowes with Feminine fury, these multiplied her clod-fits so frequently about the mizard of him, and thump'd his hulks hide so vigorously, that she made him bowad from the bed, which prov'd unto her great disadvantage; for as soon as *Sancho* got up, down went *Maritornes*, and being cast the wrong way to her desire, *Sancho* beat all manner of Marches for a quarter of an hour upon her drumme-head so loudly, significantly, and perfectly, that it was rare encouraging Musick to the three *Matachin* Combatants, the Carrier, the *Don*, and mine Host; who continued that tripartite fray somewhat the longer, excited and stirr'd up by the Marshall founds and loud claps of her taile, passive and active.

The Carrier perceiving by the light of the Candle, which the Inne keeper brought, the lamentable estate of his Mistress.] Had not the ray of the Candle betray'd to the Carrier, whose drumme beat all this while, poor *Maritornes* had been flatted in the hanches, (as if she had been beetle-beaten to be laid in a pasty.) *Sancho* had almost levell'd her extuberancies, when the Carrier came to her rescue, and gave *Sancho* such a sound and expressive souce on the ear, that it admonish'd and chastis'd at once his fawinefle, for daring to come so neer his Mistress's Sowce-tub. The *Asturian* was a stout brand-stropt, and though *Sancho* maul'd her Calcoines, till her feathers were about to fly, yet she never cryed out for (though the Carrier prov'd her Man-Midwife) help at her delivery. The Scene of this various Tragedy calls to minde the song of *John Dory*, personated and well performed by a Company of lusty shoulder-thumpers, who discharg'd the mutual thwacks so stoutly, that they make a noise, as if they were beating of hemp. The miscarriages of this Love-Scene, turn'd into a sad and lamentable Catastrophe, calls to memory the story of an Outlandish Peregrine, or Traveller, who having seen most parts of this Nation, came at last to that famous University of *Oxford*, where being infinitely satisfied with the beauty of the place, the magnificence of the Colledges, the discipline, habit, and order of the Students, and above all the famous structure that was then almost finished of *Sr Thomas Bodleyes* Library (not inferiour to the *Paiscap*) and since enlarg'd from a T which was its figure, to the form of an H. he did confesse abundance of contentment, and resided long in the place, which though he liked very well, yet there was something wanting to him, for the pleasing of *Scaliger* his sixth sense, as he calls it. And coming from, and having been born in hotter climates, he would use to say, that those Countries were better furnished with the *Nurseries* and *Seminaries* of no Religion, and vertue, then this colder Island: The *Popes Seraglios* were very profitable and necessary Refrigeratories for the constitutions of the men upon the place. But one day passing through the streets, with his Interpreter, of whom he enquired the name of every place; at his return to his lodging, entred into a Table-book, what instructions were worthy the notice. Amongst the rest of the lanes, he remembred, one was called *Seven deadly sins-lane*: Which place he marked and diligently

gently observ'd, that he might find the way thither, (when occasion served) without his guide, which not long after was put in practise, and one evening he repaired thither, and as well as he could in his halfe English, he required in this *Deadly-sinnes-Lane*, whereabouts was the *House of Lust*; pray tell me the *House of Lust*; scarce understood by the Inhabitants; at last he knocks at a door, at which a sharpe nos'd eager Woman came, unto whom he said, Madame, is this the *House of Lust*; of *Lust*, you rogue, said the Woman? having in her hand a broom-staffe. (wherewith her Husband and shee had been deciding the controverfie for the Breeces,) and laid it on with that force, that shee gave him a broken pate to his broken English; whereat the stranger stood plaguily corrected, and crying her Mercy, that had none of him, said, I be mistake Madame, this be not the *house of Lust*, but the *House of wrath*. Now apply all; so it fell out here, *Maritornes* thought to have made a vaulting-School of this Chamber, and to her abominable grieve it proved a Fencing School, where a Prize was played, and shee a great part of it, at never a weapon that shee liked.

But the Officer seeing that he, whom he held fast by the Beard stirr'd neither hand nor foot.] Never had any Knight-Errent such unfortunate Inaugurations at setting forth into the Field of Honour: See, see, how he lyes, as if he had finished all his labours in the Repository of Gallantry, flat on his Back in his Helmet; just like the Knights Templars in their Armes, untill this intruding Officer disturb'd him, compos'd in his *Camisarius*, which was an unpardonable affront to a Knight-Errent Dormant, to have the handle of his Face Couchant, so uncivilly treated. But Fear and former paine, keeps the *Don* politiquely Insensible and stiffe, so that his counterfeit death saved him a reall killing: For the Officer imagining him so indeed, cried out Murderer; which dismiss'd the three other assaylants to their severall Quarters, *Maritornes* worst contented then any, though her haunches were never soundlier clapt in a night before, which shall serve for the plaudits to this Chapter, being one of the merriest in all the

Book; and so

excunt.

CHAR.

CHAP. III.

Mischiefe and Love doe mix, the Ladies daughter
Is one while to be dubb'd, and then Man-slaughter.
Murder, and tickle me; One Face which keeps
Two Cheeks, onesmiling ever, 'tother weepes.
A Tragick-Comedie of errors, where
A kisse o' th' lips procures a cuff o' th' eare.
Tantalean Torture, and Sisyphian
Apples and stones doe play: th' oyle and panne
Now hugg'd and hagg'd by an Asturian whore,
Then straight way batter'd by an Enchanted Moor;
(Or else her Sire the Devill.) Sancho come,
It is high time to make our Balsamum;
Goe get me these Ingredients, such as Aeson
Renew'd from Winter, unto vernal season;
Such as the bearded Sonne of the *smooth-chinn'd
Faither Apollo us'd and medicin'd:
One who had broke his neck in twaine with hunting,
(Tis not so bad with us yet, though we're grunting:)
And made him new againe, another man,
So like as Lamp to Lamp, or pan to pan;
Only a name he gave him (as 't was decreed,)
As I my selfe have, at this very present.
This Balsamum eclepd Fierebras,
All Esculapian tricks doth much surpass;
Nor Galen, nor Hippocrates did know it,
Nor John Pontæus, befull sarre would blow it,
Even in England, where brave Palmerin,
Had befe happy, or foshill'd had bin,
T' have known this precious dose, why he, nor's horse,
For all incounters, had been e'er the worse.

TEXT



riend Sancho, art thou asleep? sleepest thou friend Sancho? Such
kind of Tones as these the *Umbra* use, when they call upon
Charon for a Boat. But Helior (nor any of his name-fakes
since) in such a pitifull case, so codled ever came to the Sty-
gian Shoare, as the *Don* and *Sancho*, if before the application
of the *Balsamum Fierebras*, they should be sent to *Pluto* for a
token: For their bodies were how'd and so pliant, that you might turne
them upon your finger like a piece of *Barbary* gold. By the dolours and
fractures of their bodies, you may think them below the condition of men,
but by their want of meat and no sleep, not inferiour to the state of the
Gods:

— Vox homines sonat.

Such a shrill Note gave *Abel Dragger*, when after a nights expectation in
the

the Privy-house (hisgagge of Ginger-bread dissolv'd) he was to crave
a blessing of his Mother the Queen of *Fairies*, and her *Ti-it-ties*. But our
Don and his man were a while among the *Furies*, though some part of the
night he was (but not dancing) with a *Pharies*, but in the Rings.

A hand joynd to some *Arme* of a *Gyant*, gave him such a blow on the jawes.]

This *Gyant Carrier* would have been more mercifull to his hand, if he had
knowne, against the jaw-bones of what creature he so often ding'd his fist,
and *Maritornes* likewise would not have endur'd the adventure, if the could
have suspected that the issue of her nights dalliance might have proved a
Mule, as by the fire-side it would have been very visible, however the *partus*
sequitur ventrem, might a little assimilize it in the Crupper, to the *Flanders*
breed.

Be not griev'd Friend *Sancho*, I will now compound the *Balsamum Fiere-
bras*, which will cure us in the twinkling of an eye, &c.]

Heribi quod nullas, Amor est Medicabilis herbis.

Though in those innocent times, *Philurum*, Love potions, Nutmegs,
suppled (sub *Hirco Alarum*) nor the blood from two opened Orifices of
Corydon and *Phyllida* intermixed, nor twists of haire, nor legs, nor any o-
ther Fascinations were knowne; yet something of high concernment, and
great profit was discovered, and (as an Antienter Author hath it of that
Nation, then *Cyt Hameti Benengeli*) by *Priapus* himselfe, who was the
greatest Herbalist in the World, and the Tutelary genius of all Gardens,
and handfome Plantations: This *Phutological* Deiric (I say, or rather the
old *Arabian*) being enamord'd of a Smiths wife (that was usuall amongst
those powers) who came constantly to his Quarters, to gather Sallads,
who looking many times on, and with good liking upon the porraiture of
this high-mounted Genius) he understood her meaning (as they say) by her
gaping and discovered (by way of recompence for her favours) the *Secreta*
and *Arcana Herbarum*, which the fond foole revealed to her husband, and
he upon his death-bed to his brothers, which was the first Catholike Kings
Farrier; And it is credibly reported by my *Arabians*, that he chose him a
Venus out of the sisterhood of the *Manchas*, from whom this *Opobalsamum*
as well as the *Don* himselfe was traducted, as by his looks is most evident,
that he was originally descended, not of the *Fabri*, (or *Fabritii*) *Lignarii*, but
Ferrarii; for he did often account himselfe of the house of *Ferrara*, and
might very well. Thus by many meane conveyances this rare Secret was
at last lodg'd in the Family of *Quisadas Quixadas*, or *Quixots*, as is aforesaid,
that's all one: And this derivation I have been somewhat more curious in,
because it might be wondred how the *Don* should come to the knowledge
of such a Rarity, and this same search hath not cost me hot water (as they
say) but what is more dangerous, it is fetch'd out of the Fire, and if you
please to cast your eye Anagrammatically upon the name of the *Balsamum*,
you will find

Conveniant Rebus Nomina sę e suis.

And *Fier-ibras*, though the latter Termination may make it suppos'd other-
wise, yet such ends signifie nothing, but the first is materiall, and shews as-
suredly that it came from the Fire, or rather men of Fire, who were the *Ful-
cans* of the Times.

Sir said Sancho, is not this the enchanted Moore? Sancho is very much afraid
of

of this vision, the fellow walk'd like old *Jeronymo*, a distracted *Spaniard*; And with his Lamp in his hand, as if he were speaking his words;
Who calls *Jeronymo* from his naked Bed?

Negromancers will not suffer themselves to be seen.] Right *Don*. *Negromancy* is *Deceptio visus*: Doe you thinke that *Faustus* or *Vandermaest* were discovered when they took the Bowle out of the Emperors hand, as he was about to lift it to his head: A voice indeed was heard, *Mulier cadunt inter calicem supremaque labra*. Nor was *Bacon* (*Roger Bacon* I meane, when the Brazen Head thrice spoke) ever seen, or in that study, which untill this day is call'd by his name. But these were great and deep Scholars, and you know the deepest waters make the least noise; your Rattle Heads keep a noise, when your full Hogs-head will not sound. You have heard of *Gyges* ring, you know *Gyges* was never seen all that while; and you have heard of *Gyges* his Lady, nor was shee seen ever at the running of the ring, except when her over uxorious Husband shew'd her naked to his prime Favorite, who asham'd of the spectacle, never left till he got opportunity to cover her nakednesse.

Is it the custome of this Country you bottle-Head, to use Knight-Errants after this manner.] The *DON* had a plaguy wit, and guess'd by his head, what employment the fellow was of. Now, whether he meant of those sort of Bottles, where Duke *D'Alva* Face is so eminently fixt, is a question? but I believe not, for it prov'd a head, as it had been of *Bottle-Ales*, for it gave a Bounce (a cruell one, more then of a Cocke to the *Don*) and runne out.

Without doubt, this was the Inchaned Moor quoth Sancho.] He was a Black is most certaine, and the *Don* a blew, if not both: But this was the most charitable wound that the *Don* hath receiv'd in all his Adventures; For 'tis true the Lamp gave a shrewd cut, but it broke, and the oyl ran presently forth, and was the cure in an instant. (1.)

Vulnus opemque tulit.

Procure me some Oyle, wine, Salt, and Vinegar.] *Traine Oyle*, dead Wine, Base-salt, and the Lees of Lombards made up this decoction. I doe wonder, that in all his sodaine accidents, the wholesome cure of Risse and brown Paper was never discovered to him, nor his Squire *Sancho*; which if he had known, it had been of great consequence to him, and because it was frequent with him to Urine (being much given to Horse-radish, Garlicke and Feare) which are all Diureticall and clensing, and he himselfe for the most part musing; (that is to say in a browne study) He was seldom without the main matters, and as for the wounds, not a day scarce or an houre without them. But this is only for *Knight-Errants* at hand, but the *Balsamum* is for the inward Contusions, as you shall heare anon.

He put this precious liquor into a tinne Oyle-pot, and said over it eighty Paternosters, Aves and Creeds.] The Tinne Oyle-pot did very well concur to the cure, for his pate being but lately broke by a Lamp-panne, (which was of the same metall) that being broke, spoil'd, and incapable, the experiment might be made upon a pot that was coetaneous, and of the same make with it: So by application of the *Balsamum* to the very *Sofia-tin-pot* alike effects might follow, as usually doth *Unguentum Armarium*, and it might

might very much conduce to a speedy cure, help'd and assisted as those remote Agents mult be, *Per genus mundi, & volubilitatem Atomorum & virtutem Sympatheticam*. The eighty eight *Paternosters*, *Creeds*, and *Aves*, were only these few Latine lines under-wrote, which were the Charme, and vertuous operators of the grand effects in the *Balsamum*. I doe not believe, that he would use such holy Formes and Ceremonies, and *signum Crucis* too, for a Thing made at the best, but for a Creature with a starre in the Forehead.

Neptune Pater Equorum,
Et tu Sol, qui tenes lorum;
Quadrupedum ignivorumum,
Fac ut ego, qui sum Coram,
Vis vibicum & Dolorum,
Futurus Domitor Monstrorum,
Protector hominum, horum, barum, borum,
Virtus, Mulierum & Orphanorum,
Per hoc Balsamum, Opobalsamorum.
Invulneratus post hac transeam,
Primus Militum Errantium.

This is to be said or sung, and round about the Oval, for he had these Incantations in a cycle, (besides that of his head, which was of the greatest Capacity, sphericall and whirri-call) and about the border of his Annuler, these words wrote in a great Character.

Ologintos olos per hac verba,
Benedicetur quævis herba.

This indeed mystically pronounced, and look'd 88 times, (which is the Spanish Mode of Incantations,) the simples receive their wondrous virtues, and did operate very much upon the Knight, who was one of the simplest in the World, and therefore the most capable of cure by them.

And having taken the dose, he slept two or three houres.] It was very improper, and unartift-like done in *Sancho*, to permit him to sleep, and shew'd that though most men would be counted Physitians, he laid sure hold upon the other part of the division. *Sancho* should have rode him about the grounds, or run him a hand-trot in the hay taller, which was the usuall custody of those, to whom it was first administred, and then tied him up (well cloath'd) to the Racks, and some three or foure houres after, refreshed his sweated body with a mesh. But had not the *Don* been of a stronger constitution then that creature that us'd thus to take this Physicke, a Body of Brasse indeed, this *Balsamum Fierebras* had dissolv'd this magnanimous person at the first experience; what did not this fetch up? something of every thing, and it was strange (but that his heart was great and could not get through the *Iso-phagus*) that it came not up with the rest; Much undigested *Poor-John* and the *Goat*, came skipping back faster then it went down; the Iron Cheefe made a horrid noise, (as if the Mills had been in his guts,) *Sancho* with the aid of his fingers, could hardly get out the roapy stufte that stuck in his throat: After this (for the Balsons were shifted) came up all manner of colours, an odious and filthy consistence, which were the collections of the many bruises (now matur'd into a putulent matter) got by the Windmills, the *Yanguesian* pack-staves, and the late

M

kneading

kneading of his Chamber-fellow, the Knight of the *Herculean Foot*, and *Briarean Hands*, even *Maritornes* his Gyant-Carrier; whether he had the *Pulvis confusoris* amongst the ingredients, I know not, but it wrought as if it were, and the Balfame deserves a new name, more founding, ample, and full besetting its owne vertue, and the *Dons* quality, and let it in an happy houre be named,

Panchymagagon Fustifugum.

Which for the capacities of those not skill'd in the Latine Tongue, and that *Juniores* may understand, call it in plaine English thus,

The Medicine Catholick,

Against kick, fall, and sick.

Sancho desired leave to sip up the remainder of the Balfamum.] Sancho perceiving his Master cleans'd and cleare, (for he was as gaunt as a Hawke after casting) desired a Dose for himselfe, which his Master very willingly did condescend unto: And Sancho, like the wench that desired to be us'd well by the Apothecary upon her *Recipe*, had so much given her for Gods sake by the knavish boy over and above the prescribed quantitie, that shee with'd upon the returne of it, that the Devill had taken him for his courtesie. So Sancho very liberally drencht him selfe, but as Physick is not alike to all constitutions, as the French Doctor said; if *te* Body be full of grosse humours, and that it operates excessively, *all de better for dat*; and if the Physick doe not stirre the Patient, 'tis a good signe that *de* grosse humours are not in *te* body, and so all *te* better for *dat* too. So our friend Sancho, having a tough and tenacious stomack, and that was not us'd to part with any thing it had once receiv'd (unlesse (dogge fashion) upon condition of Resumption,) labour'd to digest it, and turn it into nutriment, which verily had been effected, had the Dose not been over-proportioned; which put the Squire into such an Agonie and maw-Convulsions, that he thought his soule had been transmigrant and *Errant* from his Body. At last gathering all his expulsive faculties together, and setting his hands to his sides, at the first reach he threw out his troublesome guest, and dislodg'd the Balfamum, which being embitter'd by his long stay, made the Squire look very sowerly, and so distorted his face by manifold writhings, that he looked handfomer (if his countenance could have kept the posture) then ever he did in his life. But he had more motions then one, his backward mementos came so fast, that he could not mind what his mouth utter'd: No Bed-panne was sufficient, nor the Tub for that purpose. He was compelled to advance his Plukes to the Chimney, which he most violently assaulted and batter'd in such furious sort, that much of the shot recoil'd upon his Canon muzzle, which the *Asturian* with a maukin cleans'd, (as oft as the enormities happ'ned) very glad that shee had this revenge for the Battell plaid upon her *Maine-Pillian*; shee ever and anon held his head too, which shee bound about with a liff taken from her leg. The halfe Tub began to fill, for up came all his Waller-thefts, his stomack was like a Foxes kennell, or a Polecats hole, whence innumerable parts of the creature came fluttering out, as if they had been upon wing againe. It would have puzzled a Poulterer to have named the severall ranfacks of that *Oleo*. Such a horch-porch was never seen, inso much, that the poor *Asturian* even stifled with the fumes and *Nausea* of his filthy Caldron, could not hold his head nor her own stomack

stomack anylonger; but kept confort with him, & plaid her part so wel, that she run through all the keyes from *A-la-mi-re* to double *Gammut*, nor was shee only vocal, but her Base Violl went as fast as his, with great danger of breaking her twaling-strings. They made a foule house betwixt them, and Sancho was so stupified with her continuall Cataracts, that he could not heare his owne tale, for the bellowing of *Maritornes*, who reach'd as if she would have fetch'd up her Lady-tripe.]

He called the Inne-keeper unto him, and said with a grave and staid voice:]

High Constable of this large Castle, know,
I cannot pay you, what I present owe
For all the favours shewne, for the sweet oyles,
Yet fragrant on my wounds got in late broyles.
But chiefly for the *Queens* affections,
And for your Daughters gentle Frictions,
Never was Knight so handled: wherefore say,
(For new Adventures call your guest away)
Is there a Miscreant who hath dar'd to blast
Your Queen or Daughter, as they were unchast;
Or that your selfe are of no noble spirits,
(Courtious above almost Knight-Errants merits)
Shew me the Varlet that I may confound him,
Before I goe to fight the world for round in.

All that I desire is, saith the Inne-keeper, that you defray your charges.] The Invincible ignorance of mine Host was very smartly reprehended and punished in the Knights generous and free Goe-by: Teaching the Foole hereafter more wit, who when he demands money of a *Knight-Errant*, to take hold of his Bridle, or else by the Law of *Effugium*, or *Mittis habenas*, he may make his escape good; and there are Presidents enough for it.

The Inne-keeper came to Sancho, and ask'd his money of him.] Sancho overheard his Masters Reasons for Non-payment, and from a strong Argument (drawn a *particula rei*, though not *subiecto*) laboured to have convinced the incredulous Host, who had neither Faith for the Reckoning upon their words, nor to the valiant Deeds they were to doe. But it was Sancho's misfortune to have a more Indocile Creature under him, and lesse manageable than the *Dons*, so that he was left (as alwayes the Ass is) for the reckoning: He urged often, like Master, like man, and love me, and love my Dog: Beside other more true and significant Proverbs; as, *See a Begger and get a Loufe*, Where there is nothing to be had, the *Common-wealth* must lose her due, The Devill take the hindmost. But mine Host on the other side had his Proverbs too, Touch Pot, touch penny, Finger in Dish, finger in Pouch. Sancho could not deny that the Pot had touch'd his Master (the Oyle-pot he meant) and he had toucht the Ale-pot. But he was impatient, and telling them, they could not without manifest danger and violation of the Lawes of *Errantry* stop him, he attempted to escape.

The Clothiers of Segovia pull'd him from his Ass.]

O happy, happy Sancho hadst thou been
If thou wert gone, or ne'r hadst seen this Inne.

For the Cordovan Point-Makes, Scoffers, and Mockers, by their Profession, and *Segovian* Clothiers, sellers of Blankets, upon one of their strongest commodities lay dis-mounted *Sancho*, now like a great Bell, at which six lusty Ringers are plucking, and after a *Celeusma* or two, they raise him, and finde him comming, then up they have him, and never give off till they have turn'd it over & over. Sometime they made him stand an end, his head being flat, very much helping to the posture. Thus you see our Squire *Errant* is made a Squire *Volant*, and in stead of the Government of an Island is made a petty Prince of the Aire, to whom the Birds flock, as to his Brother Broad-face when he flies abroad in the day time. It was well the *Balsamum Fieribras* had so thoroughly purg'd his sinke, otherwise he had left foule signes of his high Indignation in the Blankets. In his Tranation he lookt about, and saw under him (though a farre off) his Lord upon *Rosinante*, no bigger than a Toad upon a Bucking-stoole; and the *Don* beheld in amazement the motions of his Squire, now equall with him in all Adventures: this last paralleling his of the Windmill. But the *Don* shaking his Javelin over the wall, and discovering implacable rage, and threatening, but not attempting to leap the wall, the Inne-keeper gave the signe to the Ringers, and they let the Bell goe very Musically downe, by lessening their stroaks, heaves, and tosses, till they brought *Sancho* very well breath'd and air'd to the ground.

Sancho requested Maritornes to give him some wine, which shee did.] Poor *Sancho* was as dry, as if he had been visiting the torrid Zone, or pass'd the *Line*; a draught of water he would have; but his Master knowing in his great observation, that water will putrifie and stinke under the *Line*, would not permit him to drinke it, nor yet would *Sancho* be perswaded to a dram of the Bottle, no *Balsamum* goes down his throat, which was as open as a Sepulchre. But *Maritornes* (all after-claps forgot and forgiven) mov'd with a Fellowship of his sufferings, risings and fallings, helps him at last to a draught of pure *Nepenthe*, a lusty glasse of Claret wine, wherein the dead flies look'd like the wholesome Clove, and because he should be sure to have no more risings in the stomach, she powder-sugar'd it with a little burnt Allum, which shee crumbled into it, and stirring often, said, partner in affliction drinke, drinke it up, the deeper the sweeter, parting with *Sancho* in the very same proverb, as she hop'd to have lainie all night with him.

*Now Sancho, smit and spurre, and curse the houre
That brought thee to this Castle without Towner.*

CHAP

CHAP. IV.

*Freed of the Castle, he is hurried on,
And findes the Pagan Alifamfaron,
And good Pentapolin o'ib' naked Arme,
And both their Armies ready for Alarme;
Then making ready 'mongst the thickest rout;
For the fierce Pagan Prince he seeks about,
Inrag'd and madd'd; the Mahumetan
Cannot be found: The Battell he began
Amongst the Infantry, ne'r fight was hotter,
For all the Sheep appear'd to him as Trotters,
Which he hew'd downe apace; but the dust smother'd
(No quarrels are so fierce, as those of Brothers.)
The Don, both face and eyes, he knew not whither
Rosinante ran; but trod downe Yew and Weather;
The Shepheards at this Woolfe on Horseback wondring,
Caught up their slings, and with good stones they thunder him,
And plyed their worke so nimbly, that his Coasts
As well, as he their Muttons, they rib-rosste.
And did so batter too, that a stone hot,
It was apparent, he was gone toth' Pot
Of *Balsamum*, to raise his wasted spirit,
But with a lucky hand as sling did e'er hit;
The second stone did break the pot of *Balsame*,
And on the ground (for there I'm sure did fall some)
Lay that same holy Liquor, and foure grinders
Of his Cheek Teeth: From which God blesse the finders.*

TEXT.



DON QUIXOT would have revenged, and *Sancho* would have avenged the injuries of the Blanket.] Revenge is sweet, and the *Don* and his Squire never pardoned any, but those they could not beat, which was enough for larger bowels, (and theirs were of the largest too) but not of Mercy, that you should see. This knowne cruelty in them, made them terrible, and fear'd where ever they came, and those who stood out should be paid, (except Inchant'd Inne-keepers) was known throughout all rodes: So upon their approach, Castles were surrendered, Ladies submitted, Gyants capitulated, Armies treated, Hostages were sent, (but none ever return'd by the *Don*.) Kingdomes entred into Leagues and Confederacies with *Quixot* and his Squire, as secure, as if all the *Knight-Errants* Seales in the univerfall World had been to the Articles. The Catalogue of his Associates, Friends, Auxiliaries, with the frames of all demolished places, Pillories, Privy-houses, Whipping-posts, old Barnes, haunted and forsaken Houses, besides Baudy-houses and Pigsties, are all to be seen at the *Mancha*, every Festivall that is kept to the *Don*; when as at a Bartholmew-tide

tide, the Fights and Travels of this great *Knight-Errant* are to be seen, and himselfe represented (for these honours came after his death) to the life, by *Timotheo Reado of Tiveria*, who was the most incomparable mimicke upon the face of the Earth.

The men whilst they tossed me had proper names.] *Peter Martinez*, a very able man of his hands as was in all *Spaine*, and *Tenerio Heriander*, nor such another in *Madrid*, at a living or dead list, and *John Palameque* the Deafe, was the Inne-keeper, which defect, whether it were naturall or politicke, is much doubted, but it held him surest and longest in the reckoning, when any thing in the Bill was questioned; he had been in his younger dayes bred in *Holland*, which is the best place to traine up an Host or Hostesse to Austerity in the reckoning. *All To Moll* is the word, and irrefragably 'tis stood too. These were the Worthies, which mounted *Sancho* higher then into his Ass, and whose names could he have wrote no doubt, but he would for the high favours they shew'd him, have put them into a Book, whereas now he is forc'd to give them entertainment in his head, which was a very bad lodging, but yet too good for the guests.

Ever after the defeat of the Biscaine, we had blowes and more blowes, cudgels and more cudgels.] He might have gone a degree farther; for as I take it, the last basting will admit of three, *Tanguesian* positive, Gyant-Carrier comparative, *Oyle-panne* superlative; he exceeds *plus plurimum*, and I too much feare, that there must be a *Climax* made in the Grammar, for his beatings could not be declin'd by the old rule, but we must necessarily allow of a *super-superlative*, and a *hyper* to that if need require. *Sancho* hath his *Tole-Booke* too, I mean his memory, and it is the best Register:

Multa Tulit fecitque puer, sudavit & alsi.

That hits him pretty well, but that of *Virgils* upon *Aeneas* more pat;

Multum ille & terris jactatus & alto.

Both which must be rendred into our Mother tongue, because they doe (but too succinctly) expresse most of *Sanchos* sufferings, but especially the last.

The first verse rendred.

*Much did they suffer, but what did they-much,
When they were boyes at Trapsor slatter-pouch;
They'd sweat untill they stank, and then catch cold,
The aches are not off 'um now they'r old.*

The second verse rendred.

*He may be which you please, Master or man,
Who in their sufferings, them difference can;
From place to place like unto Rowling stones
Gathering no mosse, but bangings to their bones.
And to's d aloft by the sterne Windmill Quish-ot,
Sancho from Blanket, cause he paid not His-shot.*

Which belonged to Amadis de Gaul, when he nam'd himselfe Knight of the burning sword.] That *Amadis de Gaul* had such a sword is probable, for he might have occasion to fetch it from the Cutlers red hot, especially if ever his Squires Horse tired, it being as present a cure as a hot spit. But if ever he had

had a true one, it must be made and ensampled by that of *Chinons* of England, or the fool transform'd, for by both those names that Knight was ever remembered. This sword, by some privy to his Testament, was ordered to be buried in a side of the great Hill *Pen-men-maur* in *Cambro-Britannia*, where it was to lyenourish in hear, by the Sulphurous supplement of that Minerall, untill one of the most redoubted and Moderne Knights in Europe should be born out of those parts, unto whom this sword in proceesse of time was brought; the child scarce able to speak, (like as *Hercules* grasped the Serpents in the Cradle) grasped as much of it in it pretty fill, smiling, and pleas'd with no rattles, babies, hobby-horses, or any such toys, but only this burning sword, which as it never burn'd his fingers, so he never dreaded it; and come to age (*Captaine Jones* was this Valiant Infants name) he gave the sword a name which it will never lose,

Kills-a-dog.

The Whineard of the house of *Shrewsberry* is not like it, nor the two handed Fox of *John Falstaffe*, which hewed in sunder fourteen out of seven principall assaylants, and left eighth and twentie equally divided bodies in the Field, all slain while *Shrewsberry* clock could stricke seven; (of the men you must take in.) Upon this new sword of *Quixots* when he got it, these words were to be seen;

Sum Quixoti, pro vincere inimicos meos.

Which is thus in English;

*I am Don Quixots guartha, my spatha,
With Basket hilis, and blade of a Laith-a.*

When Don Quixot perceiving a thick dust arise in the way.] It presently calis into the *Dons* mind, that great Gyant *Apriasdust*, who had choaked many a man, and was only vanquishable by the Knights of the well, or the *Running Spring*. Wherefore it was time to look to it, for now if ever he was like to come to those deadly words,

Dust to Dust;

As appear'd by the Catastrophe of this battell, wherein, though the *Don* did slay seven Knights of the *Curled Fleece*, yet he paid for the honour very dearly, and lay speechlesse, toothlesse, and witlesse, and the pillage of the Field carried off by the enemy supperlesse: Otherwise *Sancho Pancha*, though the losse of his Wallet very much troubled him, yet with one of these booties, which had been prey and Wallet too, he had rested contented; but now there was no hopes of sleeping this night with a belly full, or in a whole skinner.

Sr (said Sancho) what shall we do? what said the Don, but assist the weaker side.] It was never so, but when this Valiant Knight join'd unto it; but the Knight by the Order, was to be on the oppressed party, whereby he was sure to have the worst on't. I believe *Sancho* would have been Jack of both sides, for he lov'd a side of Mutton, both leg and the other, as well as he lov'd his wife, which was rib of his rib. Here was a recruit for the Wallet, but where is the Wallet to be recruited.

Sed vos non nobis, veller a Fertis Oves.

He that comes to us is Ali-fam-facon, the other at our backs is Pentapolin.] These two Emperors are the mistaken Shepherds of the Country, who serv'd

serv'd *Madrid* and the Catholike Kitchin with those droves: What a company of Knights, Gyants, Capitaines and Officers, doth this phantasticall whimzy-pate gather out of this Innocent Flock; if ever his head (as when did it not) had gone a Wool-gathering, certainly now he might have had a profitable adventure, especially of intreating the Gyants of the Rodes modestly, he would have been contented with a brace of the infirrest Souldiers, which were the tenderest meat amongst them, and ready to drop into his lap.

This Knight here whom thou seest in the yellow Armour.] All *Virgils Bucolics* will not suffice with names, (nay search his *Georgicks* for help to boot) for the Officers of this Army of Foot: Had it been a Heard of Oxen, it would have afforded greater Gyants and more trusty Knights; For Beeves have been knighted, (I mean out of their loynes have come Knights,) as *Sur-loin* and *Beris*, whether of *Southampton* or any Towne beside, was of that race. *China-beuf*, a huge Gyant, and with the great *Cham* of *Tartary* now at Warre for that vast secret of the World, the Kingdome of *China*; The *Chineses* or *Chineeters* are the most numerous people in the World, where is there a man that hath a stomach, but is for *China-beuf*? *Rumpo-beuf* & *Croppo-beuf* are his younger brothers, who have stood to the most stout Gyants in the most sharp encounters that ever were (tooth and naile worke as they say,) and made the *Cadmeian* race of their enemies weary and give over, and with their belly fuls too; as you shall read at large in the Chronicles of the *Buphagi*, which are kept part in the great Libraryes at the *Bridge Foot*, *Boares* head in *Eastcheap*, and the *Ramme* and *Goat* in *Campo Fabricorum*, which indeed is the chiefe *Randevvouz* of the other Army, whose Capitaines and Commanders the next note shall unfold unto you.

I heare no Trumpets sound said *Sancho*, nor nothing but the bleating of Sheep.] Now the other Army is drawn into the Field, which was not of so great Gyants indeed, but they were more numerous, and unanimous: For as in *Scotch-land* they have a word, especially upon the Rout, *One and Aw*; so in this vast body, if one run, aw run, if one stamp the foot, aw stamp the foot, if one nab, aw nab, if one ba, aw ba. He that Commanded in chiefe, was not, as the deluded *Don* imagin'd, nor *Ali-fam-faron*, but *Ali-se-Ramme-Anafaron*, who was a furly Sir, an old Souldier, and had kept the field more then any Generall that ever I knew; His sonne and heire *Rutter-ramme-faron*, was the Leivtenant Generall, Marshall of the Field, grand-Wether, a nimble Officer, who was very rich, though in Field service he was often taken and fleec'd by the Enemy, who are a sort of devilish Gyants, who infest their Quarters constantly and unavoidably about *St James* tide, when by great subtilty, and assisted by *Negromancers*, and I know not how many unhallowed Monsters, they customarily once a yeare make inrodes upon 'um, rather pilferers then Souldiers, and what Souldiers or Officers they catch, they plunder to the very skinne, and so caltheard, they send them back to their Quarters, as naked and bare as a *shorne Sheep*, as we say in our English *Proverbe*. Brigadeers in this Army of Infantry, which may well be so call'd, for they are the harmlessest Souldiers in the World, content with their Quarters in Field in the Summer, and in Winter, with such voluntary Contributions as the Country can afford: For their Brigadeers and Commanders of the right and left wing of this

this Army are very well lik'd of every where; no Lord, Knight, Squire, Gentleman, or Yeoman, but are joy'd to see them at their Houses and Tables. And such is the great love the People beare to them, that they may quarter with them all the yeare long; but they seldom doe lie upon the meaner sort of the People (though they would willingly entertaine them) but at the ablest mens houses, and most wealthy, which is a great ease to the whole Nation where they live; and were it not for that ravenous Gyant, who doth without mercy devour 'um, the cruell *woolfangus*, they would scarce have a scout or sentinell out in a yeare, unlesse it were at *St James* tide (as I told you before,) when those other Gyants, call'd the *Tonforini*, *Deglabecanii*, *Excoriarii*, and *Lani-furcisferi* infest their whole body; then indeed the whole Army sometimes is one grand Round, one Court of Guard, and a thousand lye perdue; but such is the unresistible subtilty and force of these forenam'd miscreant Gyants, (who at first by trechery of their supreme Governour, *Pastor infido*, were let in amongst them) that they cannot prevent this universall pillaging, which they endure the more patiently, because the mischief is fore-knownne and frequent, and their Brigadeers, whose names at last I have remembred, viz. *Costo-magno-mutton*, *Rachium-mutton*, and *Scapulovin*, are now upon a composition of a Tribute of Wool, which they yearly pay, and are by patience and Gods blessing (in a month or so) as well fleec'd (as we say) againe as ever. *Rumpaney Kid*, a very stout Souldier, is alwaies in the Reer, and was never seen from his station, unlesse remov'd by death, and then alwaies one of the same Family, for their known services, succeeds, and by common consent the place is entail'd upon them. Unto his care all the impediment of this vast Army is committed, and their Wives and off-springs, who are as innocent as their Husbands, and it is counted a kind of blessing & wealth to the places where they march. Thus was this Sheep-Field Marshall'd, which the *Don* and *Sancho* saw through the Prospectives of their fingers; but *Sancho*, a very *woolfangian*, was bloody minded, and wished the utter ruine and confusion of these two Warlike bodies.

— *Animal propter Convivia natum,*

was all the Latine he had, or cared for, and to expresse his Sanguinacious Nature, he whisperd the *Don* in the care so subtilly and close, (that *Cyd Hameti* did not hear it) and protested by the Gods of *Mancha*, that he wisht from his heart, and the bottome of his belly, that every Souldier in both those Armies were dead upon the Turfe.

And so it was indeed.] If ever Knights wits went a wool-gathering, ours did at this instant, where a Flock of Sheep are supposed an Host of men, Ramms taken for Gyants, Ewes for Ladies, Wethers for Eunuchs, black Sheep for *Negromancers*, Lamkins for Knights Pages, Shepheards with their Crooks in their hands for Inchanters, and Pionets with their pipes for Martiall Flutes, the Wethers bells for Drumms, and their taile clouts, their colours, their tuppings and rutting for the maine Battalia, and the Buttons for the slaught red bodies, which were innumerable.

One of the effects of feare, is to trouble the senses.]

Videri facit quæ non sunt Timor.

If this axiom be true, the *Don* by his owne mouth shall be judg'd, that he is the greatest coward of the two, and that he reprehends *Sancho* unjustly,

justly, who was not distempered by that womanish passion; for he saw really that the Sheep were Sheep and no Gyants; but the *Don* taking Geefe for Swans (as we say) Sheep for Souldiers, 'tis a hundred to one upon *Sancho's* side, that his Master was more timorous *pro presente*.

For all this, *Don* would not returne, but cri'd on, on *Knights*, all that March under the valorous Emperor *Pentapolin*.] The Knight is as mad as his Enemy, when it is vex'd with the ticks, he charges through and through, and routed the whole Body, and made such gaps and gashes in the sides of the assaylants, that one Sheep might have leapt through another, till the main part of the Armie had escap'd through the first Sheep-breach. Never was such a slaughter; here lay legs and armes, there breast and sides, there necks, there heads without hornes, there hornes without heads, there feet, there rumps; Sire, Dam and Barne, Ram, Ewe and Lamb, lay all in one ruine; the Knight himselfe like *John-a-Green*, discolour'd with the garbage of the Enemy, which he fetch'd out of the very bowels of them, using the Sheep, as the *Romans* did the *Jenes*, at the sacking of *Ierusalem*, ransacking in their Fundaments and upwards, for conceal'd Gold and Jewels; but the *Don* ripp'd them up, not out of covetousnesse, but meer revenge, and was so bespattered and besprinkled with the Intrailes, that a-was more terrible then a Forrester, and did so stinke of offall and slaughter, that the Crows, Owles, Ravens, and Buzzards flew about him for provisions, as if he had been Quarter-Master-Generall for those birds of prey. His word was *Pentapolin* of the Naked Arme, and look'd himselfe like a Lyon of East-cheap.

The Shepheards unloose their slings and bepel him, he crying *Ali-fam-fa-ron where art thou*.] The Shepheards at last take heart and stones, and defy this *Goliath* of the *Mancha*, who (not afraid of an encounter of that nature) run in upon the great *Ali-feramme-Ana-faron*, and advancing his sanguine Javelin in the very curled front of him, said, dye Tyrant, dye libidinous Ravisher, dye of the yellowes, as thou livedst (jealous and lecherous) so dye. Never any more hope to tye the daughters of *Pentapolin*, or see the naked and goodly leg of the faire Lady *Ovesia*, or the tender quarters of the pretty, young, and chaste *Agneiss*, or *Agnesia*. So fell this buffle-headed Gyant by the hand of *Don Quixot*, who skill'd in *Astronomie*, (as farre as an Almanack could instruct him) struck the Ramme in the neck and shoulders, and with one blow (the signe being at that time *Aries*) lever'd his head from his body.

He thought himselfe slaine, and remembering his liquor, he took out the oyle-pot, which a Shepheard with a stone broke.]

Sape premente Desert Dew aliter opem.

The Gyant of the Tarre-box makes the wound,

The Knight of the good oyle-pot makes the sound.

Bub O the face! *Cephalus* his dart,

Consequitur quodcumque petit.

This Shepheard was some *Parthians* *Baltard*, he had so unlucky an aime, he would hit you a bird flying, (and unlesse an Owle be no bird) he was his marks-man now. He stops two gaps with one bush (as they say) with one stone doth *Triplex malum*, makes three gaps, a shrewd one in the oyle-pot, whence the remainder of the *Dons* mornings draught, and drench for

for his rib-sparre, or split (choofe you which) runne all out, and a cut on the fingers; but the fowlest gap of all, was the breach in his mouth, which the stone did forcibly enter, in despite of his violent detainer, of an high and mighty Guard of Teeth, and a Jaw-bone, as strong as that, with which *Samson* did wonderfull things; the souer principall Gyants of his mouth fell to the Earth with that blow, his Cheek-teeth, which so confounded our *DON*, (as if his strength had laine most in his mandibles) that he fell after them upon the Earth himselfe, lamenting the loss of his Face-frontiers, and conceiting with himselfe, that if he meet nor in some good time with the French or *Madrid* Operators, who can supply him with a new set, his mouth was upon the West side, like to be unpalisado'd for ever.

At the season which *Sancho* look'd in his mouth, the *Balsamum* wrought, and the Knight disgorg'd all in *Sancho's* face. This was the first meal that *Sancho* had this day, and the good Knight spard it (as we say) out of his owne belly, but *Sancho* could not keep it, it smelt so strong of the Pantry whence it came, and the odious stench set *Sancho's* pot boyling, till it run over in such violence, that he return'd his Masters full meale into his mouth againe, and a second course into the service; they never knew one anothers mindes better then now, for they utter'd them fully and wholly, not a secret to their very heart but was open'd; the Knight had all that was in *Sancho's*, and *Sancho* had all out of the Knight. If their soules were ever so faithfull at confession, upon easie Penance, they might very well be clear'd.

Which wallet when he found wanting, he was ready to run out of his wits. This violent and thorough discharge, puts *Sancho* in mind of his Wallet, *Animus in Patinis*: Which when he saw lost, he with'd his head also lost, which he thought was the lesse dammage, for the Wallet held somewhat, but the other nothing; his stomack cri'd out upon him too, for making such clean work, there was not an egge in the nest, nothing for that boyling Caldron to work upon. His body in lieu of his Wallet, was like an empty sack, gaping for a replenish.

But what great *Caterez* durst take the task,

To fill with grossest Fare that emptic Cask?

If we could find the herbes you us'd to talk of.] Those exenterations, embowellings, and disgorgings, made *Sancho's* appetite like a swine, he desir'd to be turn'd a grazing. But what Commons would suffice? a grand Salad of Paradise Garden would hardly fill up the concavities and chinks of the Squire. Greenland in a Tansie, would have been like a Pancake, which he would have rowl'd and swallow'd faster then a Duck doth wormes.

In the nether part you have two Cheek-Teeth, and in the upper jaw none.] *Sancho* to his owne great joy, recounts the losse of this *Quareganus* Teeth. His chiefe adversaries (which so oft put him to the jaw-halt) were dislodg'd, and never returnable. So that now he rides cheek by jole, and though the *Don* was the better Carpet-Knight, yet he thought himselfe the best Table-Squire, and for such an encounter now his mouth waters, which overflowing nothing can stop, but an *Inis* consists of three days arreare in provisions at once.

CHAP.

CHAP. V.

Room for our Hercules! hark how he knocks
 At Pluto's gates, and hath his dog by his locks;
 Hee'll dragge the three chopt cure from his black night,
 And make him shake his taile in broad day-light:
 Death shall not hold her prey, and the poor Manes,
 Fear he will force 'em to the Peri-cranees,
 From whence they came, or into Birds or Asles,
 Or Fishs; which doctrine was Pythagoras his;
 A Coarse, and Mourners, nothing him aware on,
 (Before the Ghost can get a boat of Charon)
 Is stop't s'th way to Ceresonne in Law,
 Whom Madame Proserpine doth keep in Awe,
 And Jove Feretrious must wait upon,
 Before he have the Corps, the will o' th' Don.
 This was a deadly wofull enterprize,
 And shew'd him full of inhumanities,
 Denying buriall to the dead; to these
 Had paid Church duties, e'n to the Clerks Fees.
 Now while the holy Quire in white sur-plices,
 His Requiem sing, in twaine their sarks he slices,
 And beats the mourning from the heads of shofes:
 (Who water'd not their hoods) they call the shofe:
 This only Field he wonne, and bravely vapour'd,
 Whilst Sancho robb'd the Sumpter by the Tapers.
 Choler in Stomack raises canine Fury,
 They're for the living, let the Dead dead Bury.

TEXT.

M *Et thinks (Or) the mischiefs that have befallen us, are punishment for the breach of your oaths, of not eating bread on a Table-cloth, or sporting with a Queen.]*

Securi de salute, pro gloria pugnant.

Now that they are free, scot-free I mean, for that was all the liberty they had, as to reckonings, only they beginne to be wanton, and to wit is one upon another.

Sancho imputes all his shrubbings to his Masters perjuries,

Alium peccat, alium plebitur,

Delirant reges, plebs tantum Achivi.

Knight-Errant Feasts, and wantons in desire,

And he is beat by Proxie, by his Squire:

That's I, Poor Sancho Pancho call'd, or Pan's,

Poor I confesse, but honest no man can say;

For how can Man live just that wants relieve?

A beggar Master, makes a servant thiefe.

Sancho

Sancho charges (for at these word-charges, he was very tongue-valiant) the Don, that he did more then embrace that pesty Queene *Maritornes*, and Knight-Errants are like *Albionists*, if they be not chaste, godly men, the worke will fly in *Fuma*. 'Tis true that he did eat no meat on Table cloths, which was the other part of the oath, yet that was not kept in sincerity and simplicity as it ought to be, but out of meer necessity, because they had nor meat nor napery. And whereas he was to have abandon'd linnen as well at Bed as Board, he had violated that too; for he lay in a paire of sheets, (though they were coarse and fashy) that a dog would have made choise of the chimney corner, rather then rowl'd in; And so multiplied perjuries multiplied punishments. Your sporting with *Maritornes* was return'd to you in the shrewd earnest of her deluded Carrier, and the yearning of your bowels, with the kneading of your guts; Your forgetfulness in lying (though in fowle sheets,) was recompensed with a foule blow with the oyle-pot, where you lay for dead a long time, what with the grease my Hostesse bestow'd on you, and the overflowings of the Lamp, prepared for the Grave, without any further Ceremony of Supreme Union.

The Don replyed, thou maiest likewise think certainly, that for thy non-remembering of me, that of the Coverlet was inflicted on thee.]

Facillimum est accusare.

But the Don Grammer-confuted Sancho presently, with his *Te ipsum intueri oportet qui alterum inculcas probrum*; And emblematically brush'd him (though at this time without his Waller) canva'ss thine own Waller friend Sancho, and bring that part of the budget before, where thine own crimes should lye, and throw not thy proper *Errata* behind thy back (as they are us'd to be put at the latter end of a Book.) I am criminall for embracing the Illustrious *Dulcinea*, for so my fanke represented that Futilugs unto me; I was only a trespasser in with (a small Peccadillo that) Sancho but had thee been there in person (with all the witchery of Love and Beautie) I tell thee Sancho to my griefe, I tell thee, I could not have said bosh to the Gooses, that is, I could not have plaid the part of a Gander, the multitude of my sick Feathers making me unserviceable, which the *Civilians* term *frigiditas quoad hanc*. But Sancho, thou hadst the *Asturian Donzella* betwixt the sheets, which fight the most favourable Judges of actions, even Whores and Bawds if they had seen, they would have said you had been naught: To come to a corporall contact, (say the same *Civilians*) is the next *gradus* or step to a *Falashtra*, and the *Falashtra* is the *Falashtra Sancho*, that is all in all, and what ever thou and the foule puffle did doe (*Sub Rala* as they say) while you were plucking off her Rose; I am sure by the *plaudits* and claps at your ingresse or egress, it was a signe that you did your worke well. For which *levaltos* and Incontinencies of the blankets, (for indeed thou hadst no sheets I remember well) the exaltations of the Coverlets, and thy manifold risings and fallings in that Horizon, besell thee as a just recompence; and what thou didst privately and unheard, (except in the loud salutations of her *Pone*, or *Canopus*) which was able to have set any flesh as well as haire on end; it was openly reveng'd, thy Body being visibly purg'd in the open aire, for thy fulsome wickedness in a close room; and because crying whore first, rather besparters another, then clears ones selfe, they concluded this bitter dialogue of accusations,

accusations, and each man took upon him as concern'd him: The *Don* (as his due) the precedency in the perjury; *Sancho* as in the Frontispiece, kept not such a distance, but that he might very well be an *Accessory*; nor hayle fellow well met, especially in all the pilferings, Hedge-robberies, Deben-turs, at Inns, and Farriers scores, for drenches for themselves and Horses, besides nailes and shooes, which in the many years Travels of the *Don*, came to vast sums of mony, and doe lye at this day, a charge upon the *Manchegans*, (for the *Don* died insolvent and interstate, unless it were such a Will as *Dego* made,) but a composition being made with his Creditors, upon the Auditing of the severall Bills, the Villagers tooke upon them the payment of the debts (a small time allowed them, and agreed upon by Article of some two or three thousand yeares for the performing of it.) The Corporation having nothing for their Security and Indemnity, but the Reversion of *Dulcinea's* Joynture, who they say is not yet dead, (for such a one no man can say was ever living.) And so the Accompt stands *copia vera*, with a concordat *cum Originali*, sworn by two of the most reverend of the Senate of the *Mancha*, and subscribed in great letters,

Gualtero Tyleros,

Johannes Stramneros.

Sancho beholding the Torches, and the Visions in white and black habits, was struck into a wonderfull amazement, and his Lord was not much better.] A burnt child dreads the Fire, (saith the proverb,) but the truth of it is, that the *Don* and his Squire were never parabolically basted, but literally in the very common notion and acceptation of the word. And this encounter at the first view, did preface more danger then any yet, here being the greatest number of enemies, except in the adventure of the Flock, that ever they met with; besides, it was like to be night-work, and *Sancho* had bad eyes, and could not tilt well by Candle-light. His Ass also as well as *Rosinante*, star'd and grew wilder at the approach of the lights, then the Wind-mill, for they had been acquainted with that adventure, and had gone the rounds, often employed by *Molendinarios*; The Gyant of the place: Wherefore Reader blame not this *Terrian* that is upon them at present, for indeed they were seldom out of a *Quotidian* shaking. But now it intermitted, vomiting in *principio morbi* being the best Physick for it, of which they had their belly full, (if that may be said without a bull;) but considering they did bucket and discharge one into another, (like two cunning gunners, who shoot so direct and levell against one anothers muzzles, that they send each ones ball back to the mouths of the Canon from whence they came, and make bullets Sea-Crabs, and teach them to be retrogade;) In that signification, I say, they may be said to have disembogued their belly full. But to the note; the horrid fright they are in, calls to mind a paire of Spirits of equall match, who like *Sancho* and the *Don*, or rather like two cakes of Size, or trembling Custards, are put into an Ague with apprehension of their sodaine devouring: But this story which I shall now tell you, is somewhat apposite to this, and neer upon a subject. In a Tragedie (that was prepar'd for the publike view of the University,) the Actors were privately to be tried upon the Stage, that upon the insufficiency of the persons, or unsittednesse, the men might be chang'd. But two Scholars there were in

this

this Spanish Tragedy (which was the story of *Petrus Crudelis*) whose parts were two Ghosts or Apparitions of some Noble Personages, which that Bloody Prince had Murder'd. These two at the Repetitions spoke their lines very confidently, insomuch, that the Judges thought they would be very good Ghosts; but when the tryall night came, that the Play was to be presented to some few friends before the publick exhibit, and then these two Scholars were put out of their blacks into white long robes, their Faces mask'd, and Torches in their hands, and some flashes of Sulphur made at their entrance; just as they put their heads through the hangings of the Scene, comming out at two severall sides of the Stage, they took so, and were so horribly affrighted at one anothers gashly looks, that no force of those behind them, could get them to advance a foot forward toward the stage, or speak a word of their Parts; but there as they first stood, they stood for halfe an houre shaking, quaking, and staring one upon another, insomuch, that they put the Auditory into such a shaking with laughing, that they had almost died with the excessive motions of the *Diaphragme*. In fine, the Ghosts retreated, and other two Persons of better hearts were pitch'd upon, who were such fellows, that if the Divell had appear'd (as 'tis said he did amongst Doctor *Faustus* his supernumerary feinds) they would not have been afraid at the sight.

Sancho with leaves departed a little out of the way, and discovering many white things, so that his courage abated, and he did chatter with his teeth.] The *Don* cries out, willing to save his Squire,

Heu fuge (nate Die) teque his (ait) eripe Flamis.

And imagining himselfe to be *Hectors* Ghost (as he was not unlike at present) he proceeds in his owne person,

Si Pergama dextra

Defendi possint etiam hac defensa fuissent.

As to the first being, it was for *Sancho's* honour and preservation, we shall give you this account in English:

O fly my high-born Squires borne at high Noon

Under a hedge, in sight of open Sunne;

I see of flames thou maist be well ascard,

Keep off therefore, for thou art a hedge-bird.

And as for the other, because there is more in that, we must enlarge our Translation, for

Pergamus (Infelix Urbs Troum) Pergama gigit.

Where you see *Pergamus*, you may see a City which is more then an ordinary Verse, and therefore must be said,

What makes thee shake, what makes thy teeth to chatter?

Art thou afraight or frighted? what's the matter?

Thou mak'st me tremble at thy flesh-quake, Pancha,

Look on thy Don, the Shake-speare of the Mancha,

whose chiefe defence I am: The undertaker

Of all Heroick Actions, though a shaker.

Indeed the *Don* could not chatter so well as *Sancho*, because of the losse of his Cheek-Teeth, but what he wanted in that Musick, was supplied in motion; for his *Carnimotus* was so violent, that he had like to have throwne *Rosinante* down, being all in a sweat, as if the Hagge rode him. The singular

lar

lar knackings of *Sancho's* teeth, puts me in minde of a strong fancied man, a Scholar, and a good Trencher-man, who was invited to a great Feast, (which was the next day prepar'd) and some of the principall dishes being related to him, (for he was alwaies inquisitive upon such occasions, into the bill of Fare,) he lik'd them very well, for they were very agreeable to his palate; and for better inabling himselfe for the tooth-encounter, the day before he walk'd methodically, eat slenderly, dranke cauteously, and went to bed seasonably (being excellent preparatives for the next dayes action.) But O the mischance! he was no sooner in bed but asleep, no sooner in sleep but dreaming, for his high'ned fancy presented all the Catalogue of the dishes to his soule, as lively as if they had been at Table; so that it wrought reall impressions and impulses upon his body, to the motion of his hands, which he manag'd, as if his knife had been in it; but above all, his Teeth out-travell'd *Sancho's*, and went such a swift trot, that it waked his Chamber-fellowes, who thought by the noyse that he was dreaming he had been in Hell; wherefore about to rise and wake him, they were suspended awhile by his words, for ever and anon he said, Sir, Sir, Sir; pray hand the Spring of Porke to me, pray advance the Rump of Beeffe this way, the Chine of Bacon, O the Chine, with your leave the Chine, Sir, and then the first dish againe Sir, and in his Complements, his Teeth kept *Minnum* and *Semibriefe* time so excellently, that the persons resolv'd to wake him, did lye down and laugh, wonderfully pleas'd to see their friend so singularly contented in the same instant at bed and board. The Scholar wak'd after a sound sleep, but could remember no sport that he made, nor would he believe the Auditors relations, untill by wofull experience, he found his Face swell'd, and his Gums so batter'd and bruised with the repercussions of his grinders, that he was not able to stirre his jawes, nor could be partaker of any of the good cheer; except it were the liquid part of it, which they call *Dutch gleek*, where he plaied his cards so well, and viced and revied so often, that he had scarce an eye to see withall, his guzzle recompencing abundantly the want of his Teeth.

It figured unto him that the Litter was a Bier, wherein was carried some slaughtered Knight, whose revenge was reserv'd for him.] I wonder that *Cyd Hameti Benengeli*, did not venture to tell us whose body the *Don* fancied to be there. It must needs be, that his high imagination ran upon some eminent Person, or else he would not doubtlesse have undertook a design of so much hazard and odds, and without the second Ship of *Sancho*, who came not in at all, but only to the pillage; certainly he could not but conceive and strongly apprehend, that the Body of that Famous Knight-Errant and Traveller, *Tome Coriato*, was carrying home to great *Britany*, being slaine by that grand Gyant of *Hildeberg* in a single Duell, and being dead, was (that the Murder might not be discovered) said to be the Valiant Knight of the Stand or Stoop; or it may be he did, and very partly, conceit, that the Body of *Galileo Strvor*, whom we call'd *Summers*, was conveying away, who was the Knight of the Sunne, or rather *Colo-Palono*, the huge Gyant, Brother to *Capitiano Jonesio*, who both were Knights of the Burning Pestle. If none of these, without doubt, he must needs intend the rescue of that gallant Man of Tooth-action, *Don Mariotto*, Knight of the Inassuragable Panch, whom those Inehanters, Moors, and Witches, the Mourners and

Præfice

Præfice, and the singing-men, whom he absolutely took for white Devils, had collin'd up unvindicated untill this present houre; when a high revenge was to be inflicted by *DON*, Repairer of injuries.

He said, stand (Sir Knight) who ever you be.] The *Don* buckles to the Van of all the Army, and assaults the first pittifull Scour of this lamentable Body, whom he should have quieried in this manner, and in sober sadnesse demanded of him, First, why his Nose run so fast? Secondly, what a whining he kept? Thirdly, whether he meant to lose his eyes because he should never see his friend againe? Fourthly, why his friend, who was out of sight, might not as well be out of minde? Fifthly, whether he griev'd so, because his friend had left the World, or rather had left him nothing but the wide World? Sixthly, whether his mourning were a legacy, or upon his owne charges that he wept so? Seventhly, whether the man died mad; (if he made him Executor,) and he fear'd that a caveat would be entred against the Will, and in fine be overthrowne? Eighthly, whether he dyed and gaveno Sugar-Plums, Naples-Bisket, burnt wine, Ribbons, Glöves, nor Scutchions? To the 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8 interrogatories, *nihil dicit*, nor to a hundred more such examinations. For,

Cura leves loquuntur, ingentis stupent;

He was a hireling, and commanded teares,

Not for his griefe, but pay in's eyes appears.

The Mourners were so muffled in their weeds, that they could not stirre, so that *Don Quixot* without any danger to his person gave them all the *Basinado*.]

He had the better of the whites in this chequer'd board, now have at the blacks; the singing men were at Dirges, and howl'd out for a *Requiem* for themselves, being departed soules, and scatter'd up and downe the Face of the whole Field, who afrighted now (but in their wits they were *Fatui*) are only *Ignes Fatui*, and 'tis wonder that *Sancho* did not follow 'um up and downe the Chafe, instead of *Will with the Wispe*, or *Gyl burnt taylor*. But the *Don* out of all rule was measuring Spanish cloth by the speare, and meant to make prize and booty of it all, for it was *sub hasta*: It was a dismall piece of night-work, and worthy the pencill of a *Zeuxis*. Here and there lay the pittifull spoyles of the Knights of the black-robess; Ribbons (good twelve-penny broad) hackt as small as beauty-specks, Gloves cut into thumbtals, Cyprusse hatbands shrivell'd into black chitterlins or—Scutcheons flew in the aire like paper-Ravens, (for Kites are not black enough,) so that the Field was all a black Heath, and *Rosinante* embossed in the pursuin; never went prouder in all his life, treading all the way upon Spanish cloth of twenty shillings a yard. The Passengers of the severall waies, imagin'd they had been *Fairies* a horse-back, and that the Knight, the Queen's own eldest sonne was running the Rounds after his Lady Mother for a blessing.

All this *Sancho* beheld marvelling at his Masters boldnesse.]

Aut meus *Erasmus* est, aut *Demon*.

Either this is *DON QUIXOT*, or the Devill himselfe quoth *Sancho*, who is come to carry the body to the fellowship of his soule.

I doe believe the Devils in my Master,
who ever basted was till now; Now's baster.

Or thus; For *Erasmus* will beare it:

*O see the man that was the Mouse,
Become a vermin Montanous.*

Doe not kill me, for you will commit a great Sacriledge, I being a Licentiat, and receiving the first orders.] This Licentiat was of the lower Forme of the Levites, he had newly come from his

Quo vos ? ad Glosteros.

Quid ibi vos ? ad sumendos orderos.

Ibimus nos cum vos ? etiam si placet vos.

He had no more Latine then the *Missale*, and that not in *Capite*, but by book. This fellow was to sing in Tonic, and no matter for Accents, Quantities and Terminations: The Latine Tongue never suffers Purgatory; but in the singing mens mouths, which I wonder the Pope hath no dispensation for, at least a Dirge for the Tortures of the Catholick Language. His Person however is sacred, and his calling religious, though it were a high shame that such a piece of grosse ignorance, should have protection under so holy a shelter. Take him out of his habits and set him in a Market, and no man but would prefer a Tinker before him, or give more for a Calfe, flesh for flesh, braines for braines. Alive he was in his cloths five pound a blow, but out of his clerical vestures, not worth so much as five sparrows, which is halfe a farthing.

Who kill'd him, quoth Don Quixot? God quoth the Batchelor.] The Don neither fear'd God, Gyants, nor Pestilentiall Feavers, yet at present his Valour seem'd to have some symptomes of discretion in it, he lets the matter alone, nor would not turn *Typhæus* and fight with Heaven; just like a brother of the *Sword*, or a Gyant of the *Way*, hearing (while he was in Travell for a certaine season, till the quieting some two or three foolish *Huts* and *Cries* and searches were over) that his brother (as he call'd him) was dead, for the naturall brother of him departed, meeting of him in *Paris* told him the sad story; with great signes of griefe, and anger too, our *Hector* entertain'd the relation, vowing by all that was holy (things that he never mentioned but at such a Ceremony) that if he would impart unto him, who was the Person that had robb'd him and the World of his delights, he would be the apparent and single *Vindex* and *Ulor* of his Brothers blood, the Brother requested his patience and dispensation to that point, shrugging and saying, it was too late to looke after it, better passe it over in a wise and politicke silence, and dissemble the malice for a more proper opportunity of revenge; the other violent upon the Inquisition for blood, and to shew his Indeerednesse, prest often to know the Murderer of his friend: The Brother could by no means be brought about to discover. At which the *Brave* seeming extremely perplext, good Sr saith he, deny me not this honour, let me know the place only, and from thence I will make a hunt, untill my curious Arts and Quæries have tract out the guilty person, as sure as a blood-hound doth a Thiefe by the foot, wherefore pray satisfie my affections, as to the place then; the Brother said, Sr I cannot well deny you it, but it had been better buried too, for it cald fresh griefe into my eyes, for truly Sr said he, my Brother was slaine, speaking in a very small voice, mincing the words, as the French doe *Tibi*; he was slaine I say, at a place by a Parks side, not farre from the Metropolis of *England*; to be briefe, he was slaine at *Teburne*. He o' th' *Sword*, stood as

mute

mute as the *Dons*, for 'twas as good and all one, as if God had done it. with the Country, or else the Presse-yard had ended the quarrell; such an answer as this quieted men of greater power, then this Man of Armes. The Constable and all his Watch, who, good conservers of the Peace, one night took a fellow late out, but not out of his wits, for he had been transgressing in the sober sinne, with those that rob the braines, but another way then by drinking: The Watch apprehend him, and bring him before the Magistrate of the Night, who with gilded staffe, welted and guarded Gowne, with wrought Night-cap, look'd very dreadfull, and ask'd this *nostrivator*, where he had been so late, and with whom, and whither he was going, and to whom, whether he was a servant or Master, and many such questions; to which the fellow (for he was a Scotch Man) answered but little; at last the Constable ask'd whether he had not got a cup too much, the sinner said, *ney in gewd saith Sr, I he not had one swoop, nor swoop drinke this night, dele o' my fall if I have*; who dost thou belong to man, say? marry (Sirs) and I tell you friends, well ha you askt, For I serve a good Laird, A Lord said the Constable, what Lord? e'n the gewd Lord of Hosts said the Scotch Man; the Constable and Watchmen stared upon one another, totally ignorant of the Noble Man, and let him goe, saying, it is some Scotch Lord or other, Ile warrant you.

Sancho was otherwise employed, ransacking of a Sumpter Mule.] Pancha had done nothing worthy of notice in this Encounter of the Coarse; now he comes upon the Stage, the Catastrophe of the Tragedy: he took his cue right, and finding a Mule without a Master, summon'd the Beast in, and made himselfe Master of the Mule, and all the provisions culinarie, which were for the upper and lower Regions; he long'd for such a prey, very properly long'd, for he had a very great Belly, by the Notion of which, he us'd to send to Tavernes, or any place where good cheere was provided, to get a cut of the best, which he never fail'd of. He had the whole pilage of the Panniers, which were the first fruits of the Church-men, those he thrust, because they belonged to their Coat, into a Callock for want of his VValler, and stuff'd the Divinity Habit so full of the Creature, that it lookt as if the right owner had been in it. It was serviceable after this greasie use for nothing but to preach at a *Carnivale* or *Shrove-tuesday*, and to tossle Pancakes in after the Exercise; or else (if it could have been conveighed thither) nothing more proper for the man that preaches the Cooks Sermon at *Oxford*, when that plump Society rides upon their Governours Horses to fetch in the Enemy, the Flie.

Don Quixot, otherwise called the Knight of the Ill-favour'd Face.] It is usuall for *Knights* and *Dons* Errant to take appellative names from their successes, places of Birth, Conquest or Favour, as the Popes and great Emperours doe sometimes *Prænomina*, sometimes *Agnomina*, sometimes both. He remembred on his *Holineffe*, that was call'd *Bonifacius*, another *Urbanus*, another *Clemens*, in reverence to those, and Sir to his owne, (for it was a *Knights* Face) he stiles himselfe of the *Ill-favour'd Face*, not improperly, nor farre fetcht. In Latine it is *Male-facius*, in *Latino-Britan*, *Scurvy-Facius*, or *Filthy-facius*, or to make a word proportionable to the subject, (for there was not much difference betwixt *Rosinantes* and his own) *Male-scurvy-filthy-Facius*.

I will upon the first occasion have the Face painted in my shield.] Minervus Egis not so terrible, an excellent bugbears to keep little children out of the water with, or to set in one of *Cloacina's* reservatory, or privie Chambers, where the person in the hardest labour cannot make a worse, or else most par A Face, to those only pictur'd in Nunneries, and that at sight of it, they might superseede their vow, and not only forswear the use, but the very looks of Men-kinde for ever, unless it be after confession, when they doe not shew their owne faces, nor see their Confessors. Bless'd the man, for he had very bad lookes, a hanging look, as ever was seen.

Sancho, *I believe I am excommunicated for laying hands on a consecrated thing.]*

Juxta illud squis suadente Diabolo.

Still harping upon five pound a blow ! had the *Don* himselfe been in Orders, (as 'twas impossible to keep him) undoubtedly he had prov'd the richest man in Europe, upon the penalty of halfe the mony ; he had a body would have brought him in of old rents, at least a thousand li. *per menssem*, which is a very great incom, if it should improve to a rack. I knew a quarrellsome scholar, that us'd to make his cracke Crowne, his debt-booke ; he was alwayes fighting, alwayes beaten, the blowes he tooke *pro tempore*, and his barterers *pro termino*. As his purse failed, or pockets emptied, he would have recourse to his hammer'd Noddle, and streight fetch in a 5 li. which had been posted off a year or two on one side Debenurs for jugs-pots, on the other, Arrears for Pewter Candlesticks, (which were for change presently after an encounter) all his skull over, were either open wounds or cicatris'd, Chirurgian unpaid, and his witnesses, the Tapster, a brace of Drawers, or the wench at Bar, with whom he was alwaies in Fee for a little Sugar at hand ; and thus he made a shift to put bread in his head, and furnish the inside, from the injuries of the outside, living not by his wits, but by his pate.

This *juxta squis suadente Diabolo*, is of very neer affinity to one of our Sessions-charges, or indictments, our Common Law is as dangerous as Canon (nor in that case. Whereas, *Quixot* of the *Mancha*, contrary to the Lawes of his Catholick Majesty, and the peace of his Realme, having not the feare of God before his eyes, did murderously, bloodily, and feloniously, (in, with, and by the Advice, help and assistance of one *Sancho Pancho* of the Village aforesaid, and servant to the *Quixot* aforesaid) dismantle, rob, and rifle a Sumpter-Horse, and *per minus, insultum & Durem*, that is to say, with three hard words, un-mule, un-leg, and un-able, *Alonso Lopez*, ordinary to the fraternity of *Nova Prisons*, and at the same time took away, besides his wits (which are not valued) a *Missale*, six Crucifixes, a sute of Beads, a dozen of Indulgencies, as many *Agnus Dei's*, two *Anathemas*, and other considerable things, goods and Chattels, out of the pocket of *Alonso Lopez* aforesaid, a Tobacco box with a Burning Glasse, a Case of Pipes, two rotten Nutmegs, and a pick-Tooth ; amounting in all, to the value of thirteen pence halfe-penny ; therefore the said *Quixot* of the *Mancha* aforesaid, and the said *Sancho Pancho* aforesaid, of the *Mancha* aforesaid, are hereby indicted, arraign'd and charged to be guilty in the first place of wite-Murder, in the second place, of severall Sacriledges, in the third place, of pilfering ; and

and so we leave him to the Consciences of twelve honest men, and true to doe as the Lawes in that case require,

Alonso Lopez.

Therefore let us retire to our repast ; and to the grave with the dead, let them that live, eat bread.] *Grasse* and *Hay*, quoth *Rosinante* and the *Assie*, we are all Mortall. Eat *Mancheat* for *Senioli*, say *Sancho* and the *Don*. While the Jury are kept close to agree about the verdict, the indicted cry a merry life and a short, he that eates most may have the luck to break the halter : Therefore they fed devoutly, yet without Grace or looking up to heaven, and so sweet every thing tasted, as (a relish being added to it from the manner of the purchase,) that they dream'd not of any sowre sawce. The dryer and more crusty meats fell to *Sancho's* share, who was tooth-prooves, the softer, more patrifid and moist, the *Don* invaded, fighting often betwixt the goblets, for the inability of his Mandibles, and sometimes he would lay hold on *Sancho's* hands, and say, O *Sancho*, time was, and not long since too, that thou couldst not have cast me thus behind thee ; but if I live by the help of a Corall, it may be, and Heaven grant it, I may rub up a new set of *Cadmian* pegs againe, or some artificiall supply. I will re-indent my mouth, and not see my selfe Tantaliz'd thus to my face, for want of the most necessary Instruments of life. *Sancho* was secure of *Ember weeks* for his life, for beside the misse of his Teeth, much of the Gum and Jaw were dilacerated, that there was no possibility of laying a foundation in that ruinous rubbish,

CHAP. VI.

O for a subtle Painter ! were he found,
To draw toth' life, th' Encounter of the Sound !
A Pencill worthy, where a' you thinke to finde
Yes from the Wing, if you can catch it o' th' Wind.
A Canvasse of the purest part o' th' aire,
Such as you cannot see, it's so thinnes were rare !
Then would I have an Eccho at rebound,
As shee makes Capers from the hollow ground,
Caught, and by cunning Art I would her fix
In that aire-Table, by some silver quix:
Deaded by spittle, which being borne i' th' place
where Eccho lives, do's know her doubling face.
I would have *Sancho's* eares ta'n at full length,
As he did stretch 'um in his passions strength ;
And the *Don's* whole one prick ; and the small pittance
The *Biscaine* left, but he paid for th' acquittance.
Unto those parcels, and eares integrall,
I would have the two Brutes ; just foure in all,
which with the other three, and quarter make
Seven and a dookin, O how the piece would take !

Especially if in the proper places,
 VVere pourtraisted to'th' life the Iron Maces;
 And Sancho too, with pade disrob'd discharging
 Such stuffe, as, foh, you often see a Barge in:
 The vapours in th' ascent, the fuffe i'th' fall,
 I would delineate, and whats all in all,
 His filthy Buttocks mounted, downe his hofe,
 And the Don stoutly tweeking his owne nose.
 This in a Table rarely done and well,
 Faith, throw it in the fire, if 'twould not sell.

TEXT.



ND we shall meet that which may mitigate the terrible Thirst that afflicts us, which sets us questionlesse in more pain then did our hunger.] It is a great quærie in the scruple-houle of Nature, which a man may best indure, and longest, Hunger, or Thirst, want of Meate, or want of Drink: The Brethren of the Spicket, state the question in the Negative, and lay downe for a fundamentall, that there is no living without Liquids, no not a day; Ale is their eating and their drinking surely, the Bilbos, the Trouts, the Aristippians, the Beereans, the Aleans, the Canariens, and Claretteers, Antient Philosophers, were all of Consull Bibulum his opinion and practise, and of that able and comprehensive Tholus, and the faire match of Fuscus his custome, according to the measure of that draught, which was

— Dignum sitiente Tholosvel conjuge Fusci.

Which was a Goddard, or Rummery, or lusty Bowle taken exactly by Silemu his Canne, which was the standard for mornings and evenings draughts, and the whole school (I mean Schola Bibendi) and their assecla Bibaculorum, Madidorum, & Temulentorum, who are the greatest, and most spreading Sect in the World, follow that way to a drop, which is called in the most authentick and emphaticall word they have, *super naculum*; amongst these it is an undeniable principle, that *vita consistit in Humido*, and a drie soule, *quatenus talis*, cannot last. The intrinsecall radicall moisture must be supplied, recruited, and replenished with the extrinsecall liquids, that is, *exempli gratia*, in the morning with a sphericall Tost in a pot of Ale of good capacity, that it may not be resisted, but force passage, and break through all obstructions. Before dinner again, refresh your Lamp, (for it is alwaies wasting) with the generous oyle of Sack, nitty, roapy, and razy; at dinner with the same, unlesse for varieties sake you have an auxiliary and lusty glasse or two of *Vine de France*; after dinner, for you must not have too long intermissions, to your Sack againe, Typice, Topice, and Tropice. By the constant and quotidian succours, you provide against the conflagration of the Microcosme, which like that of the greater magnitude, must and will (unlesse these provident rules prevent it) dye of a burning Favour: Wherefore like prudent smiths, have by your Forge, the troffe of water continually, and learn your quantities, for piddling draughts will not doe it.

— parvaque Aspergine lymphæ
 Grandior exurgit, læsusque transcurit Ignis.

Accor-

According to the capacity of your vessell, the dilatation of the veines, which if they be large and full, plainly indicates that a brave flame (which is alwaies extending it selfe, and enlarging his narrow quarters) plaies in the Azure Channell; no small services nor misers glasse will doe the business here, nor Pimplico's discharge'd to the round in the middle; but a thorough and totall exhausting, draining, and swooping the whole vessell, were it as we say, to the bottome a mile: According to the example of our friend Byrias in Virgil,

— Ille impiger hausit,
 Spumantem pateram, & pleno se proluit auro.

And because I am indebted to you a Translation, I shall clap both the pieces of verses of two severall Authors (agreeing so well in the matter) into one Epigram.

A little water doth incense the fier,
 Drinke deeper, boy, and see you sit up higher.
 Somewhat at top is best, when the briske wine
 Swims like a Coronet round the brims, 'tis fine.
 Bitias beginne thy plentifull Caronse,
 And we as thee, our selves in Sack will sowce.

E contra, the adverse party, which are sober fellows, the Brethren of the Fange, that would have all conveyances dispatch'd the old way, by Indent of the Tooth, the Marriote, Idiot, Lytherani, Stubbingses, VVoodenses, Cannibals, and Lycaones, such as have the Woolf or Dogge in their stomachs, Crosse-byters, Crosse-sitters, Taylors, Gentle Crafts-men, Smiths, and all manner of Antelucan Labourers, who make provision for the flesh, make the flesh their provision. These lay down for their Axioms and Dogmata, *Tempus edax rerum*; eat at all times, *Totos ponit apros*. Be not ashamed to have a stomach like a Swine, *ede, lude, live* to eat, and play for meate.

Cum morte summa voluptas;

There is no happinesse to the Grave, who is alwaies devouring, never satisfied, eating even these great eaters too.

Besides, they strengthen themselves with variceries of learned precepts, such as

Animal propter convivium natum,
 Homines fruges consumere nati.

For nought but to be eat is borne the Creature,
 Oves and Boves must be slaine, Man's the Eater.

Then consider rationally, and naturall-Philosopher-like, consider and compute the many parts, joynts, sinews, arteries, veines, bones, skins, parts, similar, dissimilar, Homogeneous, Heterogeneous, spermatick, sanguinary, muscular, guttural, dentall, mandibular, &c. which are all to be maintained out of this kitchen-natural, the stomach, by the providore, the mouth, who would think that any Shambles, Poultreys, Newgate-Markets, Cheapesides, Eastcheapes, Faires, Festivals, Saturnals, Jubilees, are able to satisfie the severall Interests, of so many Ravenous expectants, much more, when this Macrocosme is full of Microcosmes, and every one, the least Infant in the universality of men, hath as much to maintaine, as the greatest Gyant in the World: Wherefore Saturn (the very Lunsford of the Deities)

Deities) shew'd you what to doe rather then starve, marry eat thine owne Children, 'tis the next way to make a wife child, to teach him to know his Father, as well as if he were in him. *Lycan* followed that course of dyet, and ever since it hath been practised, *Homo homini Lupus*, we may eat one another, till there is but one man left, and so the World may end, as it began.

When Sancho heard these words, he began to weep with the greatest Compassion of the World, and said unto him, Sr, &c.]

Nos patriam lugimus & Dulcia linquimus arva.

Have not I left for thee the Onyon Beds,
Scallions and Garlikes, which hath stronger heads
Then any yet we mett and more then these,
What is more strong, my Mary Gutierrez,
Wife of my Bosome; Sancho Pancha's wealth?
Who covetous foole, have ta'n a course of stealth,
May bring me to the Rope, not Onyon Ropes,
But such as at one swing drown Care and Hopes.
O had you heard our Curate, you'd not snatch
At dangers thus; he taught, harme watch, harme catch,
And you e'r since the adventure of the Windmill,
Run headlong on, and wills or make, or find-ill;
The Smith-Field Gyants laid you in a zound,
And now a Gyant of the eare y have found;
For we see nothing but a rustling noise,
Good Sr forbear to search into the causes
For if you should doe otherwise then well,
(As gold & Argent you doe) pray who shall tell?
Thinke you that I am worthy to relate
The manner of the Combate, and your Fate?
Who will believe, A Knight that liv'd by applause,
Unfortunate, should perish by a waise?
Who will believe, when wrote in books we find
A head of Windmills, ruin'd by a wind?
Who will believe, when on the earth y are found,
That such an Eare-lesse Knight should dye o' th' sound?
No Sr, let Sancho Counsell, do you keep;
VVe have been soundly beat, let's now sound sleep't.
And if our dreams are full of such mad whimsies,
Let's fight in sleep, but waking let our Limbs-ly.

Sancho tied his Asses Halter, to both *Rosinantes* legs.]

Dolus an virtus quis in Hoste requirat!

Sancho found a politick and strong Remora for the Knights speed, and what Prayers, Preachments and teares could not obtaine from the Master-Fool, he got by the Ass his servants unto whom he had girt *Rosinante* so straight, that he was not *sui juris*, for he was Ass-Tedder & in *potestate Halteris*. The Don presently smells out the business, an Incantation upon the Horse for want of nailing his old shooes at the door of his house when he came forth, or because, nor the old Woman, nor the Barber, nor his Necce, nor the Curate design'd him the security of an old shooe after him.

Little

Little thought the Don, that *Munition Freston* rode upon the Ass by him, and that *Rosinante* was becalm'd; nor for want of winde; but by too much Cable Rope. Here they must cast Anchor *perforce*, and though the Brutes are at rest, the Don will not permit his sennes to foregoe their Offices, but keeps his Eyes, Eares and Nose, very busily employ'd all night, as thereby hangs a tale.

Be you attentive, for now I begin, it was that it was.] Once a top of a time, so, and so so, and says hee, says he, says he, and quoth he, quoth he, quoth he, are the naturall cement of most tales.

If thou tellest thy tale after this manner, repeating every word twice that thou saiest, thou wilt not make an end this two daies.] Custome of ridiculous speeches prevail much upon most men, who having us'd themselves to some impertinent word or phrase, cannot, even in matters of greatest consequence, forgo it. For example, a Reverend Judge, was to give a charge at the Assize, which was with great gravity and sincerity perform'd, had it not been every where interlard'd with, in that kinde, that was his customary word; so that to every materiall thing, this was sure to come in. As Gentlemen of the Jury, you ought to enquire after recusants in that kind, &c. such as doe not frequent the Church in that kinde, but above all, such as haunt Ale-houses in that kinde, notorious Whoremasters in that kinde, Drunkards and Blasphemers in that kinde, and all notorious offenders in that kind, are to be presented in that kinde, and, as the Laws in that kind direct, must be proceeded against in that kinde; which set all but the Bench (who were to keep the Peace by their places) into a laughter of *that kinde*; that being charged by the Cryer to silence, they could not, till they had ended laughing and crying together. A Gentleman being ask'd (after the Court rose) how he lik'd the Judges charge to day, answered it was the best, in that kind, that ever he heard. Like to this, something was that of an Inn-keeper in the same City, who being troubled extremely with the *D'you see*, to all discoveries, upon an occasion being put to say Grace; began, the eyes of all things, *D'you see*, doe look unto thee, *d'you see*, and thou providest their meat, *d'you see*, in due season; *d'you see*, God save the Church *d'you see*, the Queen, the Realme, *d'you see*, and peace and aruth, *d'you see*. Amen! This old Queen *Elizabeths* Host, could not out of the rode in his after-Grace, but before he had done, no man could see for laughing, which vext my cholerick Host so much, that he swore he would not say grace, *d'you see*, as long as he liv'd for this, *d'you see*, and do you heare, *d'you see*, if I doe not make it good that I have sworn, let me never look man in the Face, *d'you see*, or let me drinke water, *d'you see*, till my dying day, *d'you see*, that a man must be laugh'd at for his good will, *d'you see*, I cry God mercy *d'you see*, I did not say grace but in this pinch, *d'you see*, this sorry yeares *d'you see*.

See now what I said quoth Sancho, that you should have kept account. By Jove the tale is ended.] This tale is lost, just as the fellow lost the Bible because he could not hold it, or as *Tantalus* his Apples, becaus he could not catch 'um, or the fellow his Geese, or he that was to tell twenty, whereof himselfe was one, and ne'r reckon'd that; or it ends just as his tale began, who being to relate some story to *Respasian* (an Emperor of the *Ill-favour'd Face*) standing long still, was commanded by a Gentleman to beginne; But he excus'd it and said, he would stay till his excellency came off from the shoole,

P

which

which he guess'd by his face, his businesse at present, the Emperour could not change his face, and the Historian was forc'd to change the room. So our story ends very wittily abruptly, and *Torralva* is on one side of the stream, and the Goate-herd on the other; as the Scotch-man and his wife, who were more unhappily sever'd by a like accident; for *Jany* and her good *Lowne* had went, and they went untill they came to a Bury, which was at that time overflown with water, there *Jany* and *Jocky* stood gaping *eane at ather* untill a Traveller passing that way, profer'd the courtesie of a waft successively to them both; the Scotch-man blest him with bath his hands, and in *gewd Faith* (Sr) let *Jany* gang first, and I will stay your returns; so up went *Jany*, who was very thankfull, more then became her, for upon easy solicitation, she yeelded mutuall carriage to the Gentleman on the other side. *Jocky* beholding these strange sights, roar'd out, why *Iany*? what an Alaboure an you at? *wha weiks this Ianny: ways me, O for a dry Burg.* For want whereof, as of the *Don's* not accounting, the Tale is ended.

What noise is that Sancho?

Hæc oracularibus exploranda.

This is a very pretty prævious adventure, to the encounter of the sound, in which, two of the *Don's* best senses were shrewdly put to't, but this of *Sancho's* was the hotter service, and came with load and load, fresh and fresh, but never sweet. It was strange, that *Sancho* (but he had only *Waller-invention*) did not tell him, that it was a Trumpet sent from *Tantablins* Castle, where the Reverentiall Lady *Merdina*, and many more of her traine, which they call the Voluntary Tenants, were imprisoned, during the Gyants pleasure. Which Ladies of the most excellent delight and ease, he alwaies suffered to take Aire only at his Port *Esquelin*, which was as loathsome as a Common-shore. Some of these gallant Spirits have been confined all their life times, untill their dissolution; others, weary of detention, have broken Prison, and flew in the very Noses of them they next met, and changing their names, but not their conditions, passe for the *Ronsers*, the *Tearers*, the *Railers*, the *Quaverers*, the *Whizzers*, the *Fuzzers*, the *Squeekers*; according to the severall eruptions of the Winds, out of *Æolus* his den, which is the grand Colon or hole of those imprisoned Spirits. Harke, they are coming,

*Unâ Eurûsquo Notusque ruunt, Creberque procellis,
Æfricus, & vastos voluunt ad litora Flussum,
Quæ data porta ruunt, & terras turbine perflant.*

Which in plaine English read you thus,

Supposing *Sancho* *Æolus*:

*And with both hands his belly pressing,
Blow winds saith he, upon my blessing;
When that the Port-hole opes, or his back door,
Out goe the Winds, East East, Nore and by Nore.
These fly about, and like the Bawdy wind,
(Sweet breath'd or no) kisse all they meet or find;
There is no guard against um, though you compass
Your Nose, they have priviledge (as the Trump has)*

*To goe about: but when the Tempest's laid,
Then gentle showers fall, where these busters plaid.
So Sancho wind-eas'd of his rumbling guts,
Discharges softest Lees, from his bare butts.*

I prethee friend Sancho, retire two or three steps back, and henceforth have more care of my person.] It was strange the *Don* would make a businesse of it, when as Lords and Ladies doe the same, and he having admitted his Squire into such familiarity, there could be no greater expression of *Sancho's* acceptance, and haile-fellowship, then that

Coram te pedere Sancho solet.

This Favour *Don* doe not deny,

Let him (that he fly not) let fly.

But the thing is justifiable by nature, and there is a book wrote by *Grobiana*, as *Grobiana*, (who are the Patron and Patronesse of these deportments) wherein the Scholars are authoriz'd to the venting, disburthening at any place or time (be it Dinner, Sermon, Prayers, or any other while whatsoever) of that statulent spirit, which is troublesome, or desirous to be disposed. Besides that, the Emperour *Claudian* Enacted a Law for the common use of liberty at Meals, and amongst other Histories you might heare one another's tales go: Mere incitements to this sport you may read in *Fartarethis de arte Ca-candi*, which is very wel worth that for which it was made: it cannot be then wast paper, being most properly imploy'd; but if for a more legall justification you suspend these (which so suspended, smother'd, or stifled) prove *lasiium Tormina, subligaculorum discrimina*, take the Text for it, *Legè de egestus Podice grave orato, Tit: Nose Autem vel siquis intervenerit.*

Turning back againe to *Sancho*, to bid him farewell, he commanded him to stay for him three dayes at the longest, &c.] *Aurora* displayed her selfe, after this Wedding, (*Sancho's* I mean) was ended, which sort of solemnities are most commonly in the night, and the *Don* is very unfortunately among a company of Chefnut Trees, (for *Sancho's* fruits were not so sweet) through which the adventure of the Sound came so fresh againe to the Eare which was next, that without heed given to what *Sancho* had said, or considering aright, the omens and presagings of his Augurhole; a few words being spoken to *Sancho*, snobbing at his insensibleness and undauntednesse, the *Don* resolv'd to take the Sound, leaving behind him if he had miscarried, only this copy of his countenance for *Dulcinea*, and these few Legacies for *Sancho Panca*.

*After my three dayes absence, (So long stay,
So long may last this sound and bounding fray)
Returne, and tell Dulcinea, that her Don
Had blowes enough, before he now went on;
Blowes to that number, and of such high grace,
As dubb'd him Knight of the Ill-favour'd face.
Tell her beside, what did befall my jawes,
My chops are fallen, and my wide mouths god saws,
(My teeth I mean are beaten out) that if
I liv'd, spoon-meat had been my chiefe relief:*

What on my sides is seen, tell; how my eares,
(Not fully two, more lugg'd then any Swine or Beares,) Continuall Catadupes do sound: But I
Will either still this sound, or by sound dye.

Then taking Sancho by the Fist;
My Testament begins thus, Amen: Ego;
In as good fences, and as rich as Dego,
Bequeath my body to a plat of ground,
To be interr'd without or words or sound,
(Musick or prayers,) kill'd by a sound; my tomb;
In scorne of sounds, shall only hold out mumm.
Then look behinde an antient painted cloth,
Cover'd and hid from sight, by fly and moth;
There read, what lands I meant to conquer, there
Are all the Castles in a Register;
And at the end of that victorious List,
Thy Islands nam'd; 'tis so, I may ist:
My goods 'twixt Dul: and thee divide, pray prise 'um,
Let none the Inventory boldly gaze on,
Or buy, before that you have made election,
It is my love to thee, to her affection.
Dulcinea is my sole Executrix,
The seale is my nailes Thumb, the Indorsement Quix.

When DON QUIXOT saw what was done, he waxed all ashamed and mute, and Sancho's Cheeks were swolne with laughter, and the Don also laugh'd a little himselfe.]

Quanti de spe decidi!

Is our adventure prov'd a Fulling-Mill? are our Silver staves turn'd to Iron Maces? and our Gyants (earth-bred indeed) but of Fullers earth? Certainly by the sound, something of the employment wrought upon Sancho, which scowrd him so; and yet if either of the two, Sancho should have been first in this Encounter, for it was necessary for him after he had foul'd his Bréesches. Our Tragedy is chang'd into pure Comedie, and instead of a Prize, we are like to have a jigge of two principall Clownes, each gibing the other, they are now at the Ti-hee, and without tickling, laugh till their sides ake, as if they were under correction of the Maces; Sancho hath the better in this grinning Prize, and so long they interchangeably kept it up, that in the Spanish Tone and Accent you may sing,

Per multos risos poteros cognoscere stultos.

The Don was enraged, but chiefly, hearing him say in gibing manner, I was borne by the disposition of Angels.] The slave Sancho doth supra-parasite it, turnes mime Satyr, Sarcast, Hyperaspist, Quixo-mastix, and from the Don's own mouth, hath a Mockabere for him;

I am the man by Providence design'd,
To change the Iron age to Gold refin'd,
Which without Alchymic or loads of Coales,
Or whites of Eggs, or Spirits, (alias soules)
This Arme shall cokobate, all matters mightie
Reserv'd are for me, come all, I'll fight yee,

All upon one at once; Monsters where be yee?

I'm Hercules, club too; Ti-hee, wí-hee.

The Don lifted the end of his Launce, and gave him two such blowes on the back.]

La sa patientia fit furor.

This contempt was so high, that in all the books of Errantry, I meet not any Relation to match it withall. No Squire ever took that liberty which Sancho did, to deride his Knight to the face, and by a looser carriage to affront him to the nose; but nothing was so distastefull at present, as the unmannerly, and reproachfull wide opening of his mouth, whereby the Squire did manifest to the world, that he had a better set of Teeth then his Lord: so that the abuse being triple to his face in generall, and his nose and teeth in particular, the punishment should have been answerable, and hee should have basted him from head to taile. Now it is a great Dispute amongst Martiall men, whether this Launce-Bastinado (for it cannot be call'd an Encounter) did dis-Squire Sancho; that is, Cashierch him. In the truth of the state, I doe believe it did; but by the consequence of the story, finding his Repentance so suddaine, and his submission so exemplary, he may passe in Errantry for a Squire Reformado.

But you may be sure that I will not once more unfold my lips to jest at your doings.] The Spaniel! the Spaniel! What a deale of love and service a good whip and a Bell procure? The Orders and Rules of Errant-Squires are not here related, though in the secrets of the *Marchegab* Registrie at this day they are to be found. What Distances, Equipage, what Approaches, Smiles, Shrugs, Habits, are futable with them, and requirable from them! How qualified he ought to be that enters himselfe Squire to a Knight-Errant; and what Services (Litan of Chivalry) hee must perform for his Triall; what years he must accomplish before he can be capable of the Government of any Island; or have the privilege to ride all Rodes penniless, without pay for Mans-meat, or Horse-meat; at what time of his Age he may take leave of the Knight he doth serve, and set up for himselfe: And after such Resolution, within what time hee is to assigne himselfe a Lady, under whose protection he doth undertake his Adventures, and unto whom all his successes (as the Tutelary power over him) are to be attributed. To these were many more very considerable Instructions, besides Negative Precepts shewing what he should not doe: As not eat, or drinke, unless occasion were offer'd; not lie in bed, unless in place proper; not be familiar with their Dons; unless upon penalty of discharging, or unavoidable necessity; not speake, report, or betray the ill successe of any Adventure on his Lords side, but stand to justify the contrary, though his Legs would hardly give him leave, nor grumble at want, not look for Wages, cast Apparell, or a fresh Horse: And upon these conditions Affirmative, and Negative, any man may enter himselfe into this Honourable Employment; from which Heaven preserve all men that are in their right wits.

CHAP. VII.

For want of drinke, and clearing of the Eyes,
 The Don is throwne into an enterprize;
 wherein he gets the prize, it would amaze one
 To see him now Top-gallant in a Bason.
 O for an Ewre too, to compleat the grace!
 And wash him Knight of the Well-favour'd Face!
 But 'twas impossible, for in that fall,
 The Barber peris'd with his washing-ball.
 What will wash off this staine! when it is read,
 That which should be ai's Chiu, is o're his Head:
 Ill-favour'd now for ever! for those shops
 That mend the Face, will ne'r admit thy chops:
 No hopes that e're thy jaxes shall be recruited,
 Sancho will be the Trencher-Squire reputed.
 How canst thou thinke for ever to be better,
 When thou hast wrong'd Tooth-drawer, and Tooth-setter?
 See what strong fancy can! it flies so high-now,
 That Cut-beard is suppos'd the great Mum-bry-nos
 And the Brasse Bason which he wash'd soule Beards-in,
 The Helmet is that Giant grand apparel-in.
 Thus rides our Don, to all the world a laughter,
 And fooles it on, unto the end oth' Chapter.

TEXT.

Answered Saicho, I see nothing but a man on a gray Ass like mine owne, and brings on his head somewhat that shines.] Sancho had no Heroicall and Erranticall eyes: His Diamond was of no spirituous and sparkling Water; but dull, compos'd of thick pudly stuffe, which did obscure and debase the objects hee lookt upon: The Opacous part was too large, whereas the Don's was Ictericall, as if he had descended of the house of the Flavii, or that his Nurse had mix'd all his milke with Saffron, all was Gold or Lions that he saw; an eye for an Alchymist, a Sublimating, Transmuting, and Cohobating eye, a Cuckolds eye, (which is a Cornu-copios eye) and renders all flesh, and especially his own, like the fat of Rams, yellow, because he is Aries on the Head.

This Barber serv'd two Villages, &c.] This transient Face-mender would in time have made a good Knight-Errant; he was for the Tournament, and could hit a haire, a man inur'd to Martiall Instruments, which if he had but spirit enough to have drawne, the very sight of his Tweezers would have put the Don to the Roares; or if he had hang'd his Collar of Teeth about his neck, (as they use to be at his Shop-window) the Don had took him sans question, for the Giant of the Check, and made what haste from him he could to have preserved the remainder of his life-sustainers. But sure the dull Rogue, hav'd with a Pumice-stone, and clipp'd with a pair of hedge-
 sheers

sheeres, and wash'd with Pigge-dung, and though by the custome of Spaine he might ride on Ass-backe to his Customers, yet it seemes by his sight, that his agility lay rather in his Toes then his Fingers. Our youths of that Profession, doe not look as they were under the Influencies of *Aquarius*, but the nimble *Mercurie*, who hath so spiritiz'd their whole *Oeconomie*, that they are Quick-silver to the fingers ends; you would swaere, that upon the swiftnesse of their Motions, their hands were the *primum Movens*, and *ultimum Moriens* of their whole body: Nor are the rest of their parts lesse active, their Tongues are as fluent as their Fingers, and (except in some sence of the word) seldome lye still. Their shops are the forges of Invention, the Magazines of all Newes, more frequented then a *Bake-house*, or a Book-sellers stall; All the Mongers of that kinde come thither for matter and Inspiration, (both the *Scrubbado* affording it, when *Barberino* himselfe is dry) after such an effectuall excitation of the ingenious Atomes of the *Pericranium*, the spirits of the Braine by a kinde Contagion stirre, and then the nimble Factories of the Fancie move all their subtille Engines of device, and presently (like *Minerva* out of *Ioves*) issues all those Diurnall-births, which in severall *Mercuries* fill the *Piazza*, and are the *Gazzets* for the whole world. Besides these necessary Administrations, rare are the *Quedrums* of many of the houses of the *Barberino's*; like *A-bell* Druggier, you shall have one of them without a *Rebus* to his signe, which is as attractive as his Wife, or the adjacent pot of Ale, or his Plaster-box (if he be a *Chyron* too) or if not, as his Tweezer. These *Rebuses* are Gingles, or *English* Hieroglyphicks; for anciently the *Egyptians* (of Nations that used no Barbers alwell as the *Moors*) were the first that conveyed knowledge or wit under such Representations, viz. He hath a long Pole elevated, and at the end of it a Labell, wherein is in a faire Text-hand written this word, *Money*. Now the Pole signifies it self, which joyned to the written word, make *Pole-Money*; there's the *Rebus*, that *Cutbert* is no body without *Pole-Money*: The Motions in his Paper-Lanthorne are not to be passed by as the smallest part of the Rarities of his house; then the Magnetick vertue of his Citterne, Gyterne, and Kit, which are the constant preservers of the agility of his hand; which he loves because they have heads to 'um; Next to these, tagging of Points and Ribbands, which in a vacation of Customers, if his Boyes be quick at it, and the Fashion as it is, will serve their Master in Ale; and their Mistress in cold Caudle, and themselves in Black-Puddings, *per septimanam* very well, (Sunday excluded as to the Work) not to the profits aforesaid.

The Barber rising up againe as light as a Deere, runne away so swiftly through the plaine, as the Winde could scarce over-take him.] Whether throughout, as a Deere *Cap-a-pe*, is a question: for the *Barbarino's* of Spaine are great Lyers out, their Custome calling them abroad; and that occasion given, their *Citternes* also; who are much plaid upon in their absence: which is the occasion commonly of the increase of a Monster more in the Paper-Lanthorne at their returne. I doe believe amongst the many Fables at his Shop, this story was never told without such additions as made for his owne Credit, the losse of the Bason and the Ass being repairable from the Countrey. Against the next journey he is resolved to ride
 better

better provided, and with a more appointed Helmet, upon a Brute of better Service, and with his owne Pole for a Lance, Bason for a Target, he would take the Field againe, where, *Tam Morte quam Mercurio*, the Don should deately finde, and to his cost too, (for *Barberino* intended also to assault him with the subtille Engine of a wit) that if the Pole fail'd, the Catch-pole should not; if his Target fail'd, wherein he us'd to catch by the beard, that by which he caught by the Backe should not: But if all these miscarried, this *Machavillian* at a stratagem, never went without a small Box of Powder, or dried Meale, and his Puffings, which if he could but advance to the Dons eyes, hee doubted not to spoile him for all Adventures, and to punish him in kinde for that of the *Winde-mill*, and regaine his Bason, leaving the *Unamantyrno-helmeted Don* inasconfounded a case, as the Mayor of *Quinborough* after the Encounter with *PICKPOCKETO* of *Nov. Hispaniola*, or *Nov. Anglia*, which you please: But if Fortune denyed Martiall Revenge, then Chance might bring this Knight of the *Ill-favur'd Face* after his Victories to *Tobasco*, to which Townie he must needs passe through the Village where *Cutbert* liv'd; and for his Face let him alone to remember it; and for a *Base-one*, what the Pole and the Powder could not effect, the Suds of his Landred Face should doe; which beside the intollerable smart of his eyes, which would call his hands to their present helpe, his skillfull Boyes should ransack his Fobs, and make him thence better satisfaction then the Masters of the *Holy Brother-hood*: untill some such time *Barberino* leaves him, his Ass, his Bason, and his Patient, who by this time is dead of a *Pleurisie*, for want of the Barber, who toucht with his owne proper griefe, is got to his Wife for a Remedie against the Palpitation of the Hurt, got by the violent motion of his Heeles.

That Pagan which lost it was discreet, and did imitate the Castor.] The story of the *Castor un-polluxing* himselfe is very well applyed: In the like danger of persons not much unlike, the like policy was us'd before. A counterfeitt Cripple, and a reall Beare, which having broke loose from the Keepers, took directly upon a Passe, where this dissembling Begger plyed; who seeing the Beare make up towards the place, whence he could not upon his Crutches, without apparent attachment escape by the help of suddaine wit; therefore he cut the ligaments of his wooden supporters, and having recovered the use of his naturall legs, though he came thither Crippled, he ranne away straight. The Metaphor here was onely transversed from *Taile to Head*: Why might not the Barber throw away his Bason, which was his Cap-case, to save his *Head-peece*, as well as the Castor his Ball-case, to save the rest of the *Taile-piecc*? *Hercule me Castor* might he, especially when *Don Quix-hercules* was so near his *Civilt-Box*.

O quantum in subitis Casibus ingenium!

In the meane time I will weare this Helmet which thou callest a Bason, as I may:] What an invincible Coxcombe was this *Sancho*, to look for a Beaver with the Bason, when in the very example before excellently hinted by the Don, the Castor, which is the Beaver, bites away the Bason to save the Beaver. So here the Barber having a Cast-Beaver, or a Castor of

Don

Don Johns of *Mendoza's*, to save it from the Raine, put on the Bason; but the putting on so hard for the Bason, he put off his Bason to keep on his old Beaver: Upon the *Inbasonation* of the Don, it was to be wondred which was the greater Sarazen, he on whose head it was, or from whose head it was supposed to fall, *Man-barberino*: It could not worse become our Don surely then, when, for want of other accoutrements at a Play, *Mars* (the god of *VVarre* forsooth) was faine to act in a close-stoole pan, which had it been properly applyed, would have served for his Stoele of Repentance, after the violation of his Brother Deities sheets.

And as in case of doubt, untill I am better inform'd, I say that thou exchange if thy need be extream.] A Councell of *VVarre* is call'd, to know whether they shall admit the *Trojan Ass* into their wooden Society; Cry you mercy, it is a *Grecian Ass*, for it was a *Grey*. The Don being President of the Councell, which consisted onely of the Advocate-*Sancho*, and himself, (not Judge-Advocate I meane) but one who was alwayes a Pleader for some illegall prize or other: the Don herein, (though to his friend and Brother *Sancho*) denyed to doe an act of injustice, or derogation from the Honour of *Knight-Ernantry*; He *Knight-Ernantry*, if he steale in *propria persona*, is *Uncalendred* for ever, and his name expung'd the *Ephemerides* of King *Arthurs Knights*. But change is no robbery, so that be done likewise by the Squires, nor the Knight: The *Capucines* boy takes money, not his *Holy Master*; but in case of irresistable necessity, as when *Jugurth's* Horse, *Alexanders* Elephant, *Cyrus* his Dromedary were shot under um; or (for I thinke their time was before Monks, and so consequently before the Invention of Guns and Gun-powder) when these great Heroes Brutes were slaine, it was lawfull to take the next they could get. Nor did *Alexander* take it for a disparagement to ride upon a Camell, when *Elephantus* was gone; or if he, or any of the rest had, *Lege Nationum*, they must have gone on foot, which is incompetent with a *Knight-Ernantry*, unlesse with his Horse in hand, or rather in his Squires. And as for the qualification in the Question, (but of extream need) the extreame hardnesse that *Sancho* was put to, might be very well judged by the obduration of his Posteriors, which were almost petrified by continuall hardnings upon his Asses bare backe; for he rode *pollice nudo*, ever since the losse of his Wallet, untill the purchase of the Calflock, where the Divinity Buttons did oft disease those of the Flesh. VVherefore it was decreed and ratified in a full Court, of one Judge, one Ass-lessor, two Asses, and a Stallion, that *Sancho* should have all the *Bona Mobilia* (*præter ipsum Corpus*) of the Prize-Ass taken in lawfull fight: and those he should instantly translate upon the back of his owne Ass, which made proud by these new Trappings, prickt up his eares above *Rosinantes*, or he that was above *Rosinante*.

Sancho thou saist not ill, quoth Don Quixot.] These were *Sancho's* nuts after a full Meale, to bring his *Knight* into a fresh Frenzy, which he could doe with as much ease as an Ape-carrier with his eye makes the vaulting Creature come aloft, or at the signe of *Terrid in Aldo*. Name but an Emperor, a King, a Queene, a Lady, a Giant, a Castle, a Monster, and he was presently on fire, *Orlando Furioso*, *Hercules Furens*, *Jeronymo*: upon the very mention, his braines are got beyond the *Sophy of Persia*, unto a farre

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remo te

remote Kingdome, where the King of that Kingdome was rescued by that Knight, that was in love with that Daughter, that was heire to that King, that was oppress'd by that Gyant, that lov'd that Daughter, that hated that Giant, that was slaine by that Knight, that had forgot that Lady, that liv'd at *Toboso*, that was called *Dulcinea*, that had a Squire that was unknowne to that Lady; but by that name of *Sancho Pancha*, that serv'd that Knight, that was of the *Ill-favour'd Face*, that promised that Squire, that Government of that Island, that is not in this Book, but in that which is the next.

The Princessesse shall admit me for her Lord and Spouse, although she knew me to be the Sonne of a Water-Bearer.] I did alwayes imagine that from such a Fountaine-head this streame of *Knight-Errantry* did derive it selfe; Prince *Tancred* was a great Prince, and like those *Roman Emperors* carried upon mens shoulders, which was the first piece of state in the world, and at this day is kept up by the French *Madams* in their *Sedans*. From Prince *Tancred*, or *Tankard*, his *Flegmatick* race was drawn by wooden or leaden Pipes to the *Mancha*, where is yet to be seene the Scheme of his *Lunatick* Genealogie, who as the Knight, were by Nativity, as well as Acquisition, verry *Bedlamish*; the King his Father-in-law so much spoken of, calls to mind a Gentleman, who was the By-blow of a Lord, by whose name the Base sonne us'd to honour himselfe in all companies, at Meales, Cards, Bowles, Races, where ever and anon he was at his—The Lord his Father allow'd him so much for this, for that Recreation, and the Lord his Father kept the best Hawkes, Horses, Dogs, Housfe, &c. in all that Countrey; and thus he continued his shameless repetition, untill another Gentleman vent at his ambitious, but worthily to have beene concealed, Recitals, said, Sir, here is much talke of the Lord your Father, but the Devill a word of the *whore your Mother*; which struck the Lordling into so deep a Melancholly (for he had not the spirit of Barnes of that Extraction) and such a long silence, as if *Sweet-lips* his best hound had miscarried, or *Pepper-corne* his Race-horse had got a splint.

Then there is no other to be done, but steal her away, and carry her to some other place.] This Daughter-catching is onely pardonable in *Knight-Errants*; for in all other places, *Plagiaries* (that is, Stealers of Children, whether of the back or braine) were accounted the greatest Robbers, and therefore ought to have the greatest punishments. A sort of these Thieves are now redivivous, (the *Reliques* I believe of *Knight-Errantry*) who goe by the name of *Spirits*: These, by Wiles, Bribes, and Tricks, decoy silly Children on Ship-board, where when they once have them, they are clapt (as the simple Rat-catcher in the same case was upon *Lenoys* account) under Decks, and thus entrapp'd, part with Countrey, Friends, and Fortunes, which they never re-salute, no nor their spirituall Fathers, who deserve the Gallows more than any Rogues that suffer. But for a Lady to be stolne away, and such a Lady, that was thought a fit match for a Giant, is such a Device, that none but a *Knight-Errant* could dreame of. It is all odds, the Story is not right here, *Cyd Hametes hic non tenetur*. The Lady of such proportion stole away the Knight rather; for it cannot be imagin'd otherwise, that her Discretion or Love should be so little, as to bring her Knight in danger of a Rape or Felony, when a gallant spirit would con-

fesse

fesse the truth, and say the businesse was her own plotting, her owne doing, and undoing, and that howsoever she dissembles the businesse of riding now behinde, that was not the thing she aim'd at.

I would not authorize my *Lirado*? Dictado said the Don, or Dignity.

Nobilitas sola est atque unica virtus.

The Fountaine of Honour cannot give deserts, though he give Titles, though commonly where the Deserts are not, the Honours are not given, but bought and sold, which is the rise of so much gallant Nobility and Gentry in the *Spanish* Kingdomes, where is Purchase-money enough: An *Accipiamus Pecuniam*, & *Dimittamus Asinum*, being a current *Maxime* in all Countreys, where an importunate rich Coxcombe is gratified for his Token which never failes. But *Sancho* after his Coblers Dream of the Earle, (like those whose manners are not mended with their Titles, being *Splendidiora serquilineis*, or Apes in a new sute) sinks himself into the conceit of his first original, which was Beadle unto some Fraternity of Porters, wherein (notwithstanding his airie promises of the Island) the Provostship of the Company would gladly content him and his *Moll*, if for one yeare she might take place of the Sister-hood of her fellow-Porters wives. Then after the dayes of his Mastership expired, he would returne to his Ale and Tost, the Frock and Badge, and off goes Gowne, and on goes shoulder-savers, welcome halfe a hundred, and God rest his soule that built the Pillars for the Rest of Porters Bodies.

Nam genus & proavos & quæ non fecimus ipsi,

Vix ea nostra voco,

What if my Ancients were *John of Cumber*,
If I no worth have, I'm but of the number.

what more is to be done then to take a Barber, &c.] I thinke I must recant, and conclude *Sancho* will make a right sparke: VVhat Noble *Knight-Errant*, or Lord of a *Purchas'd Title* can doe more then keep his out-landish Barber, his Monsieur, his Tailor, his Cook, his rider of his great Horse, and the great jade himselfe rides, all *exotick*; snuffing at any services of his owne Countrey; their Meats, Drinks, Fashions are course, fullsome, nasty, without a forraine *Hogon*. Their Sutes, rather then they should be without a Fangle, must be done with a *why-hoo*, which is a *Chimericall* Mode lately found out; A Fashion to be whistled into a Tailors head without Butts or Patternes.

Ride on, ride on, great pair, unto Fools Harbour,
Both high in thought, with Bason, and with Barber.

CHAP. VIII.

Room, room for fresh Adventures, and new Sallies,
 Thus farre in Land-work, now Ware for the Gallies;
 For Gally-slaves, who chain'd in loving Links,
 (Their hands were never honeste methinks)
 The Knight of the Ill-Face his Brother-Faces,
 (For they were ill-lookt all) from their doom'd places,
 The Ore and Mines, will rescue; for he allowes
 No force on free-born Soules, no Chaines, no Gallows;
 An act of desperate Valour, and Sub pæna
 Of death, but that he fled unto Morena,
 (Once taking Sancho's counsell) a high Mountaine:
 Where they remaine, their Histories recounting:
 Recounting more the dangerous reward,
 (Then th'act it selfe) of forcing of the Guard,
 The Convooy of the Slaves, which bold arresting,
 Was treason gainst the King, with whom's no jesting.
 But that which sticks i'th' stomack of our Don,
 Like a good Meale (if ever he get one)
 Was the redeemed Slaves ingratitude,
 Whom he enlarg'd and gave full latitude
 Of Leg and Arme, which they unciuvill Devils
 Employ against the Rescuer from their evils.
 Whom thinke you in this Fast was Paramount,
 But that unlucky Rogue Gines Passamont?
 Whom though the Gallies misse, yet for this trick
 He warrant him a Passe-port to old Nick.

TEXT.



Hen if that be so, then herein justly falls the Execution of my Function.] VVell apply'd Don, Ergo Pot-*lid*. No, no, a better Inference by farre; it was *Argumentum ad hominem*, viz. to himselfe, whose Pate itched, it was upon the mending hand, by that signe, and consequently upon the maring; *Exempli gratia*.

Every thing under force is rescuable by my Function.

All these are under a force,

Ergo, They are rescuable by my Function.

The Syllogisme is a very strong one. A Demonstration, *a priori*, as to the Don; as *a Posterior*, to the Slaves: The Major no man durst deny, 'twas *Probatio Leonina*! *quis ausus est quartam partem*? The Minor was visible as the Nose in his Face, nay more, then the Teeth in his Mouth, and ten times more, then meat for those Teeth. The Conclusion is undenyable, *për sètula seculorum*: Thus by one Syllogisme in two Figures the Don hath prov'd himselfe into an Adventure very Logically, his Mood being in *Barbara*, as to the matter of the Rescue, and in *Bocardo*, as to the issue; *a quo*, as

to the Slaves, *ad quem*, as to himselfe and Sancho; who could never perswade him to any prudentiall forbearing of Criminall Encounters; but the Don had a head (like his bad stomack) which converted all into the grosse and filthy Humours of Errantick Valour; which doth rubbe up a storie (wee have not had one a great while, for want of the Barbers Curry-combe) of a Priest who was sure, (let the Text be whence and what it would) to make all the Sermon against *Non-Residency*; which was taken notice of by all sorts of Auditors that heard him; the Priest being himselfe unbenefic'd, and an *Ubiquitary*, made bold (*sede vacante*) as he found room enough to pay the *Non-Residentiaries*, (though they were in the Mother-Churches in the affirmative) for not stopping his mouth with a Living, or with their living upon the place. Now some friends conspired to give this *Itinerant* a Text, whereby he should not possibly rest in his common Notes against *Non-Residents*; The Text was this, *Abram begat Isaac*; they thought they were farre enough from Priest then, and yet they were out, (for *Abraham* paid Tithes to *Melchizedeck*) but our Sir Roger took the Warning, and having Saturday nights (time enough for the Collection of his Authors, which were (as his Land was not) in *Capite*) for premeditation the next day he mounted, and short Prayers premis'd, the Text he nam'd; his Auditory smiling at their owne conceits, of what an irreconcilable peece of Scripture they had propos'd, and *unconcatenable* to his usuall subject. But beyond all expectation, and to the extreme satisfaction of those that knew the Designe: No sooner had he read, — *Abram begat Isaac*, but he adjoyned. A plaine Text (belov'd) against *Non-Residents*; for, if *Abram* had not kept the Company of his good Woman *Sara*, that is, not been *Resident*, then *Isaac* had not been borne. Such kinde of wedded Fancies have many men to one sort or way, that all manner of Discourte is turn'd into the Chyle of their Customary apprehensions and applications, be it *Drollery*, or *Seriousnesse*; Like a Metaphysicall pated Disputant, who, let the Question be, *An Zabarella sinit Scriptorum opt. maximus*? would bring the confounded Replicant to *Materia prima*, by due forme of Argument; where if he caught him, *Tenet occidit*; — he would so Contrund him, and extra-mund him, more then *Materia Prima* it selfe was at the *Chas*: happy noise of the University Bells, who were onely able to put an end to the Matter; or give an *Hæc sufficiunt pro formâ*.

They are men that take delight in acting and relating knaveryes.]

Olim hæc meminisse juvabit.

The soureness of the present Sauce did not take away the sence of their sometime sweet meat, even to the very last swing, and periodical moment of life. Mischiefs will delight themselves with the memorie of those pranks they can no longer act,

Et retinet mores quos perdidit ætas,

is excellently said of *Claudiam*, concerning a superannuate Creature, who (notwithstanding that her yeares did *supercede* her vocation) prudently shifted her Trade into that of a *Matron*, which we call *Priores* of a Vaulting-school, having a great desire to see that work goe on in others, which was ended in her selfe. It is observable, that these *Gusmanillo's* the night before they ascend the Execution Cart, send for their friends of both sexes, and very *Pater-familiarly*, advice them with great Caution, how they come

to the like unfortunate ends; that is, by being too lavish of their Tongues, too much given to Drinke, which betrayes secrets; too much loving a Whore, which is a revealer of their stealthes, but not their own; too much addition to Gaming, which doth waste the small stock their industrious pilfering hath got together, and enforceth them upon fresh Designes; and suddaine; but dangerous Recruits; also hankering after Repentance; and hopes of Pardon, which is alwayes of dangerous consequence, and either alters the whole course of ones owne life, or else the latter, (being base Peachery) brings anothers life to a Halter. Wherefore very solemnly they conjure their friends to doe nothing simply, rashly, or unadvisedly, that should conduce to such Casualties as these; but at all times to steale with great care and prudence; to wench soberly, and undiscover'd; to sweare their Hosts once a Moneth to secrecie, and once a yeare at least to bring 'um into personall Action; and for their Landladies, to Night-work them into silence, that by the mutuall breach of the 7th Commandement they may be true to the Infringers of the 8th; and for the pleasing wrong done to their Husbands, connive at the robbery done to their Neighbours. These Counsels given with some Deprecations to their Children, (if they have any) wishing them the blessing of their labour, their fingers ends upon them; and encouraging them in the way wherein their fore-fathers were bred, they entaile their Professions upon their issue, which is never cut off but with their lives. In that penultimate night is the right farewell to the VVorld, the sense of *Domus*, or *Spelunca Latronum*, truly spoken, the next dayes Pageantry, old Goodcole, the Carr, the Sheriffs, the Halberts, the Psalmes, the Confession, signifie nothing, and are onely *pro forma*, doing *pro more*, as the Custome is, but in truth they are all of the fellowes minde, who is of the Turks, that there is a Fate and Destiny, which is as impossible to escape, as the meanes that brings to it. So that if *Hinde* must be hang'd, he had good reason to see it should not be for nothing.

He answered that his offence was only being in love.

Injunctus est in vincula, et metue nuptiarum, saith *Lipsius*, of one caught in a Love knot, or wedding couples.

But this *Neophyte* was enamor'd with a basket of linnen, it may be a youth in a basker, so left *ab incunabilis*, which was all he had to the charity of the Parish, he did as he was inclin'd by the basket stars, that shone at his nativity, which was the *Talisman* of his whole life. Just as a Taylor for want of work, turn'd into his Trade, but out of his name, a *Fur*, but not manifestus, came to an Inne, where all usage was neat and handsome, and about bed-time, the Shee-Chamberlaine left him, hee desiring the use of the Candle longer, by which very succinctly, he made him a good shirt of one of the holland sheets in the bed, having dispatch'd the threds into the fire, they not being worth a *Limbus* in his Hell. But in the Morning he is very much displeas'd with his lodging, (though he lay better then he had done in a month before, with a good shirt on) for that he had but one sheet, the wench swore she thought he brought two, and none ever imagining the conversion of the linnen, he came cleanly off, though he came lowly on, being better able to staist ever after; such a piece of Love a blade of *Hiemont* in *Cambro Britannia* shew'd to a piece of wandering horse-flesh, wherewith he was as much enamour'd, (as *Europa* of her

Bull)

Bull) for in want of a bridle (and a halter he could not endure) he was enforc'd to embrace the Brute about the neck, and with all speed make to the rode, but the owner being in some grounds not farre off, and espying the cheat, made after him, undiscovered, and being very well hors'd overtook this ranke rider, though the spurs of his affections carried him very furiously & swift away, and requiring of him the reason of his speed, his Countryman sware, Sr, are you in a good houre, the Master of this wild jade? in a good houre, I am replyed the other, (for halfe an houre later, I believe had altered the case. (In troth Country-man (said the thiefe,) it is the joy of my heart, that you have thus happily overtaken me, for this head-strong jade else might very well have runne away with me; the Gentleman was very well pleas'd with his horse and his jest, and unwilling to horse him againe, dismiss'd him under the penaltie of petty larceny, when, for want of ready money, they scot'd upon his back, the postage.

Here it is quite contrary, he that sings onces, and weeps all his life after, he is called a Canary Bird. This fellow is of the despis'd order of the Confessours, those I meane of our Tyburn Confessours, to whom, confesse and be hang'd are convertible; for if you fesse you're hang'd, and your hang'd is confes. But the *Parot* is laugh'd and abus'd by them all, *Facillimum est tacere*, he is fit to be throated that cannot shut his mouth. Could he not say, *Not guilty my Lord*, but upon the first question undo himselfe, and comrades, and occasionally deprives the World of a succession of *Knight-Errants*, who were destin'd relievers of Ladies, (Market-women returning home laden) rescuers of intrahled Creatures, (poor sensible Animals lock'd and fetter'd) surprizers of Castles, (such as every mans house is) setters free of the imprisoned Queen (*Regina Pecunia*, let her confinement be to Iron Chest, or Castle under ground;) chafers and subduers of Monsters, (all honest men travelling upon their occasions;) Disinchanters of *Negromancers*, (disrobers of *Gypsies*, *Canberry Besses*, and the like *Bona Robas* of the times;) One confessour, one puling, snitling, Hen-hearted Rogue, is sometime the ruine of a set, a pack, a covie of these valiant Heroes, whom the Annals had swell'd with; but for the Interception of a few yeares, concluded in a Triangle, which was intended for the Circle.

I goe to the Lady Garrupes, for five yeares; because I wanted ten Ducats.

This was a pleasant Rogue, that rattled his Chaiues, made Musick of his Fetters, and sang with his breast against the Thornes. It was pittie, that for want of a little money, a Bribe, or so, so brave a spirit should tuge at an Oare! But hang it, it was for five yeares, and what's that to the age of man, which is threescore and ten in the traine of the world. He sweetens all the miserie by making *Proserpina* his Lady, the Turn-keyes wife a *Madona*: such comforts they raise to themselves, who shaking hands, heads, and heeles at Madam *Tyburja's*, Cofin german to the Lady *Garrupes*, tell their friends that they are invited for a yeare and a day to the Lord *Mayors* Banqueting House, (which is all one with *Apud infernos cenabimus*;) others, in other places, vaile and couch it, under riding the wooden Horse, covering *Bagwells* Mare, dining under the *Hawthorne tree*, turning *Mahometts*, and without a Load-stone residing betwixt Heaven and Earth: And while they live in the like *Metaphors* (for the other are *Allegories* and continue for ever)

ever) they name their Fetters Love-knots, their Ropes Fancies, (which for the honour of their Ladies they will weare to the death) their Goales their Castles, their Carts their Chariots, in which they ride in Triumph from *Metropolis* to *Tripletria*: And a Father these all have, *Derich*, or his successor, and the Mother of the grand Family, *Maria Sciss-Mansupia*, who is seldom troubled at the losse of any of them, having many, and to spare, and fearing no want of succession, because there are so many lineally descended one from another.

Don Quixot went to the fourth, who was a man of venerable person, with a long white Beard which reached to his bosome.]

Non Barba facit Philosophum.

A man may have a very goodly Beard, and yet be a *Pimpe*: and a man may have never a haire on his head, and be a *whoremaster*; and a man may have ne'r a haire in his face, and be an *Eunuch*. *Fronti nulla fides*; Beards of all fashions are nought; and you need not so precisely keep your wife from *Black-beard*, *Browne* is as dangerous, *Yellow* worst, and *Red* worst of all.

Et de virtute locuti—

—Clunem agitant.

Cato would be drunke, and *Morose* together; and the old *Sages*, the *Gray-beards*, had their *Lycases*, *Ganymeds*, and pretty *Cleopatras*, as well as *Jupiter*, *Cesar*, or *Mark Antonie*. These Brokers of the *Eare*, Inventors of the venerable *Hotacusticon*, or *Priapus* Whilp'ring place, are the same sort of Engineers, as our Procurers, Match-makers, Limb-comforters, Informers unto the Vice, not against it; who are walking Tickets, and moveable Papers of inclining Ladies Lodgings, where the Beautie, (like the Room next vacation) is to be let ready furnish'd. This Affaire is much manag'd by Matrons in our *Clime*, unless it be when both Parents consent in the Construpation of a Daughter; then (as my Father *Ben* saith) they cannot be matched.-- I have a short story (*Credent ne poster!*) of the truth of this last practice: Where the Mother was brib'd to the violation of her onely, and that a very handsome childe; the gravity of the Mothers person would have deterr'd an ill inclin'd *Roman* from the vice; but our *Northern* Lads are unappeasable: A round summe is propos'd, the place appointed even at her own house, in a room just over the Chamber, where this piece of Antiquity taught schoole; In which the shrieks of her de-virginated Daughter came, which put her unto the most horrid shift of all, to smother the noise of Lust with the Tones of a Psalm, which the & her Scholars sung aloud, and the second part too, whiles the other above sung damnable Notes to a godly Ditty. The highest practice of Impiety that ever I heard of and perform'd many yeares before the late Reformation, but betwixt the time of the first; otherwise *Hopkins* and *Sternhold* could not have been instrumentall to a piece of Incontinency; unto the performance whereof, (like Musick in the *AB*) perchance *Dauids* Penitentiall, unregarded, might be the Hymne. This story is not Father'd upon this bad Mother, but it is set downe to shew you, that *Italy* and *Venice*, *Spaine* and *France*, have more open toleration of sport; but great Purles can doe amongst us as much as ever it did at *Rome*; and *Anima Parentum*, as well as *Corpora Filiarum*, are venal. This Childe without doubt had this

Originall

Originall sinne from her Parent, and from whence she learn'd this pious fraud is too long to enquire.

If that [smack of Witchcraft were not in it, he merited not.] It is ordinary to impute our own Lapses (which lay in our wills sometimes to have resolved) to the power of the Devill, tempting and over-ruling us. A wench willingly seduced, and poyson'd, (as they say) was thus expostulating with herselfe *post rem factam, & se infestam*. What a gracelesse Quean was! what a forgetfull hot-tail'd Carrion? Right! very right! Sure I was bewitched, there she was excentrick! Nay, without peradventure the Devill was in me! And with a high sigh, considering her early Hillock, said; Shame on me, it was the Devill Incarnate. This Confession not extorted, nor subtilly wrought out by any Examiner, but a shifting, thriving Conscience, may very well be preambulatory to her owne Absolution, and to this scandall from our Broker of the Eare, who following the steps of his first subtil Master plyes that part which he began with, and so at last got from one Round to another. Look to your Eare-rings Ladies, strange bobs hang thereby.

Although I know very well, that no Sorcery in the World can move or force the Will.] Medicated Garters, Gloves, Handkerchiefs, Heart-breakers, Ribbands, Fillits, Fancies, Pictures, nor Platonick Ipeculation, (which if there be any thing neare Witch-craft, or Knight-Ernantry, is without Question of the surest side) finde any faith in our *Don*, who for this Tenet (for in other things *quantum distat*) may be accounted a wise man by the authority of the first Verse that ever mov'd foot in his behalfe:

Sapiens dominabitur Astro.

And if it be in the power of a Knight-Ernan to resist and counter-worke the Influences of the Starres, who are his higher Brother *Planeta*, and so (with the Sunnes leave) as many Monsters as ever *Quixot* did; which Starres more subtilly and naturally incline our tempers; and if their vertues may be rebated by a moderate Fasting, and sufficiently mortified Body, or rather as our *Don's* was mortar-fied. D'you thinke a few Herbes shall doe it? I dare presume, that let *Medea* have gathered what Plants she pleas'd, at what time of the night she thought most effective, and with what words she pleas'd too; let them have been made into a grand Saller, with Oyle, Sugar, Almonds, Vinegar, and the rest of the French *Coques* Ingredients, *Quixot* and *Sancho* should have made no more danger of it, but eate it as heartily, and with as good successe, as if *Mary Gutierrez* had prepared against their coming home a *Tansy* of *Clare*, for the reparation of her *Sancho's* backe; and another of *Coxcombo*, for the discerebratings of his Knights head.

I goe here, because I have jested too much with two Cousin Germans of mine owne.] The Rogue lyes to the *Don* and his Cousins too; for he was in earnest with them, and they took it: Insomuch, that if there were but few Trees or none in *Spaine*, he ought to have been sent to *Rome*, and hang'd upon the *Arbor Civilis* for an example; which by these disorderly intermixtures he hath made so knotty, that it hath chang'd many a *Bartolus* (with rubbing his Pate to finde the right names for his Off-spring) into *Baldus*. It is the latter end of the Character of this slave, that he was a *Student*, a great Talker, and a very good Latinist. All these he might be; for *Scientia* and

R

Morét

Mores doe not alwayes meet in the same person, though it were a very handsome Conjunction: But you finde his *studeo* (*Mus è contra*) *flans*; and he is not so great a *Talker*, but as great a *Doer* too; and for his Latine Tongue, that could be no sinne, unlesse in that *Catholike* Tongue he did corrupt the Whore of *Babylon*.

Don Quixot ask'd who was this so loaden with Irons, and why? Because he had done more Villanies than they all.] This Rogue was at full years, in the strength of his age, a handsome fellow, (as we say of those we never doe commend but once) the rest of his Company were singular knaves, but this was *Nomen multitudinis*; A Book must comprehend his life, and no better pen-man then himselfe; if he could be true to any, certainly he would not cheat us in his owne Story. In the Parchments of his body (for he was for the Antique Records) much of his History was to be read, in a very high *Rubrick*, which upon solemne dayes was seen, and the part re-stigmatiz'd according to order: In his hand was another Impression, in his forehead another, another in his shoulder, which were severall Editions of some small Pamphleticall labours of his, which are now to be collected into one intire Volume, bound up together like the Author; and to be tyed in memory of *Gines Passamont*, in the *Vatican*, in Chaines, when the first Edition shall come forth, *Correctior & non Emendatior*.

Gines Passamont, or, Ginesilio of Parapilla.] This latter name of *Parapilla*, *Gines* doth abominate, the Creatures of the Rode changing names as oft as High-ways, which they never ply above two Termes. As for example, Now he is taken and apprehended by the name of *Passamont*; at other times, and upon emergencies of occasions, *Passé-a-brook*, *Passé-a-ditch*, *Passé-a-way*, *Passé-a-ver*, *Passé-a-repàs*; but this the best name, if with a *Convenit res nomini*.

One *Pass-a-galley* were worth a Kingdome: beside what a great adornment to the *Grande Opus* of his life would it be, if it might not be concluded among the Brethren of the Oare, but bespunge out to the utmost thred in the noble Enterprizes that Fate and his owne Genius had necessitated and inclined him to.

This Book was pawned in Prison for 200 Royalls, and is redeemable for so many Duckets.] You may read in this Book the abuse of Prisoners, which at first was bound for Pence, and cannot get out under payment of Pounds; the expence of the Prison, and the Keepers Fees, and Rent-money for the liberty of the Rules, (without Rule) extending beyond the Libertie of the People even to *Constantinople*, where those that live under the Turk are more kindly us'd then those that live under Jewes at home, mercilesse Jaylers, and hungry Wardens, who fleece the sheep brought to their Pounds, worse then a Wolf a Lamb. But *Gines* after his Captivity ended, for he did *Passé* a Jew in slavery, never out a whole seven years together: so that he reckons his life by the *lustra* of his Imprisonments, the first five of his Innocency and Infancy going for nothing; so that he hath play'd at fives excellently well, and his *Quinquatria* of once every fifth year, (in the Gallies, or some place of like eminence) except before excepted, render him according to the Spanish and his own account, *trigesimo etatis*, which (if he had been guilty of so many crimes in England) would have been *Gregorian*, which is a just Account indeed, but very killing.

The

The *Commissarie* held up his rod to strike.] Molops our insulting Officer is incens'd; the Tyranny of such Superiors is intolerable; and when the State hath taken the Will-liberty of his hands and feet from him, these will deprive him of his naturall freedom, if it were possible they would muzzle his mouth; but *Gines* is mumm'd presently, he saw it was but a word and a Blow, and it was better and more selfe-preservingly done to leave him to the *Sarcasmes* of his Book, then by a shoulder-experience to have learn'd how to write a lirrall invective against him. But see the Valour of these Brutes, not much unlike the victory of *Aeneas*, and a fellow-Deity to boot, upon a simple woman, (as *Dido* is pleas'd to call her selfe, though she doubled I believe with one of those Deities.)

*Egregiam vero laudem & spolia ampla tulisti,
Tuque puerque tuus, magnum & memorabile nomen:
Una dolo Divum si femina visâ duorum!*

Which for the honour of *Gines*, and the perpetuall stigma of such Barbarous *Custodes*, let it speak English thus:

*What glory may be in the Victory found,
If a loose Devill beat a Prisoner bound?*

It seems to me a rigorous manner of proceeding to make slaves of them whom God and Nature hath made free.] How farre this freedom or exemption from punishment is disputable, tenable, or otherwise, hath not by any Defenders of the Liberty been yet shewne. For *Don Quixot*, who seems as the instant very much to Patronize the cause of these (*contra Legem Naturæ*) enthralled, doth at other times very highly tyrannize, and gave *Sancho* (his friend *Sancho*, Townes-borne Children, and of the better Face, of equall sufferings) but for doing the work of Nature (I meane not that of Disfentation,) but of laughing, such a blow upon his free-borne shoulders, that if he had not been a laughing-stock indeed, the blowes had confounded him: but here he is for freedom, and anon for Distahce, Observance, Reverence. However the Theme was sweet, and the Rhetorick pleasing, and findes more Beleevers then experienc'd souldiers; and therefore *Don Quixot's* Oration was received as *Cæsars* at the passe of *Rubicon*; when his speech against the insulting, covetous Faith-breaking Senate was applauded by the whole Army, and the Countries where he came, crying out, Downe with the Senate, downe with them: Long live the people of Rome, and the Liberties of the Commons: all this while crying down that Authority, and not knowing what would succeed; or whether *uni Cæsari multos Marios*, whether *Q. Elizabeths*, or *Maries* dayes were better; which is worst to endure, Fire, or Sequestration?

Goe on the way, good Sir, and settle the *Bâton* right on your head.] What touch our Helmet, touch it with so high indignity as to call it a *Bâton*? 'Tis a Defiance which presently amounted to a *Tournament*; a *Tournament*, to an Over-turne, that to a *Dismount*, which happened upon the first Barriers, where low lies the *Commissarie*, and *Don Quixot* rides like *Jupiter liberator*, guilty of a Rescue, and *Sancho Pança*, (who all this time through feare of the Guard, Lawlesse and Witlesse) suspecting Victory, that she would play the Jade, and not keep the same side still, was auxiliary to the slaves, and the fettery Hand-Cuffs of *Gines Passamont*, and all his Iron-work lopp'd off, and the Cord of Amity and Friendship of his Fellowes broken, they

all (as now in Duty they stood loose) took part with their Rescuer, or Restoror Quixot, and so pelted the guard, that they had very hard pay for their Convey, and glad to retreat, they left the Prisoners to Don Quixot, Master of the Field, and Lord of Six, which he counted a *Sexcenturio*: And imagining himself *Generalissimo*, he thus makes his Oration to his new-form'd Army.

Don Quixot's Oration to the Slaves Redeem'd.

Quirites (Gentlemen Souldiers all)
And fellow Souldiers too, (such I you call,
Such is your Generals meekness,) Free-borne Blades,
And made Free-Blades by Me, from hungry Trades,
Tugging at Oares, or digging in the Mines
For Wealth and Oare, (he ne'r enjoys that fides)
Made capable to feed your selves, not eat
The pittances of Madam Garrupes meat,
Dry'd Eeles, and th' Eeles skins for digestion,
Poore John, and what that is 's a question;
Stock-fish, and Haberdine, and splitted Hakes,
Dry'd Sprats, Cockles, Dog-fish, and Sun-dry'd Cakes.
What is that thing your Emperor shall aske?
What is it that you'll think too great a taske?
Methinks I heare Gines Passamont require,
Where my commands will be through Water, Fire,
Or over Mountains, or down steepy Rocks?
Or if againe we shall binde on these Locks,
From whence your power hath newly loos'd us; we
Shall be more proud of such Captivity,
Then any freedom of our owne: 'Tis so;
Once more then on your Necks these Laces throw,
Once more in Chains, but never after this;
You must be Pilgrims to my Queen of blisse,
Dulcinea of Toboso, Lady bright,
Bright as the Stars, black-mantled all in night:
Her, and Toboso's Pallace having found,
Humble your selves, and click your Chains to th' ground.
Tell her you are Don Quixots Freed-men, tell
That he hath ransom'd you from Death and Hell,
From Furies, and things worse tormentative,
Devills incarnate; that you are alive,
It is the Guerdon of his Armes and Lance
Which Masters all, when it doth once advance.
Say you besides, with a most signall grace,
Thus spake the Knight of the Ill-favour'd Face,
And kissing thrice the ground, rose from the place.

Gines

Gines Passamont answered for all the rest, sayings

Gines Passamont's Reply to his Emperour.

Then Passamont's th' name of all the rest,
Bowing his body, as became him best,
(Honour'd Releaser said,) Command what is
Fecible, and not impossibilities.
How can we all in such Procession go,
The Holy Brothers ranging so and fro;
And all wayes laid to take us for th' escape,
And Hues and Cries in every Village gape?
Not that I Lightning, or fell Thunder feare,
(Unless that Lightning before death appear.)
Why should your Excellency thus value us,
As to designe us, new releas'd, to th' Gallows?
'Twere better ne'r to have been freed, then I
Should now surrender to a Hue and Cry;
And on the next all wee, in these soap'd Chaines,
Gines Passamont should give the Crowes his braines,
Those braines that form'd and fram'd that glorious work,
(Greater then Tamerlains, that slew the Turk,)
Whom he did keep in Iron Cages; till, wroth,
He beat his braines out, which to goe were loath.
O Sir, some nobler thing command:
Cannot you change? it is not under hand,
Nor Persian Edict: Knights of the Round-Table
Were never said to be unalterable.
If that your Queen were her they call of Faries,
(As if she's like to you, you must be Parcs)
Would it not be a swell to have some Aves,
Such pious Santes as we shall get God save yeels,
With equall Creeds, and equall Pater nosters,
We will roar out in most amazing postures:
Both night and day we will frequent the place,
Praying you both have a like Favour'd race.
That whoe'er behold the valiant youth,
May swear 'twas spet out of Don Quixots mouth.
But for this Boon, dread Sir, doe not pursue it,
For to be short and plaine, we will not doe it.

I sweare, said Don Quixot, throughly enraged, th' sooner if you shew, Don Ginesio Paropillio. This peremptory Deniall made the Don all flame within, and spoke and smok'd without, insomuch, that he fund and foam'd, (like a Boares head on a Chafing-dish) and mounting upon Rosinant, he rode up to the Head of the Foot, and to the Hand of that Head, and with his Face full of Wroth, and filthy Fury, setting his hand to his Lance, and his Lance to his side, and an Oath in his mouth, (which was none of the smallest. By the faith of my Mother, as swore the Knight) whose

very

very picture I am, when she seem'd me under the Line, thou sonne of *Lupa*,
Don Givres of Pafson-offa, or *Don Ginger-bread of Parapompeon*, or by what
 Title soever call'd, or mis-call'd;

*Thou'lt better eaten Tarre, then from thy chops
 Had sell such rude, and undigested drops:
 I destin'd thee unto a Linck of Chaines,
 Now load it all upon his neck profane,
 Untill with weights (as due) it crack againe.
 And for these bold presumptuous words alone,
 (All these remitted) without Hise, or Shoon,
 Unto Dulcinea (Pilgrims poore) be gone.*

He winked on his Companions, and going aside, they sent such a showre of
 flowers.] See, see the wheele of Fortune! O Vicissitude! O Moone! O
 Madnesse, to think it can be otherwise to men under the Moon! Trust not
 to Honour, she's an Eele; nor to Victory, she's a Wheele; nor to Riches,
 they are Witches; nor to Popularity, that short-liv'd Charity; nor to
 Friends, for Love is for Ends; nor to Allyes, for none can tell who cries
 when he is dead, and cold is his head. Our *Grand-Signior Don* of the *Man-
 cha* and *Sexcenturiat* is un-Ottom, and by his own Janizaries, and *Sancho-Ma-
 bomet* hangs betwixt two Opinions, and knows not which side to take: *Paf-
 samont* not mov'd with the Reverence of his looks, nor the Majesty of his
 Helmet, bears the Brazen Diadem about his Tinne-pot face, and with shoals
 of stones so pelts him, that the Knight lookt for his end, and to lye buried
 under small Pebbles, and other Rubbish, as if he had dy'd in a *Pitch-field*:
Rosinante is over-turned, and lyes all foure upward, as if the Earth had
 back'd him, and he was riding into the Aire. *Sancho* is uncanonically us'd,
 and strip of his *Caslock*, under whose pious Covert many a Henne and
 Chicken hung, as small Birds in a cleft stick. The Ass is (as alwayes) *Animal
 cogitabundum & obtusum*, and so stands, and they all not much unlike.
 But the *Don* is most dejected at the apprehension that these his Captives
 should returne him stones for bread, paine for ease, and confinement to a
 wilde Mountaine, for their enlargement to the wide world, where we must
 look him now, if we will finde him, for the *Don* doth not goe now to seek,
 but to hide.

CHAP. IX.

*An Honourable Retreat, with Horses flying,
 with bodies furl'd, and Colours like men dying:
 Lance trail'd, and Rosinantes pendent eares not prickt,
 Unless sometimes, when Don his dull sides kickt.
 Still like himselfe our Don, for as in fight,
 He ran into the thickest, so in flight:
 No Hare so intricate a Maze could make,
 And by their Doubles they like courage take:*

But

*But Sancho does runne Counter-posting back,
 That he may finde the Path in the same Track.
 But now they'r got into the uncouth place
 Of all the Mountaine, where a little space
 Spent in Refection, little there was dress,
 Their Belly's full, their bones were soon at rest.
 Here with eyes clos'd full close, and open nose,
 Knight and Squire-Errant, take their loud repose.
 Not Errant now, no nor in dreams, nor thought;
 For want of Fancies Scouts; a Mischief's wrought;
 (Such as our after-times will sadly Rue)
 Sanch's Ass is stolne, (such Asses were but few.)
 And never bray'd, nor gave the shrill Onch, Onch;
 For Pessimont the slave had slyly slunk
 Into Morena for a skulks, and gazing,
 Espies two Asses sleeping, and one grazing.
 These undisturb'd he leaves; but takes great care
 For Sancho's Brute, to shew him better fare.
 Pancha i'ib' Morn' had e'en departed too,
 Not out, but in the Mountaine, when the view
 Of an old Wallet, lin'd with yellow Boyes,
 Turn'd his Ass-Funerals to gallant joyes:
 He thinks not now of Tiliings, nor to fight,
 But he will purchase Governments down-right,
 He'll buy the Island of the needy Lownes
 And for the future save their Pates, not Crowns.
 But O the Mischief! here's a Devilish block,
 The Owner of the Gold, the Knight o'ch' Rock
 Appears, and in strict hugs, and close embrace,
 The Knight o'ch' Rocks and the Ill-favour'd Face
 Encounter one the other; Tales are told,
 Which Sancho likes, but not a word o'ib' gold.*

TEXT.



O doe good to men unthankfull, is to cast water into the Sea, &c.]

Perditur Oceano gutta.

Our English Proverb, though not against Ingratitude, is
 as smart; for it is all one to be unthankfull as unfeisible, so
 that, To greeke a fat Sow in the Taile, comes much to one
 end. But these two Proverbs in their executions and appli-
 cations are not alike; for few throw water into the Sea; or if once it have
 been done, it is never seconded upon the same person. For we so natural-
 ly love Flattery and Applause for all our gratuities, that if we misse out
 vaine-glorious Harvest, wee never sow seed in that barren and *Leathan*
 ground againe. But on the other side, when we are in the veine of Presents;
 and that to great ones, Curtesies not acknowledged are suspected, that they
 were either guilty of Intemperativity and unseasonableness, or else of want
 of Worth and Glory. This puts the Client, the Sutor, the Flatterer, the
 Prodiges,

Prodigo, the *Expettant*, to fresh charge and new counsell of gifts, till they have either wearied their Purfes, or their eminent (but taking friend) into a small resentment, by importunity, and multiplyed Repetition.

The Holy Brother-hood care not two *Farthings* for all the Knight-Errants in the world.] A Brother of the Sword could doe no more: but this *Holy Brother-hood*, were Brothers of the Whippe, or Bulls-pizzle. I believe, (such as the *Fratres* of Bride-well) whom to offend is a double punishment, starving and stripping: they are revenged upon back and belly, giving this too little, and that too much. But *Sancho* doth very much dignifie the Title of *Knight-Errants*, who it seemes in *Spaine* were esteemed no better then *Vagrants*, and passable from Tithing-man to Tithing-man.

Upon condition thou shalt never tell any mortall Creature, that I with-drew for feare, but onely to satisfie thy requests.] This Adventure of *Sancho's* promoting, was the safest they yet encountred, the Adventure of Retirement, which was well ominously, and politickly ingaged on with an Oath of Secrecie. It will well become all spirits of equall undertakings with our *Don*, and equall successe, to swear their Seconds, and Company, never to reveal the unfortunate issue of any fight, nor the necessities of a Retreat, whether orderly, or otherwise, as great Feare or Apprehension of Danger shall direct. But that you may see in what a stout Accent, with what Princely Gate, what undaunted Countenance a *Don* can make an escape, take *Sancho's* Sanctuary, or else, like *Robin Hood*, befor the green Hills, presuming a shrug or two preparatively made:

Thus highly speaks—The Knight that sneaks.
Retreat! Retire! O base! But *Sancho* swears,
Advance thy mouth unto our grisly haire;
And knab a Lock of that contorted curl,
That breaks the heart of faire *Toboso's* Gurl.
Swear to a Haire, swear by those sable Locks,
'Twas thy desire to live mongst Trees and Stocks;
Swear that I went for Company, swear (*Sirrah*)
That I ne'r led the way into *Sierra*.
For though in all the Tables they shall finde
Me on the Forlorne, *Sancho Panch* behind;
Yet in this businessse, (if't be cut in Brasse,
Or wood, all's one) I followed here the *Asse*:
For what could *Rosinante* doe with his proud Bristles?
The *Asse* was best for guide through Thorns and Thistles.

CHAP.

CHAP. X.

The Knight o' th' rock, and Knight o' th' harder face,
Salute each other in most Courty grace:
Look on these postures, who'l judge him o' th' Rocks,
Mad for a Mistresse, or the Don for knocks?
Such civiliz'd deportment, shews of Love,
As Rock and Bad-face had been hand and Glove;
With strenuous Complements, (above the School,
Of *Sr John Daw*, or Amorous *Le Fool*.)
The Don obtaines *Cardenio's* wofull Tale,
Where doth not Armes and Rhetorick prevails?
Great was the attention o' th' ill-favour'd Knight,
Who for *Dulcinea* was in wofull plight.
As oft as *Ferdinand* *Luscinda* prais'd,
A panning feare in his fond breast it rais'd.
Toboso too was flesh and blood; and how
If some great Prince should vacuate her vow?
'Twould prove of dangerous consequence for us,
To have our Ladies so adventurous;
But yet *Cardenio* gave no ground to raise
Such scruples, but *Luscinda* still doth praise,
And prosecutes his Story with such graces
That it astonish'd all upon the place,
And the Don too; for so it fortun'd,
He beat the Tale into his Cockscombs head.

TEXT.



Ruly good *Sr's* whoe'er you are, for I know you not, I doe with all my heart gratifie, &c.] Behold and view the very Picture of the *Salutation-Taverne* reform'd; an *Andaluzian*, and a *Manchegan* in the Spanish mode, passing *Punctilios* upon one another. I wonder it escap'd our Pencil men, especially when they had so many Signes to alter. A *Knight-Errant* and a *Bedlam* exactly drawn, in the liveliest postures of the *Madrid Salutation*, would have been as magnetick and beneficiall to the house, as the Renowned pieces of *John a Green*, or *Mul-fack*.

The Knight of the Rock did nothing but behold him, and re-beheld him from top to toe.] Certainly these two enlarg'd their Organs beyond the Sphere of their ordinary capacities. It is thought by the unusuall dilatation of their optic Nerves, they had so far extended their eyes, that all that instant, they might have been taken for a brace of *Saracens*; and as their postures before made 'um unfit for *Tavernes*, so these for *Innes*.

After viewing him well he said, if you have any meat, give it me for Gods sake.] *Cardenio*, being to make a full relation of his misfortunes, desires to eat first, and being quick at meat, was quick at worke, for having filled himselfe from the Wallets, he forthwith filled their Eares with a most
S
passionate

passionate Story, which he did more sagely and deliberately deliver, then could be expected from such wild looks, and strange postures. The Story you shall have in Verse, because it is long, and the bestowing Feet upon it, will make it passe away the quicker.

Cardenio's story.

My name is Cardenio, the place of my Birth, one of the best Cities in Andalusia.

1.

*Cardenio is my name, my Birth
In one of Andalusias
Best Cities, which hath got the praise,
For one o' th' choicest Seates on Earth.*

2.

*My Parents did in wealth abound,
As I in sad Misfortunes doe,
(Wealth is no Antidote for Woe)
Such as else-where cannot be found.*

3.

*In the same Cities round there shin'd,
A beauty of transcendent grace,
Who made a Heaven of the place,
Yet to my ruine was assign'd.*

4.

*Luscinda was this Angels name,
And she had earthly glories too,
(If Wealth and Honour ought can doe,
To magnify a Ladies Fame.)*

5.

*Loves suell in our Child-hood glow'd,
And when we knew not what w' would have,
To amorous play our selves we gave,
And innocent fire along flow'd.*

6.

*Untill with yeares the flame grew high,
And our wife Parents 'gan to see,
These fires could not extinguish'd be,
But by our mutuall tie.*

7.

*Luscinda's Father fear'd our Loves
Might unresisted run, whereby
A non-admittance unto me,
My faith and loyall temper proves.*

8.

*Like Pyramus and Thisbe then,
Through crannies we did Court,
And chinks and holes, convey'd our sport,
(Made stronger by her Fathers Pen.)*

9.

*Restraint in Flames and Currents stopp'd
Runne wilder, and most furious break
Poor Damms, (in Combate too too weak.)
And winds oppos'd will ne're be topp'd.*

10.

*(Deny'd access, and tongues up ty'd)
To Paper Stratagems we turn'd,
Our passions then in Letters burn'd,
And the conveyance was our pride.*

11.

*And by the Emblem of true Love,
(A feather'd Messenger well taught)
Were constant Letters to us brought,
And we well paid the Carrier Dove.*

12.

*On it as on Luscinda's Lips,
Vvere kisses plentifully laid,
The Dove (as if accompt it made)
The loving tally justly keeps :*

13.

*And with the letter would approach,
Which 'bout her colour'd Neck was hung,
And soon as that was once unstrung,
To Bill Luscinda 'twould inroach.*

14.

*So that Luscinda knowing well,
The Bird did nothing, but 'twas taught,
Her Lips unto like kindnesse brought,
And paid my Favours with a fragrant smel.*

15.

*For that the kisses came from her,
Might be assur'd to me, (hee sum'd
Her Lips in Civer (I presum'd)
Which I upon her did consecre.*

16.

*Thus did we blow our warm desires,
And words (like wind) increas'd the flame;
The papers did afford us game,
VVe liv'd upon fantastick fires.*

17.

*At last, impatient of delays,
I undertooke a deadly taske,
It was Luscinda stout to aske,
Of her Lov'd Sire, and brook no naies.*

18.

*A thousand stops, a thousand onwards made.
As damm'd to Sisyphus his stone;
I forward went, yet back was throwne;
Couragious now, and now afraid.*

19.
 Courage at last prevail'd, and I
 Accosted him, whom most I fear'd,
 And told him how I was indeer'd
 Unto *Luscinda*, shee to me.

20.
 My Love was Noble, and scorn'd wealth,
 A Jewell of that value shou'd
 Be purchas'd by a servitude:
 A Thiefe is Master of no wealth.

21.
 Wherefore his liking was the band,
 Which us yet sever'd bindes,
 (Tied fast enough in heart and mindes)
 And for the second eye I stand.

22.
 An answer gracious he bestow'd,
 That I vouchsaf'd to honour his,
 And made his only pledge my blisse,
 And sugred language plenty flow'd.

23.
 Then with a gravity he said,
Cardenio, still thy Father lives;
 Both Parents legal consent gives,
 Let him but say't, and thine's the Maid.

24.
 Such wings the Answer gave my soule,
 That I was straight-way flying home,
 But thither when I joyfull come,
 Strange news my wavering Fates controule.

25.
 As I my due approaches made,
 Resolv'd to aske *Luscinda* Wife,
 Duke *Ricards* Letter, as my life
 He bid me read, my Rife was laid.

26.
Cardenio, look you there, the Duke,
 I know not whence the occasion is,
 Courts you unto his Court in this,
 As in a glasse your fortunes looke.

27.
 None of the least Grandees of Spaine,
 (But yet in *Andaluzia* chiefe)
 Duke *Ricard* was; that my belife
 In his great Offers were not vain.

28.
 The Invitation it was high,
 No lesse then be companion,

Unto Duke *Ricards* eldest sonne;
 Few were so fortunate as I!

29.
 And as I read, my heart did swell,
 Dilated with the joyfull news;
 Fond Fool! I too ambitious,
 Thought happinesse at Court did dwell.

30.
 But then my Father strook me dumb,
 Saying *Cardenio*, yet two dayes,
 Thy welcome person with us staves,
 And then for Court, thy time is come.

31.
 These were too bigge for one poor Breast,
 Nor could I keep them, but my faire
Luscinda was to keep her share,
 That Cabinet became them best.

32.
 With these a thousand kisses past,
 And promises of constancy,
 And teares did issue from her eye,
 And cry'd, pray heaven thy Love doe last.

33.
Cardenio I and with that a sigh,
 Take heed *Cardenio* of the Court,
 It hath (my love) no good report,
 And thou art young, and absent I.

34.
 Absent? *Luscinda* didst thou see?
 Where thou full deep engraven art,
 Thou'dst find thy picture in my hart;
Cardenio said, I live by thee.

35.
 Then grasping her faire hand he vow'd
 A constancy so firme and true,
 Angelick Formes should not allure,
 (If they more faire could be allow'd)

36.
 Nay, nay, *Cardenio* you're at Court,
Luscinda blushing said,
 (And by those colours Truth is made,)
 Which he devis'd in Loves sport.

37.
 But envious Time cut off the rest,
 Of pretty talk; their lips doe now
 Transact, all closely seal and vow,
 And unto secrecie are prest.

38.

Parted at length with much a doe,
By the quaint language of the eye,
A thousand farewells you might spee,
If you doe know the Art to wee.

39.

Her Father now was come, and put
An end to all, but thoughts;
Salutes did passe, and both besought,
That time true-Loves knot might not cut.

40.

The good old Man could nought denye,
(For on *Luscinda* he did dote)
And as she would, he pass'd his vote,
Lest crossing her should make her dye.

41.

VVith these good Auspices rejoyc'd,
To the Dukes Court *Cardenio* flies,
VVhere all regard well justifies;
The Duke did Love him as 'twas voic'd.

42.

Honour'd byah' Duke, and's eldest sonne,
But envied of the followers,
I found that flatteries and feares,
Possessed wholly every one.

43.

It 'twas too much, they thought, that I
Should in the Father and the sonne
Hold such a strong affection,
That they me nothing would deny.

44.

But when they saw Lord *Ferdinand*,
(The second sonne of Duke *Ricard*)
Shew me such Love, such high Regard,
They fawn'd on that they can't withstand.

45.

And then, as the known Favorite,
I often was applyed unto,
And praises heard, which were not due;
In which more danger is then spight.

46.

Don Ferdinand did so exceed
In his exalted Love, that nought
He fear'd or lov'd, his very thought
He did impart, I was his Creed.

47.

Not his own Brother would he trust,
(Though they did love most deare)

With what he whisper'd in my care,
And once admit; retain I must.

48.

So dangerous the secrets are
Of Princes, that they fire the brest,
Where they lye lodg'd as a dark nest,
And if divulg'd they make a Warre.

49.

But that which touch'd Lord *Ferdinand*,
Was an unequall love he bare,
Unto a Virgin rich and Faire,
A Farmers daughter of the Land.

50.

He told me all the passages,
Of his long Suit, and how the maid
Could by no Arts be once betray'd,
Nor would give care to wanton pleas.

51.

Which forc'd him to a solemne oath,
Made only to intrap her soule,
For he intended actions soule,
Yet swore they would be married both.

52.

Then what my power was I tried,
And with perswasion strong dissuade
His further hankring on the maid,
Which all his honour vilified.

53.

What, would a Lord of so high blood,
Such expectations from abroad,
Take up a daughter of the road,
And in a barne Nurse up his brood?

54.

What talke would this be in his owne?
And what in other Princes Courts?
Where your two names should be their sports;
And the whole Table of the Towne.

55.

What a defeat might it chance prove?
Unto the Dukes contriv'd designs;
If to some forreign Prince, he minded,
To send you for a Noble Love,

56.

O (Sr) that gallant master are
Of Valour, not to be envied,
Nor equall'd, let a worthy pride
Make you disdain this humble Ware;

57.

Don Ferdinand fear'd this loyall friend
Might (as he meant) disclose his mind
Unto the Duke ; He then did wind,
As if toth' Sute he'd put an end.

58.

Cardenio, see, thou hast o'rcome,
So Potent are thy words, so true,
That I the mischiefs will excuse
Foresee, thy reasons strike me dumb.

59.

Come, let us fly temptations strong,
They cannot follow where we'l goe :
For none but thee and I will know,
Where we'l retire, from Love, and wrong.

60.

Thy City Famous is for breed
Of the great Horse ; under pretence
Of buying these we will gethence,
And with new work our Fancy feed.

61.

When he once nam'd my Native place,
You would not think with what content
His plot did please me, for I went
Joy'd, I might see *Luscindas* face.

62.

My Lord (said I) y'have Counsell'd right,
Absence and businesse will estrange,
And often minds with places change,
Out of our thought, once out of sight.

63.

Having obtained the Fathers leave,
We forthwith will away,
VVhat danger may be in the stay,
Your honour cannot but conceive.

64.

But *Ferdinand* had further reach
For he'd enjoy'd his Country Maid,
And of the effects was now afraid,
Such works in time, themselves will peach.

65.

And though through oaths and vows he got
A Jewell of a worthy price,
Having a Dunghill for its rise,
He did not value it a jot.

66.

Therefore with winged speed he posts
From Court; (the Duke our leaves assign'd)

Our Gennets vied it with the wind,
And brought us straight into our Coasts.

67.

According to his dignity,
Lord *Ferdinand* was entertain'd;
But I thought all my time profan'd,
Untill *Luscinda* I did see.

68.

VVe were not long ere we renew'd
Our joys and hopes ; and now we strive ;
Our speedy Marriage to contrive,
VVhich a small time should sure conclude.

69.

Nor could I hold, nor thought it fit,
A parity of Love commands,
But did disclose to *Ferdinand*,
(O had I ne'r discovered it !)

70.

Luscindas glories and her youth,
Her beauties in so high a strain,
That *Ferdinand* desired to gain
The fight of such excelling truth.

71.

And his desire (O simple I),
VVas from a window gratified;
VVhence he both mine and Natures pride,
VVith ravish'd Senses did espie.

72.

Vanish, saith he, all Faces yet
That e'r my Fancy mov'd,
They'r now not worthy to be lov'd,
Shee's Ivory, and they are Jet.

73.

Happy *Cardenio* in thy choyce !
That in thy Armes art sure to inclose,
The Lilly's envy and the Rose,
But that thou'r't her choyce, mote rejoyce.

74.

For *Ferdinand* unhappily,
A Letter from her hand had found,
VVhich I had laid as under ground,
But not secure from Jealousie.

75.

Therein my Innocent fond faire,
In silken words upbraids my stay,
And wittily chalkes out the way,
Lest I should pulingly despaire.

76.

This Letter to the skies h' extoll'd,
Ulysses to *Penelope*,
 And *Ovids* Rarities did he
 Account as poorly penn'd and bald.

77.

Others (said he) *Cardenio*
 Some single grace may have, but here
 Vertues are mounted in their Sphere,
 And no declining know.

78.

Luscinda just and merited praise
 I lov'd to heare, but yet my thought,
 I did not lik't, and it had wrought
 In my sad heart, a jealous maze.

79.

For my *Luscinda*, as an Oake
 I confidently deem'd, yet his
 Frequent and forc'd hyperboles,
 When no man thought of her, or spoke,

80.

Did raise some small suspicion,
 (Encreas'd by's peeping in her Letters)
 Which (he sware) all were pleasing fetters;
 And proud should be of my condition.

81.

Nothing could scape his Eye, than went
 To her, or from her, he'd see all,
 A book shee lik'd, 'twas *Amadis D' Gaul*.

Scarce had the Don heard him make mention of books of Knight-hood, &c.] Here is the Dons Cue, and he will enter, and speak in spite of a broken pate, which was sure to ensue, yet with more manners then ordinary, he excuses his interruption of the story, opening his foolish infirmities to Cardenio, and telling him plainly, that he was no wiser then he should be, and though his head was full of Bookes, it was like a Library, which was not a jot the learner for them: But if so, it had been well, the Don would have bestowed Chaines upon them, they would have stood the quieter in his own head, and would have been lesse troublesome to others.

He is a bottle-head that would thinke otherwise, then that Elisabat the Barber kept Queen Madafina as his Lemmon.

Uvaeque conspecta livorem ducit ab uvâ.

One Foole makes many.

Humours are sodainly imitated, especially if there be any life and fancy in 'um. Many have by representation of strong passions been so transported, that they have gone weeping, some from Tragedies, some from Comedies; so merry, lightsome and free, that they have not been sober in a week after, and have so courted the Players to re-act the same matters in the Tavernes, that they came home, as able Actors as themselves; so that their

Friends

Friends and VVives have took them for Tonies or Mad-men. Is fell out here so, for *Cardenio* is rais'd a Cue above the *Don*, who was in the behalfe of Ladies; but *Cardenio* is for the more dishonourable part, which is the occasion of a great quarrell.

That is not so I vow, by such and such, quoth Don Quixote, in great choler.] If the Don had permitted Cardenio to have compleated his story, he would not have been so fiery in the defence of Ladies; but (alterâ parie inaudita, the Don hearing but of one Eare;) this matter prov'd a dispute, for who knew Elisabat the Barber, or Queen Madafina better, the Don or Cardenio, is a hard question to resolve? (the Persons being no where in the world;) wherefore the Queen and the Barber being no where to be found, I doe rather adhere to Cardenio's opinion, that they were together.

Queen Madafina was a Nolle Lady, and 'twas not to be presum'd that shee would fall in Love, &c.] The Don goes upon presumption for his Argument, and Oaths, the lye given, and Villanie for the Victory: These were indeed both presumptions, as it fell out; for great Ladies have miscarried in their affections, (though the Don was not yet below'd by any) and stories (his owne stories) are full of their Levities, Inconstancies and Falshoods, to their Knights; insomuch, as some have submitted to their Coach-men, Foot-men, and Lords Pages, in a vacation of service. But the Lady Madafina, being a meer Chimera, a name and nothing else, the Don therein, might justifie the chastity of a Queen and no Queen; a Lady and no Lady; a name and no body. To the other presumption it was harder replied, for that part of it rais'd an adventure, wherein the Don had his usuall fortune and successe; for with a well ordered and right guided stone thrown by Cardenio, (now in his fits,) Quixot was costured flat, and lay on his back, indifferent for the present, whether Madafina were vitiated by Elisabat or no.

Sancho seeing his Master so roughly handled, &c.] Compassionate Sancho! That good Nature should betray a man into mischief! Yet aliquod Malum, propter vicinum, and like Master like Man, is a Proverb, at this time very true; for Cardenio (feeling the rude assault of his clownes fist) runs upon him with more then Humane violence, and turnes the tunnebelly, and rides him in worse fashion, then our Countryman Coriat did the Barrell at Hiddleberg; But Cardenio did so trample him, that he made him run worse liquor by halfe, and after he had pressed him, and flatted him like a Pancake, he imitated his companions, the Goates, and left Sancho to the Goatheard.

The dispute ended in catching one another by the Beards.] 'Tis not alwaies true, that 'tis merry when Beards wagge all, for these mens Beards wagge'd as fast as they could tug 'um, but mov'd no mirth at all; they were verifying that Song

Of heigh brave Arthur O' Bradly,

A Beard without haire looks madly.

Two Ancient Reverend Men, had almost disthatch'd their Faces, and could neither of them sue for distaminations. If Quixot had not recovered out of his sound, and reconcil'd this difference, his Squire Sancho might have paid for his Page, he had been made so smooth chin'd, and the

T 2

Goaw

Goats would never have own'd such a beardlesse boy as the unfleed Goatheard for their leader. But the Knight of the *Ill-favoured Face*, seeing the misusage of their's, thought he might lose his own title, or have a compartner; which is very dishonourable, that any should give the same Field, word, or devise, as himselfe. Wherefore he parts them; now very fit for Mr *Elisabat* the Barber, if he had done with Queen *Madasina*.

CHAP. XI.

*Our Don is now a Mountanier, a Self
Sometimes, who in the Worlds neglect
Abandon'd the Community of others,
And liv'd in Deserts, (discontented Brothers.)
But not in imitation of Montanus,
Shunning the world, (as if it would profane us.)
Doth Quixot take the Mountaine to abide in?
But he had read, Orlando ranne beside him-
Selfe; Cause Angelica la faire plas'd fowle,
And 'twas as fit for him to play the Owle:
But chiefly he was headlong driven to it,
Because that Amadis d' Gaul did doe it
Upon disdaine of Oriana, who
Did, as Angelica before did do:
Wherefore a Pennance, the good Amadis,
(Never such tender-hearted Knights as these)
Imposes on himselfe; So doth our Don,
(For if there Mad men be, he'll sure make one)
And doth out- All Du Gaul, and wild Orlando,
And do's much more yet, then ever yet did man-do.*

TEXT.

IF Fortune had so dispos'd of our affaires, as that Beasts could speak, (as they did in the *Guispetes* time) the harme had been lesse, for then would I have discours'd with *Rosinante*.] *Sancho* doth very bitterly, but very simply complaine against the safe and incomparable use of silence, admirable if voluntary, indeed lesse commendable if impos'd; and because he doth instance of that happy time of the (*Guispetes*) wherein Beasts had the freedome of speech; it shall be made appear to *Sancho*, that there was no such time, when the Creature spoke, or if at any time it did, it was but once, and that an Ass too. The *Guispetes* were a people of *Sancho's* owne making, for no History, nor Chronology, ever heard of 'um, and it may be, were those where he was to be Governour of, unlesse he mean the *Antipodes*, where

not-

notwithstanding, the common error men goe upon their feet, and the Beasts speak as they doe now, and ever did. It is silence in Beasts, that hath kept them at such Amity, as they are, peace and quietnesse; there is no challenges amongst them, no Duels, no Wars; (except what are fictions of the Frogs and Mice) and the Frogs indeed, (a croaking generation) that is somewhat neer speaking, have incur'd by their mutinous noise *Jupiters* great rage. But the rest of the sensible Creatures, having some two or three naturall sounds for the significations of their severall wants or satisfactions, live contented, that is, speechlesse, saying nothing, and grow fat upon it; for talking spends the Spirits, and *Livia's* would never be fat.

Eheu quam pingui macer est mihi Taurus in Arco?

That was a bellowing Bull, that in the best Pasture, *Sancho*, will never thrive; an Ass that brayes in that manner, will eat but few Thistles: Nay, reasonable Creatures, to whom Language is permitted, the wisest are counted the lesse talkative, the wisest of Nations (which our *Don* counts his owne, and it might have pass'd, had he not spoiled the Universality of it) are no prattlers, and very weary in answering frivolous questions, passing off replies in a politick silence; the Country shrugge, and a considerative gloat of the Eyes, which are maine good preventives in a place troubled with the Inquisition. What a miserable thing is it, to heare Men and Women every where almost, saying, would my Tongue had been out when I spoke it: That Tongue of yours will undoe you. *Æsops* two dinners of the same sort of meat, may very well shew the vanity of *Sancho's* wish; where, of bad Tongues he provided a most plentiful Feast, but of good ones, he could scarce make a messe. I would *Pythagoras* were alive againe, that men might be taught silence for seven yeares, and a seven yeares custome would not easily be broken. The *Don* sure was a *Pythagorean*, for he had enjoy'd silence, and for a time he practis'd it: But *Sancho* now being wild and passionate for the losse of his Ass, he will no longer live in that safe condition of Mutes, (whom as no man will hurt, so the grand Signior doth highly Honour and trust) but most foolishly obtaines the liberty of speech againe, which did ingage him into many adventures, and that his Tongue might goe a little, hath been the occasion that his head hath too often runne.

I'faith Sancho, if thou didst know how Honourable the Queen Madasina is, thou wouldst say I had great Patience, that I did not strike thee on the Mouth.]

See the fruits of his freedome of speech; his Mouth is no sooner open'd, but 'tis like to be seal'd up againe. *Sancho's* tongue was like a Bels clapper, beating others, and ever beat it selfe, and never better then when it was an end. Who would have such an instrument, that should be alwaies jarring? *Sancho*, returne to silence, and to security. Canst not thou (Fool) content thy selfe with thinking; your Thinkers doe more knavish, milchievous things unpunished, and unblameable, then any of the subtillest railers in the World. *Sancho*, be tongue-tide againe, or lose thy teeth, never speake much, but confine thy selfe to some few and necessary queries, ask for Money, ask for meat, ask for the way, and ask for plasters. These things are but short, and yet it will be long before you get them.

The

The truth of the History is, Mr Elisabat was very prudent, and a man of great Judgments, and serv'd the Queen as Tutor and Physician.] The Don hath given a degree to day, and made a madd Dr in the Forrest of Sienna Morena: To justifie the quarrell, he hath created Elisabat Dr and Tutor to Madafina; the degree of Physick was the most proper he could thinke of in that place, for it was naturally made for simpling, where the Don gave a great augmentation in his own person.

Those that suspect and affirm that she was his Friend, I say again they lye; and those that either thinke or say it, lie a thousand times.] This kinde of Confutation, is not only Spanishe, but hath got into other Countries, where if it be emphatically spoken, that is, stoutly and in full accent, it confounds for the time. But suppose one thinke so but once, who shall know it? and if he say it no more, how shall he lie a thousand times? Our Don is transported mainly with Mr Elisabat, and I doe believe he hath some plot upon him, to change Basons with him, for Mambrino's Helmet was most rufully batter'd: that he is so favourable to Physicians, may in time procure a Counsell to mend his Balsamum Fierebras, and the promotion of a Barber Surgeon to a Doctor, (Things done by wiser men then Don Quixot) they will confer their Plaster-boxes, and poor Sancho and thy selfe shall no longer be tied to that poor refuge of Pisse and Oaken leaves.

Thou must wit that the desire of finding the Madman alone, brings me not into these parts so much.] As for that, he meant to turne Mad man himselfe. Now, whether a man may abdicate his reason, renounce his understanding for a time, and discover (if not discover'd) no reasonable Acts, whereby a man should not undifference him from a Beast, and live and enjoy himselfe in the sensitive part alone, is a hard matter to determine, and harder to doe. To counterfeit Madnesse is ordinary, and to be really so, more. Bedlam affords you these; the streets (if not better places) the other. After Death, the Pythagoreans averr'd a transmigration of Soules into new Bodies, and oftentimes entred the Soule of a Philosopher into a Goose; shifted Alexanders gallant Spirit into a Dottrell, and such like changes, as Lutan, or such abusive Forges, had a fancy to fashion 'um in. But these are fantastick conceits; our Don is reall, he will put off the Man, and put on the Beast, only reserve to himselfe the benefit of Speech, which whether man have, or not have, he cannot be said to be out of his Senses for the matter: Strong passions last too long unsuppress'd, may overthrow the temper of the braine, and totally subvert the ratioll parts, and some passions counterfeited long, whether of griefe or joy, have so alter'd the personaters, that players themselves (who are most usually in such employments,) have been forc'd to fly to Physick, for cure of the disaffection, which such high penn'd humours, and too passionately and sensibly represented have occasion'd. I have knowne my selfe, a Tyrant comming from the Scene, not able to reduce himselfe, into the knowledge of himselfe, till Sack made him (which was his present Physick) forget he was an Emperour, and renew'd all his old acquaintance to him; and it is not out of most mens observation, that one most admirable Mimicke in our late Stage, so lively and corporally personated a Changeling, that he could never compose his Face to the figure it had, before he undertook that part. The Knight of the Ill-favour'd Face, had much done to his hand, in his intended Emigra-

tion;

tion; for counterfeiting there was not much need, (if hunger did not make a revocation of his little wits at any time.) For Crabs, Hawes, Acornes, Berries, agreeing naturally with his complexion, and embetter'd his Face to all purposes: I doe believe it 'twas possible for the Don, for a certain time to lose his Wits, and to revoke so much as he part'd withall, and be not a grain the wiser at their returne.

Have I not told thee already saith Don Quixot, that I mean to follow Amadis, by playing the despair'd wood and Mad man.] The example of Amadis, is very auterative with our Don, but why he should rather labour to imitate him in this fit of Madnesse, then in any other of his magnanimous Acts, is very strange; no, it is not so strange, but a common thing: When did you see a wife example followed by many, or any? Let it alone, 'tis grave, stanch, and singular. Thin are the appearances at Gresham Colledge, when the Bearegarden, the Cockpit is thrung'd with Company: If Bartholmew Faire should last a whole year, nor Pigs nor Puppet playes would ever be surfeited of. The wenches could live and dye with Jack-pudding, what flocking of good wives and Pickpockets to a Ballad? or if at any time a Mad man have broke his custody, he shall have more followers then picture. Our Don is of this number, who cannot read of a mad prank, but he must augment the sport, and rather then hee'l have no part in the Stage, hee'l play the mad man.

I believe (quoth Sancho) the Knights which performed the like pennance, had some reason for their austerities, &c.]

Insano cum ratione;

To play is allowable (quoth Sancho,) I have lost my Ass; for me to be beside my selfe, were a pardonable thing: But for you, who have lost nothing, but the way home and your wits, why should you be madder yet? who have a Mistress, Lady, Queen, (what doe you call 'um) that is secure of her honour, whom no Prince, Knight, Inchanter, Moor, nor the Devill himselfe would come neer: Why should you run mad? unless that 'tis your good hap, to have such a singular piece, that you need never be jealous, never keep a spie, never use Italian gimcrack, or any restraint upon; and doe you therefore surfeit of happinesse, and are mad, because you have no cause to be so? Amadis had a powting slut, a sullen huzzy, he should have curried her Coat, and ne'r run mad for it. Our Mary Gutierrez, when shee was in the Mubblefubles, doe you thinke I was mad for it? no, no; I took my Ass (O that I could doe so now) and went to the next good Town, and let it Jubble out as it Muddled in. Orlando indeed had some reason to be mad, Angelica made him home mad; now here's some cause. But you are an obstinate Mad man, and will be Mad, because you will be so; Dulcinea del Toboso having not given you the least occasion.

The wit is in waxing mad without a cause.] Herein the Don is paradoxical, and singular, and will make himselfe the first Inventor, de Arte Amantandi, though he gaine but few followers, now by frequent private practises upon himselfe, as by being quarter Mad, halfe Mad, and three quarters Mad upon severall experiments, is the full Midsummer Moon madnesse to be attain'd unto. No doubt he had pass'd the three first tryals, and was very neer his perfection: The first quarter it is totty & freekish; the second,

phan;

phantastickall, melancholy and suspicious; the third, quarrellsome and injurious, and then pure phreneticall. Our Knight is now in the increase, he hath but a wild dispatch or two to *Toboso*, and you shall have him in the full; and then he's for the King of *spaine*, and *Dulcinea del Toboso*!

For he that shall heare you name a Barbers *Bason*, *Mambrino's Helmet*.] *Sancho* in this censure, discovereth his Masters apticse and preparednesse, for the incounter of *Pennance*, and that he was a Knight of so great curiosity, that he went the most appointed, and disappointed, unto any adventure, of any Knight in the *World*, being at that time the only *Knight-mark* of the East and West, and alone acted in the empty Theatre of the *World*. *Captaine Jones* was many years since downe in the *Annals*; and now to see, when his head should be busie composing Love-letters to *Dulcinea*, his Heroick braines are working, where he may finde some wand'ring Tinker, to mend that scarr of the broken *Helmet*; But dull-pate his man, upon the strength of sensitive observations, cannot be perswaded out of his error, that it was a *Bason*. *O curvæ in Terræ animas*, his Soule was as disordered as the *Helmet*, which the *Don* beholding in the notion and rapture of his new vertiginous braines; left it with *Sancho* till it was uninchanterd by some man of *Metall*, or else some *Negromancer*: For it was as sure to returne to the shape of *Mambrino's helmet*, as his owne face after all his labours was to be changed, if any would change with him.

The Knight of the ill-favoured Face made choice of this Place.] The Scene is laid, the Play will follow, he hath much to doe, and little businesse troubles him: But now he is worthily taken with the site of his Stage, whereon he meanes to outdoe *Ieronymo*, and this rapture of his is the best valediction to sense as could be thought on; for here is some to be found, which because it is of Poeticall fancy, though spun in prose, I shall endeavour to give you't according to the naturall aire of it.

The *Don's* welcome to the Woods.

O ye the Gods and Powers of the Place,
Wood-ticks and Goat-ticks, spoile my ill-favour'd Face;
If any thing should charme mine eyes asleepe,
Or the Inchanter *Morpheus* on me creep:
I doe not chooe this place for sleep, though here,
Temptation is enough, the murmurer,
(The silver rattle on the gravelly path)
And gentle winds, which his soft lulling bath,
And moving boughes, which many a *Nymph* hath brought
To her repose, and more then that, 'tis thought.
I come Loud Musick to the place, you'r soft,
Yet when I'm hoarse, I then will heare you oft.
O you that in the Woods doe 'bide, green *Dryades*,
Behold my prancks, and you above wet *Pleiades*.

Come forth you *Fawnes* and frisking *Satyrs*,
And in mad fits, be my fellow walters.

O had I horns, (I'll send) and hoofs like you!
The one perchance I have: what would I doe?
I'd take a leap into the horned Moon;
And view at once a Corporation,
The largest in the World, and being there,
I'd wind my Hornes, and cry, Brethren up here.
But since we can't, we'll foole it here below,
I doe intend to be a lasting show;
Surrounded with my *Satyrs*, *Fawnes*, my *Kids* and *Goats*,
What brave loud Musick will it be to hear our Throats.

Sancho, thou partner of my waies and woes,
whom I must send, my secrets to disclose.
Remember how I sigh; and thump this Brest
(A Poxe upon the Corsets;) void of rest
Till thou returne me news from her, who is
The Loadstone of this man of steel: The blisse
Of this abandon'd night, the star that rears
My desperate Valour, e' n'r head o'r ears.
Sancho, if she should drop a teare, when thou
Tell'st this sad story, of my Mad mans vow;
Catch it be sure, and in some Chrysell Viall,
Preserv'd with care, for I will make a tryall;
And to the World will justifie the Pearl in Glass;
More Sovereign then was *Balsamum Fierebras*.

This having said, he lighted from his Brute,
(Twas strange that *Sancho* suffer'd him to do)
Unsaddles and unbridles *Rosinant*,
(Long did poor *Rosinante* those favours want)
And on his buttock striking him: O horse,
(That with me hast seen better dayes and worse.)
Take now thy Liberty he said, take Mare;
(More then thy Master ever did I'll sweare)
And know that in thy Forehead, though no starre
E'r was, yet *Perseus* Horse thou'xceedest farre,
Or *Pacolets*, or *Bradamants*, or *Hippo-gryphon*,
Which the renown'd *Astolpho* vent' red still his life on.

If say content your selfe with breaking your head on the water, or with Cotton of wooll.] If *Sancho* had been a Confessor, he would have enjoyn'd very easie *Pennance*. But the *Don* is resolv'd to smart for no water, but Rock water, and in that he will chill his head and whole body, untill it be petrified, and able to endure knock for knock with a Rock. Cotton? to Cotton (as they say) ones Coat, that is, to baste it. Wooll to *Sancho*, but then when my head Corps (by the touch of the most softest Down) would be in pain and anguish: No, no (*Sancho*) I am not in jest. By my order of *Knight-hood*, *Sancho*, I must not lie; and therefore be expeditious in thy returne, lest thou findest thy macerated Master, more like a Skeleton then a Body,

and so goest a farther search, not imagining that that can be the *Don*: Lint I have none, unless thou leave some, and the *Balsamum Fierebras* is all consum'd. Self-preservation, (though I mean Tortures and Whips unto my body,) must be thought on, for I have much to doe, and much to suffer. The suffering part comes first, which being over, *Sancho*, thy government, and our greatnesse doth draw nigh.

Quia ab inferno nulla retentio; as I have heard say.] No? *Sancho*, that's neither right nor right Latine; For *Orpheus* plaid out his *Eurydice*; *Theseus* return'd victorious; *Hercules* led away the three chopt *Porter*, and broke down the black *Gates*; and ever since (*nulla retentio* indeed) *Hell* is broke loose; you may now have free ingresse, and egress, and regresse.

Now since we have no Paper, we may doe well imitating the *Antient Men* in times past, to write our mindes in leaves of Trees.] The *Don* was to be wood himselfe, and favour'd that Antiquity therefore: Barke there was plenty, but where were the engraving Tooles? The *Don* though a great cutter and flasher for distressed Ladies, could not make incision into a Tree for his *Dulcinea*. Had shee been a Tanners daughter, it had been the most proper mistive, possible to be imagined; but (as shee is) most agreeable with her Hide. So as they say, if one would present a thing to like one, he should have sent that. But Paper is the great want. It is a great quarrie, whether it had not been better the invention had never been, and it had been wanting still, or that the *Don* had amongst his adventures, destroyed and confounded all Paper Mills? as he did, or would have done (at the encounter of the found) the Fulling ones, not that Paper is of it's selfe pernicious, dangerous, or of evill consequence; it being the fairest child of fowl Parents, that ever was, converting the *Axiom*, *corruptio pessimi est generatio Optimi*. For from rags, *Snattocks*, *Snips*, irreconcilable and super-annuated *Smocks* and *Shirts*, come very faire sheets; so that had not Writing and Printing corrupted so faire an invention, by the pestilent matter that they cast upon it, the project was of great use, as to put under Apple pies, make *Lanthornes* in dark nights, *Burn-graces* in Summer to save childrens Faces, and *Stomachers* against the wind, (as they call 'um) when they are indeed very cleanly covers for foule *Shirts*, (since the fashion of unbutton'd Doublets) besides the great service it stands *Barbers* in, for piſtur'd *Lanthornes*, and *Card-makers*; and then ends not so unserviceably, but departs (somewhat blewly indeed) in being matches for your tinderbox. But for this quarrie, 'tis alike with those of *Gunpowder*, *Tobacco*, *Printing*, *Writing*, (whether it had been better they had never been) most men thinking their inconveniences to exceed their conveniences. Let it alone for me; the *Don* is to write Letters, and we must have Paper, or somewhat like Paper, or all the encounter of Madnes is spoil'd. But happily, and in a good houre, *Cardenio's* Tablets supply the defect. You will have the Letter in time, blest the *Don*, he doe not make a long one.

Ta da (quoth *Sancho*) that the Lady *Dulcinea* of *Toboso* is *Lorenzo Corcueto's* daughter, call'd by another Name, *Aldonca Lorenzo*. I know her very well, quoth *Sancho*; and I dare say, &c.

Sancho's

Sancho's description of *DON QUIXOT'S* Lady.

*Mopla on stilts, was not so high, nor big;
Faire as the sarrowing Sow, pers as her Pig;
May-pole of flesh, dancing and danc't about,
Her mothers Wonder, and her Fathers Doubt:
For ne'r was such a shrivell'd starveling fellow,
As her suppos'd Father, Corcueto.
Some high German thrassers, who indeed,
Hop'd to have peopl'd Countries of that breeds
Her Sexes Champion, now, shee Hercules,
(whom had beeen) before all Omphale's
He must have matcht, (unlesse at sight afraid)
His thirteenth Labour, the great Bosse he had made:
A new rigg'd Ship, with all her Sails faire spread,
Looks like *Aldonca* stretching her from bed;
But hardly I believe have any Ships
So strong a gale, as blowes from her large Hips:
Shee is in place where the *Colossus* was,
Might twist her strides unstruck saile Vessels passe.
Had there been Beauty to those parts, shee'd been
The very statue of Originall sinne.
Borne to great Titles, (though from low descent)
The *Don* could not her honours much augment;
Shee as she grew, got nat'rall Heraldry,
Her Highnesse and her Greatnesse, none deny.*

None will say but you did very well, if the Divell carried you away.] *Sancho* then have *Aldonca Lorenzo* to be his *Dons* Emprise, and so by consequence his fustie Mistris, commends his Master, and furthers the design of Madnesse: Any thing, the Divell and all take him, rather then he take *Aldonca*. An excellens remedy, certainly against Love! such another, as one having lost, said of his wife (the party deceased) that he had lost as good a wife as any man would desire to part withall; It may be of such a wife it was, that the poor fellow carrying to *Bedlam*, (said) being pittied as he went along the streets, the people crying, what will his poor wife do; may (friends) I am not so mad yet.

Though thou hast but a grosse wit, yet thy jests nip.]

Ridentem dicere verum--quæ vetat--

This ridiculous foole spake smartly, and under the merry description of *Aldonca Lorenzo*, makes bold to disparage his Masters Election, and puts the flur upon hers, and the fool upon him. This made the *Don* take pepper in the nose, and unwilling to remand him silence, answers him with a Story of a widow, which is this in a short Epigram.

A widow of a plampestate;

Liv'd neer unto a Colledge;

And match'd the Porter of the Gate;

But pass'd the men of Knowledge;

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whereat

whereat the Rector of the place,
 (A grave and reverend sir)
 Sent for his neighbour, and the case
 He thus put unto her.
 Had I so many Graduates,
 And able Schollars too,
 And have the most ungentle Fates
 The Porter given to you?
 The widow answered modestly,
 As for that able stuff
 I like; he hath Philosophy
 Enough (Sr) and enough.

For all the Poets which celebrate certaine Ladies as pleasure, think't thou that they had all Mistresses? Dost thou believe the Amaryllies, the Phyllies, &c.] Now, now he is in his fit: O thou more then *ill-favour'd* *Don*! what harme did the poor Poets doe thee that thou must insinuate to the world, that they had only chymicalb and imaginary Ladies; and never knew the duties of a nuptiall night, or came to a *Zonam solvit diu ligatam*, or reap the sweet pledges of those pleasant encounters, when *Homar* lay with his own Wife, *Ovid* with his owne; and more, *Virgil* kept at home with his owne wife, till the Souldiers disturb'd him, and sent him to *Augustus* for reliefe. *Catullus*, *Tibullus*, *Propertius*, had three wives, or else did worse; *Lucan* was the Country man, and you know the temper of the Countrey; you cannot live without wives or whores. *Petrarch* (the Great and *Laureat*) had his chaste, and untill this day unblemish'd *Laura*; and all the Poets (untill wives were interdicted Priests) had reall Mistresses or wives. Our Modern Poets, had one or two wives apiece. Poets, they are compos'd of such a Spirit, and salt volatile, (that unlesse you fix 'um at home, with an amiable object of their own) not *Cæsars* *Livia* could be free from their inveiglings. But a wife is better then *Palmos*, better be in the bands of Matrimony, then such Fetters. Our Nation also hath had its Poets, and they their wives: To passe the Bards; Sr *Jeffery Chaucer* liv'd very honestly at *Woodstock*, with his Lady, (the house yet remaining) and wrote against the vice most wittily, which *Wedlock* restraines. My Father *Ben* begate sonnes and daughters; so did *Spencer*, *Drayton*, *Shakespeare*, and more might be reckoned, who doe not only word it, and end in *actry* *Sylvias*, *Galatea's*, *Aglaura's*;

*sed de virtute locuti,
 Clunem agitant*

'Tis possible to speak of holy life,
 And anon after Solace ones own wife.

But that the *Don* is slept with the Gyants, Knights Templars, &c.; and there would be foul raking in the dust. At this time we might justly quarrell with him, for we have our Poets, who are Knights, and they have Ladies, and those Ladies are their wives: Wherefore this is the greatest scandalum Poetarum, that ever could be. But what shall one say to a mad man? nothing: Hee'l make sport anon for it, and there will be satisfaction.

Neither

Neither can *Helen* approach, nor *Lucrece* come neer her.] True, (*Don*) they are farre enough, and fast enough; yet surely, *Helen* and *Lucrece* put together with *Paris* and *Sexus* in conjunction, might something match her in the wast, if happily they were now flourishing, as she is. *Tatius* and *Cloacina* might come neer certainly, and it is strange shee is not call'd to be of the privie attendance to *Cloacina*, for no soule ever utter'd more constantly, or in a larger proportion then *Aldonca*, at their houses of ease, in so much, that shee call'd in Votaries, with the high strains, and jeering expressions shee alwaies made. But might not one with a Clove and Orange come neer her? is shee more sweet then an Anatomy, or the Beare garden, or a nest of Pole-Cats, or a Tanne-pit, or a Soape Kiln?

*Mysterious Fragrancies, Perfumes so close,
 It doth escape the most sagacious Nose.*

In the same sence I believe it is to be understood, as the like expression to a Barber, who having lost all his custome, bewail'd his misfortunes to his friend; saying, (Sr) why should it be thus, my shop is the best in Towne; my person tractable; I dare compare for an Eye, Leg, Hand, or Foot, with any man upon the place; and his Friend added (unmercifully,) and for thy Trade there's no man comes neer thee.

Heave it then quoth *Don Quixot*, for thus it saies, *Sovereign Lady, &c. Thine untill Death, the Knight of the ill-favour'd Face*.] This is pure, his own invention, the marrow of the *Don's* braines; the brightest sparkle of his fancy, not miserably patcht up, out of Bookes of Love-letters, or his owne Bookes of Errantry, (the ordinary helps for the *Amoroso's* of the Time) for a compilation to a Lady, and abasement (for so are subscriptions) of his own selfe; I doe not think *Rabbin* can equall it. (*Sovereign Lady*, what could be said more, to signifie her height and greatness; (*Thine untill Death, the Knight of the ill-favour'd Face*) What greater affront could he put upon himselfe, then to designe his countenance, as not worthy to be look'd on by a Lady, nay, making it a scare-crow and Bugbear. This is *Ars procandi*, Woers policy, but yet he in the body of the letter follows his Compliments. (*Sweetest Dulcinea of Toboso*) There was not one in that Country of such a scene: And anon after, (*O beautifull ingrate!*) You may make three words if you will of it, as *Faire* have been seen, in or at a Grate. But she as equally entituled one as the other; for till this Letter (which was never sent) shee could not be guilty of ingratitude, and *ignota nulla Cupido*; how could her Beauty intangle that was impossible to be seen?

Sancho swore by his Fathers life, it was the highest thing he ever saw in his life.] The hope of his Asses makes him turn parasite. Had he read his Letter on the top of *Sienna Morena*, it had been higher farre. But *Sancho* is so much in his Masters flattery, that he makes the Divell himselfe of him. (who is Prince Errant of the whole world) So highly is he transported with the thought of *Mary Gutierrez*, and the riding *Rosinante*, that he leaves the *Don* posses'd of the Principality of the aire, and as freely bestows it upon him, as he hereafter would dispose to *Sancho* the Government of an Island. *Sancho* will have warrant sign'd in his Masters new Title for the Asses Perchancé, and then he might be gone in the Devils name, to


It is very necessary that I see you doe one trick.] Sancho is got into the saddle, and rides *Rosinante* and Master too; now his worship is pleas'd to see a trick. The *Dons*, as if under (*Tonics*) correction, presently disrobes his lower Wardrobe, and like an *Ape* (*deorsum nudus*) shews himselfe to be descended from *Hercules* by the melan-pygitic, (that is, the grizlinesse) of his posteriors, which were (no disparagement to his looks) as *ill-favour'd* as his face; Besides others fights there were, wherein he seem'd a Mungrell, and not of the right *Herculean* Line. Yet like him too, when he was *Furens*, for they both are in their shirts, though the *Dons* was the fowler; *Hercules* his the worse, and more pernicious: Mad both too, but upon several grounds, one for a Smock, the other with a Shirt.

*One dyes empoison'd by the blood of Nessus,
And Don runs mad for a worse Beast; God blesse us.*

CHAP. XII.

*Soone are his frisco's over, (Sancho gone),
It was too violent an exercise for one
Of Limbs so mortified; 'tis very much,
If these few Tortures send him not to his crutch.
Wherefore resolv'd against Orlando's way,
Hee save his flesh, and only weep and pray,
(As once did Amadis) a sober mad-man,
A Penitentiary, or sad-man:
A little Penance doubtlesse (Don) befalls,
When that the Beads upon his wrists were Gaules.
Then most like Amadis next he confesseth
All his whole life, which why he here suppresseth
(who wrote the Book's) unknown; but I shall get yee
A taste of it, out of old Cyd Hamette;
He also treats of Sancho, how he wanted,
When he his Letters and the Warrant wanted,
Deeming he had lost what he did ne'r receive,
Till that the Curate and his Friend retrieve
The Letter to his memory, but so confused,
That not a word the Faithfull Sancho true said:
The Asses are secur'd him, and the Letters
Should be retriev'd, or else made something better.
Thus Sancho's pacified, and all are plotting,
To fetch the Don from this mad course hee's got in;
Agreed upon't, away they all goe trotting.*

TEXT.

 *ET the remembrance of Amadis live, and be imitated as much as may be by Don Quixot of the Mancha.]* Second thoughts are best: Retractions of what we have untowardly design'd, wrote or spoke, shew not a man only wise, but Master of his own passions and humours, which some men

men are so in Love withall, that if once they have engag'd in a business, they will through, though they meet with an hundred inconveniences, and selfe-reproofes in the way. Wiser did the fellow, who having lost a great sum of money at Dice, got loose from the company, and then grew desperate upon the apprehension of the estate he was in; murthering and muttering to himselfe, that on the next convenient post he would hang himselfe; the garters were taken off, the place was chos'n, where by the help of a stall, it was feasible to fasten his garter to the Sign-post, and a short speech of his foolish and ill-spent life, he was preparing for execution, when on a so-daine, a merry tune came into his head, which one would have thought his farewell hymne, and that call'd into mind his companions, with whom he us'd to chant it; whereupon he pul'd downe his garter, and went away, saying, I reprieve thee from day to day, untill thou diest a naturall death; this was a wise recantation. Such was our *Don's*, who (not without his Penitentiall Psalmes, as we shall heare anon) forsook his first resolution of tormenting, wounding, starving, and almost annihilating himselfe with fastings, watchings, and other personall afflictions, and makes choice of the more rationall and easie way of *Da-Gaul*, which kept him in a whole skin. A *Heremite* he wanted to impart his gricfe and life unto, from whom an absolution would have been of much comfort to him; but some pieces of his confession *Cyd Hameti Benengeli* hath preserv'd, taken out of decayed rinds of trees; one which (being the most antient and reverend stock of the place, having only two armes left, and those as it were stretcht out, to blesse or receive a Penitent,) he fell downe before.

He was much vext in his mind, for want of an Heremite to heare his confession.

The Confession of *Don Quixot*, taken out of some fragments of *Cyd Hameti Benengeli*; and are in Latine in the Originall.

1.

*Grandee, & constans Pater, Fateor
Me non esse Dominum de Gateor,
Nec, (quantumvis amens hic amando)
Furiosum, qui didus est Orlando,
Sed per Orbiculos Petri & Pauli
(Hos sellis globos,) sum Amadis Du Gauli.*

2.

*Erravi fateor, cum patribus meis,
Erravi pater, cum & sine eis:
Doce, quæso, quo me vertam, quia
Nec suis nec Futurus sum in viâ.*

3.

*In aurem fateor hæc susurrans
Juvenis Consilium omne abhorrens,
Consulta spreui matris atque Patris
Qui designaverunt me aratro.*

4.
*Sed addixi me Legendis Libris
 Per mendacibus & comburendis,
 Ubi de militibus pugnacibus
 Invulneratis Ferro, & facibus
 Miranda vidi, & mulieres
 Quas vivendo paret Lapis fieres;
 Sed pater, quod ad res veneras,
 Siquid unquam novi, male Peras.*

5.
*Parentibus defunctis per diem
 Et Domus erant mihi tedium.
 Fabulis refertus seror pronus
 Ut miles essem, valeat Colonus.
 Conscendo equum mox & capio arma,
 Et cum Conto Cuspide, & Parma,
 Qua non tali (pater) quæ non feci?
 Pluquam, (quando egressus sum,) coniecti.*

6.
Enumerare velim libens, &c.

Upon six severall Trees, were these lines ingraven, and on the sixth something was begun; which whether by injurie of weather, or time crated and confounded, is a shrewd scarre, and losse to this History. Some suppléments from Arabian Neotericks we have, which seem to compleat his confession and absolution, which you shall have translated into the Mother Tongue, for that was his Fathers, to wit, his Confessours.

1.
*Sheep-slaughter, and Sheep-murder,
 I doe confesse, and further
 (Having no Providore)
 The Poultry sell good store:
 These peccadillo's Father,
 You may forgive the rather,
 Because sometimes by hunger put-on;
 But by Nature I lov'd Mut-ton.*

2.
*Grice Mill, and Fulling Mill,
 I did attempt to Kill,
 But bloodshed there was none;
 And Pennance for the one
 I did i'th' aire, my Horse
 And I, are still the worse.
 But O the Coarse! who will me save,
 Who sought a Corps out of his Grave!*

3.
*Father I have a number
 More faults, (which cast i'th' lumber)*

*As swearing, telling lies
 Of ungot Victories;
 And crying up the footie
 Aldonca for a beautye.
 O by thy stretcht-out Armes declare,
 That all these errors pardon'd are.*

Now these Moderne Writers say, that a Goatheard had conceal'd himselfe in a Corke Tree nere the Oak, to heare *Don Quixots* Sonnets and complaints, and desirous to make up the Scenes, spake from his hollow in a loud voice.

The Goatheards absolution.

*Sonnes, I have heard thy words, thy sighs and groanes,
 Thy verses and thy lamentable tones:
 I doe absolve thee, but you promise must,
 By no means to take Gyants upon trust,
 And 'cause your windmill was the first ill fate,
 Be sure to have a Windmill in your pate;
 And 'cause you runne at Sheep, I doe command
 You weave a goodly Sheepes taile for a Band.
 For the assault o' th' Coarse, about your bed,
 And rings (when that you have 'um) carve deaths heads;
 As for your lying and your fearfull oaths,
 When you leave one, I wish you to leave both.
 Arise and thank the gods, who pittying thee,
 Gave Armes to th' Oake, and tongue to the Corke Tree.*

The *Don* tooke the miracle of his absolution, to be farre more eminent then if an *Heremite* had pronounced it, and confirm'd in the opinion, that he was cleare in *foro poli & soli*; he fell into his melancholy part againe, and over-afflicted with the absence of *Dulcinea*, he compos'd the most pittifull Poem that e'r was read, whereby he doth approve himselfe the only mad Lover in the World. Yet of all the furies, you see by this, that he was not troubled with *Furor Poeticus*.

It is congruent we turne and recount what happened to Sancho.] The *Don* is left grazing, and picking of sallads, which being the only nutriment he had, did so discolour him, that he might have added a superlative to his title, and wrote of the most *ill-favour'd* face. Besides, the crude herbs so frequently made their green fallies through his body, that all the Field where he rav'd up and downe, was full of Knight-sharne, and had it been possible to have got a fire and frying panne, he might have thri'd better upon the *Tanzies* he evacuated, then with the herbes at first gathering. Wherefore he might very well containe, and most properly usurp that Verse to himselfe;

Hei mihi quod nullis amor est medicabilis herbis.

But *Sancho* is in his progresse to *Toboso*, and rides (not with *Bellerophons* Letters) but without Letters, and with a mischief; but yet being ignorant of his misfortune, he arrives at the Inne, where he encounter'd the

Coverlet, and came clean off. But the indignity disturb'd his Valiant soul, and he is as much tosd in mind as then in body, and at last resolves not to enter into the house, though his owne belly, and *Rosinantes* were of the dissenting party. But while he plaies about the door, he and his horse are discovered by two of the *Mancha* (the knowing part of the Village) the Curate and the Barber, who betwixt threats and intricacies, worke out of *Sancho* all the passage of his Masters new projects, the errand that he had to his Lady of *Toboso*, and that in Tablets the Letters to *Dulcinea*, as also his warrant, for three Asses were included.

When *Sancho* perceived that the Book was lost, his visage waxed as pale as *wanne* as a dead man, &c.] *Sancho* not capable of his Book, doth fearefull execution upon himselfe, and in an instant, unhatches his reverend chin, that Mr Barber with his Razor or his Tweezers, could not be so expeditious: He grub'd up all by the rootes, where-ever his unmercifull hands fastened, and quarter'd his face into a plaine betwixt two thickets, nor did the rest of his Face scape his fury, which he did assault in such rough manner, that he was all gules, which running along the Champion of his Chin, made a bloody field. Poor *Sancho*, I pittie thy mistaken vengeance, and causelesse revenge upon thy selfe; and above all, that thou shouldst forget thine own counsell to thy Master, whom thou wouldst have (if he had a minde to castigate himselfe) to breake his head against the water, or a tod of a wooll, or some such favourable matter. But great griefe is insensible and impatient of advice; The Curate and the Barber stand astonished at his passion, (and forgetting for a time, both their professions) neither spirituall reproofe, exhortation, or comfort, came from Sr *John* in the Cassock, nor any healing remedies from Mr Barber Surgeon, untill *Sancho* tels the cause of his lamentation and unkinde usage of himselfe.

Both of them took great delight to see *Sancho's* good memory.] *Sancho* had a brutish memory, and only serv'd him for the remembrance of his three Asses, and the losse of his grey Ass. But the Letter to *Dulcinea*, it was as much from his head as the Tables were from his Breeches; they never were there, yet the fool ventures on a recitall, and mingling his owne expressions with *Don Quixots*, he rendred himselfe to have as much fancy as memory: He only retaines that part of it which might have been best forgotten; (the subscription) *Yours untill death, the Knight of the Ill-favour'd Face*. As to the relation of his Lords wandrings and pranks he was very punctuall, but his memory fail'd him, as to the tale of his owne robbing in a blanket, which being perchance a secret belonging to the bed, he thought it not fit to be revealed.

And he would give him one of the Emperours Ladies to wife.] Some of the deccad Emperours no doubt; for *Sancho* expected *Mary Guireze's* his head to be cold and laid with her mothers in the Churchyard at the *Mancha*. Thou art in the right way to preferment (*Sancho*) no better Mart then dead wives; especially if men have cast about in the lives-time of their dearly Belov'd deccas'd. As *Sancho* doth here, who layes the hopes of his second match to hight, that from a *Manchegan* Tripe-wife, he doth aspire to the Bed of a Queen. *Dives promissus quilibet esse potest*. This and more then this the *Don* assureth, upon the returne of a favourable Letter from *Dulcinea*, who could neither write nor read.

I would faine know what Cardinall-errants give unto their Squires.] This is a strange transition, that the most wicked, unwarrantable and ungodly Order in the world should be at any time capable of the most holy and sacred: But yet in this also *Sancho* looks to be prefer'd; If he had peeld his crowne as he had done his beard, he was in preparation for a Friery: No further could *Sancho* goe or proceed to the hopes of a Fortune in the Church.

Barba aliquando facit Monachum.

And *Sancho* if he had not disparag'd his Face (with friends to shift off examinations and subscriptions) he might have pass'd for one *Ordinis Minorum* (as to his wit) but *Superiorum & Majorum* as to his Corps: unto which when he had another Corps added, what a goodly monk would there be? But *Sancho*, what thinke you of the Beneficall Office of Porter to the Lord Cardinall *Quixot*, when in your gowne (not a Clericall habit of any Learning) but welred and crosse-lac'd, with gilded staffe of power in your hand; and your beard growne downe to the girdle; you have the power of admitting or refusing access to my Lord Archbishop *Quixot*, unless they pay the Turne-key: The Dollars dropping every day into the hand, would make you looke upon your selfe with good regard. Besides, in that Signiory, your wife (*Mary*) may be dispenc'd withall, or more, if (as you only are in favour with my Lord Prelate) you doe require a License in case of extreme callidity, and supersufficiency. *Sancho* was now in comfort, that go the world wike way it would, he was provided for, either with an Island, if the *Don* was an Emperour, or with an Honourable Mace, if the *Don* took into Church-prefecture, which he had lesse mind unto. For though the Porter of a Cardinall may exercise his power over people without the gates, and sit there upon his Bench, and from his peep-holes judges of beneficall Visitors to his Lord, and then most officiously opens the great gates (as his opinion's of them) and returnes them out at the Wicket: Yet he bethought himself, that in the Administration of his Governour-ship he should keep himselfe such an Officer, and sit upon the Bench in Judicature, advanced aloft, and have servants, which is better then to be one.

I will pray unto our Lord to condu& him to that place where he may serve him best, and give him rewards.] *Sancho's* devout zeale for his Masters promotion (with his owne) calls to mind the forme of an Epistle sent by a Schollar to his Father, which ran much after this manner:

The EPISTLE.

Honoured Sir,

The Quarterly Returnes inforce me to write to you, and present my humblest duty to you; you will find that these Bills are higher then the last, occasion'd by publique sport in the Colledges, wherein I lost no credit; and by buying some new books, which our Progresse in study gives us occasion to use, so that I hope this excessse will not prove distastfull to you, since there is nothing but just and honest expences, no Ale-house scores, Tavern Bills, or the like, coucht under the stile of any of the particulars, which I pray read with patience, (as you usually doe.) Thus with my hearty prayers for your health (together with the receipt of the money) I rest,

Your most dutifull sonne.

X 2

The

The Curate told the Barber, that he had betthought to apparell himselfe like a Lady adventurous.] How Mr Licentiat? don't you know that by the Canon Law, it doth make you irregular, to shift sexes by change of apparell? *propter bonum finem nisi sit*; that distinction is not visible in the Canonists: But let it passe, this was a pretty invention, and like to prove a very good Scene, and the only probable way to reduce the melancholy Knight. Mad men (as well as mad Girles) love mad toyes: Strong conceits must be flatter'd, not resist'd, and when you have humour'd such distempered fancies in the full of their folly, they will decrease (like the Moon) into quarrers, till at last there is nothing to be seen. Such a course, and with very good successe, was taken by a Doctor, with a melancholy Patient of his, who using to sleep with his mouth open, (as he suppos'd) imagin'd a Mouſe had slipt downe his throat; the Doctor perceiving his fancy to be strongly perverted, concurr'd with him that it was a Mouſe, and nothing else that troubled him, and that he should (upon a little Physick taken) see the returne of him to his great joy. The Patient desired his dose; and within a day or two, the Apothecary gave him a slight vomit, which wrought very well, but at the first and second straines, no Mouſe appeared; whereat, the Apothecary sware, he smelt him comming by the scent of the ejection, and therefore he wisht him to reach lustily the next provocation, and he doubted not but to shew him his incroacher, and to make him pay for a entry and forcible detainer: The next bout, the Apothecary under care of holding his head, clapt his hands about his eyes, and while he was expectorating with the other, he conveyed a live Mouſe into the Bason, which the Patient seeing, he highly triumph'd over his disposseſ'd inmate, and at once clear'd his stomack and his fancy of the imaginary Mouſe, by the Doctors wise application of a recall one.

CHAP. XIII.

*St John is chang'd into my Lady Jone,
And Cut-beard is the Squire, (a proper one)
But Mr Curate (though tricks up and dress'd)
To attire womans cloths thought it not best,
His orders did forbid him; They change parts,
But not the plot, and follow their first Arts!
And while they doe pursue that brave design,
They sonnets beare, and harmony divine
At their repose, and at the last discover
Cardenio the discontented Lover;
Who now compos'd compleats his wofull tale,
And shews that wealth and honour will prevail
Gainst oaths and vomes; the losse indeed is sad,
But the worst losse is, for it is to be mad.*

Text.

TEXT.



Hey borrowed therefore of the Inn-keepers wife, a Gown and a Kerchiefe, and left in pawn a faire new Cassock, &c.] 'Twas well if Mr Curate never knew the charge of taking up a Gowne before: It is a dear commodity, and hath put many a man to doſſe all: But for Mr Barber, who (and yet I cannot tell whether the trades were conjoyn'd so antiently) was a Perruke-man by profession, should have no better shift then a pied Oxe taile for a Beard, is very uncouth, he might have had enough of more pardonable Rubbish, if he had taken the paines to reforme *Sancho's* Beard, where was an infinite of shrubs to spare, without any wast to his Copie.

The Hostesse trickt up the Curate so handsomely.] So rare a dresse is this of the Gowns, with the guards of black Velvet full of gashes and cuts, that certainly the *Don*, or whosoever saw her, must needs take her for a distressed Lady, and oppressed too, if it were no more, then with that Gowne upon her back in the middle of August. But it seems the Gowne was of great Antiquitie, and being made in King *Bambas* dayes, a Prince that delighted in no fashions, was extreamly ridiculous in King *Cambises* time, who was the most glorious Courty Prince, and most observer of Modes in *Arabia*. Now what would move one of us easily perchance to laughter, will worke other effects upon the *Don*, who seeing a Lady submitting her selfe to his protection, and stiling him her deliverer, restorer and avenger of her Injuries, would instantly imagine, that some Villaines, Thieves, Gyants, or Inchanters, had robb'd her Castle, kill'd her Knight, stript the Empreſſe, murder'd the young Princeſſe, and left her naked, untill shee was compassionated by a certaine Midwife, who accommodated her with her Christning Gowne, wherein shee got more pity, and rais'd a higher desire of revenge in the *Don*, by how much that more eminent she had been, and especially, that by her muffler he could perceive, she was very tender of laying open her rare beautie to the Sun-beams, which was another inducement to provoke him, that such a Beattie should not (and he a living Knight-Errant) suffer (unreveng'd) this injury. These opinions no doubt would surprize the *Don*, beside the uncouth sight of her Squires face-handle, (by which he might seem to be a long-beard) would much amaze him. But more the variegated forme of it, the like whereof he had not seen upon the face of man in all his Travels: But presently reflecting upon the hubbub, affrights, and confusions of the storm'd Castle, he found, that the present feare and amazement the Squire was in personally, and the deep griefe that did seize him for his Lords and his young Ladies, and the sweet Princeſſes Ruine, and his most sweet and Innocent Ladies horrid abuses, did change in a hight one side of his Beard, as is frequent with those, who take too deep impressions of sorrow, to have their whole haire altered from any colour (except the same) into white.

Sancho came over to them about that time, and seeing of them in that habit, he could not conteine his laughter.] *Sancho* shews himselfe a man by his properties, and though it be the sign of a fool to laugh excessively and often, tis the

part

part of a rational man to laugh sometimes, especially when merry objects are presented. The contrary passionate Philosophers from the same objects rais'd teares and laughter: A great Argument that most mens actions are like Mr Curates Beard, *pie'd*: and that both *Heraclitus* and *Democritus* might exercise at once their customes upon them. Mr Curates Beard was indeed more ridiculous then *Sancho's*, yet *Sancho* sicers at it, having not seen his own face in a glasse since his first setting forth. Yet the intention of this foolish Metamorphosis, was commendable in the continuance, and dolorous in respect of the object; that wise men should permit themselves to play the fooles, to regaine a perverse and obstinate mad man to his home againe; let a man judge himselfe, and at night recount his dayes severall workes, and he will ingeniously (if he be impartiall betwixt himselfe Jury and selfe Judge) confesse, *Inter ridenda & desenda tempus esse perditum*, and he might lay himselfe to bed like the Picture with a face of severall sides, the one weeping and the other smiling.

They arriv'd the next day following, where *Sancho* had left the tokens of boughs.] *Sancho* is now neer *Bedlam*, as he supposeth, and that he shall find his Knight, out of wits, out of cloths, and out of knowledge. The Curate instructs him what to doe, and gives him a letter of word of mouth, (not to be shewn, if he would conquer the world for it) which if he delivers with that fidelity as he did the *Don's* to the Curate, he may be stil'd *Mercurio del Fido*. They injoyne further secrecy, that he reveal not the designe; a thing which he was very well contented to doe, hoping it tended to his present installation to the government, and then there was another infallible token, that of two things committed to his memory, he could remember but one, and that was for his Asses, his profit quickning him in that particular. But as for the Letter to *Toboso*, it crumbled into such miserable Snattocks, that the Divell could not piece it together.

Both therefore arriving quietly under the shadow, there arriv'd to their hearing a sound of a voice.]

Ante Focum si frigus erit, si messis in umbrâ.

Umbrage and Musick too, and vocall too, was treble delight: But such rare straines, and so exactly sung, rais'd their opinion, (that it was not pastoritall, nor any *Dorm* that sang) but some body of rare fancy, and exquisite voice. It will be a good Parenthesis, according to the inversion of the Verse, (both waies to be followed)

Interponet tu in interdum seria ludis.

*Sancho being gone to fool it with his Master;
Cardenio brings o'th' Stage his sad disaster.*

The continuation of *Cardenio's* Story.

Luscinda's Letter to Cardenio.

1.

Love and Desert enforce me to
Hold you not only high and deare;
But to put off all foeminine feare,
And teach thee slow-man, what to do.

2. If

2.

If thou desirest in civill waies,
Without a *clausam fregit* writ,
Upon my honour (tender it)
It is my glory yet, and praise.

3.

Unto my Father make addresse,
He loves me highly, you he knows,
Who will not crosly interpose,
But rather our good fortunes blefs.

4.

He can't compell my will to thee,
'Tis to thee long agoe design'd;
This letter shews how I'm inclin'd,
If thou my Love be so to me.

5.

This message fir'd *Don Ferdinand*
With praise to me, and magnifies
Luscinda's wit, 'bove all that's wife,
But loves her false Lord underhand.

6.

I as a man design'd for ruine,
And one whose sorrows should be full,
My selfe invited in this gull,
My selfe th' usurper drew in.

7.

I made my secrets known, and told,
Why the kind summons of my love
I did not to her mind improve,
But for a season did with-hold.

8.

It lay upon my Fathers side,
To aske her of her yielding fire;
But had it Heaven bin to acquire,
I durst not mention't, nor confide.

9.

Not that *Luscinda* might not gain
(Without worldly additaments)
By personall vertues the descents,
And grace the noblest blood in Spain.

10.

But I knew well that no requests
Would on his will prevail, & since
Those Letters from our noble Prince
Call'd me to wait his high behests.

11.

And filthy feare, I knew not why,
(But straws were blocks) did chill my heart;

That

That I could not my mind impart
With Fancy, that he would deny.

12.

Now sings a Nightingale, O hear!
Don Ferdinand will undertake,
Consenting Fathers both to make;
But O she sings not halfe the year!

13.

O *Joab* false, *Italian* Lord!
* *Vespasians* tutor'd Favorite,
But *Alexanders* friends, sad plight
Will seize thee, and a Tyrants sword.

14.

O bloody *Gyges*, whom the King,
* (*Candaules*) gave a fatall view,
(Of what no wife man ere would shew)
And made his own a *Gyges* ring.

15.

Fond Lover, whose'er thou art,
Let not thy tongue thy Mistressse praise,
Such talke i'th' hearers lust doth raise,
'Tis pimping to a goatish heart.

16.

But shew her not (not to the blind)
Cupid is said to want his Eyes,
But yet about he wanton flies,
And doth the fairest pieces find.

17.

Be only mirrors to each other,
Viewing your selves in your owne Eyes;
(And fear least they should chance prove spies)
Your kisses too with kisses smother.

18.

So shall no envious person pine
As that he doth not see nor know,
And all the joyes will twixt you flow,
Which your own banks will safe confine.

19.

But I transgresse, and shall return
Unto Lord *Ferdinand*, whose care
Is now to send me from this aire,
Where he in fires of love doth burn.

20.

The better to effect his will,
A specious errand he contrives,
And in that missive a plot drives,
His hopes to raise, and mine to kil.

21. Six

21.

Six goodly horses now are bought,
But money from the Court must come,
(That any man should Court his doom!)
I this employment freely sought.

22.

He had his wish, and straight dispatch
Letters unto his elder Brother,
But his intents from him did smother,
And in his papers mischiefe hatcht.

23.

I gave *Luscinda* short account,
Who wist me make no tedious stay,
To ready minds naught is delay;
(The saying did to much amount.)

24.

But then I did perceive her eyes,
With liquid Pearle distent, and swell'd;
I never teare before beheld,
Which made me bode 'um prophesies.

25.

And so they provid, for in a shoure,
(A storme it prov'd in fine to me)
I left my sweet Captivitie,
And ne'r shall see good day nor houre.

26.

Pensive and sad I mount my Mule,
(My feares gave wings, and jealousie.)
The way was scarce seen under me,
So rode a mad deluded foole.

27.

And *Ferdinand's* Brother privatelie
With Letters I salute, who reads
The businesse, but no mony speeds,
Untill eight daies could finish'd be.

28.

Who laid commands that those eight daies,
(Unseen unto the Duke with him)
I should in joy and pleasure swimme,
And money he would private raise.

29.

And all this was the Artifice
Of trecherous Lord *Ferdinand*,
To winne his Brother to command
My stay, by feign'd necessities.

30.

Who could prevent, who could discover
Such subtle manag'd trechery?

Y

Thas

* *whost saying*
it was, qui nec
est dissimulare
necit vivere.
Alexander o-
verbated with
Greek wine,
flew his best
Captaine, and
friend Ephre-
thon,

* *Candaules* the
King of *Lydia*
discovered the
naked excel-
lencies of his
wife to his Fa-
vourite, who
made conscio-
us to such a
high secrecy,
never left
plotting (by
his death) till
he made him-
selfe more pri-
vate with his
admir'd spe-
ctacle.

That mought have I, that did not I,
A foolish, doting, senselesse Lover.

31.

Short of *Luscinda* in my love,
My resolution not so high
(More like a spouse in modesty)
Acoward too, in fine I prove.

32.

What could the pretty soule doe more?
(A soule surpriz'd, and forc't by friends)
To bring about our long'd for ends,
Then send, and rescue to implore?

33.

* *Don Ferdinand* (writes she,) he doth act
So by the Father, (not for you)
That both the Heifer he will plow,
For the two Fathers are compact.

34.

And O that I must say such word,
He hath demanded me for wife,
But he shall aske, and get my life
As soon: Love can find out a sword.

35.

Ambition spurs my Father on
To have his daughter, *Duchesse* still'd;
That he doth urge as he were wild,
And yielded hath unto the *Don*.

36.

Two daies, (*Cardenio*) and but two,
(O thinke how nimbly time doth fly!)
Are 'twixt that dire solemnity;
Doe something, and that quickly too.

37.

Imagine my perplext estate,
One while •recharg'd with courtships high,
Then Fathers importunity,
And thus my wretched cares they baite;

38.

If these arrive unto your hands,
They may prevent the giving mine,
Or that my lips should ever signe.
To say, I will be *Ferdinand's*.

39.

That word like to a daggers point
Wounded my heart, and drove from thence;
All the regard and reverence
Iow'd, and friendship did disjoint.

40.

Got from the Court, I back did flye,
(For rage and feare my Mule did spurre)
And had a quick access to her,
Who at the grate did for me lye.

41.

That Iron grate, which oft hath heard
Our vows and protestations,
(Were things of course and fashion)
Was now unto me double barr'd.

42.

For in a sad and dolefull tone
Luscinda said, (*Cardenio*)
I strait in these rich Drestes goe,
And must with *Ferdinand* be one.

43.

The Traytor Lord i'th' Hall attends,
My covetous Father there expects
My duty, which the worke effects,
Unlesse some poor reliefe me sends.

44.

But if I must my selfe relieve,
I have a Ponyard secret hid,
Which will the cursed Banes forbid,
And give me long and with'd Reprieve.

45.

Dearest of living things be there,
And see thy Mayden sacrifice;
See how I will this Lord despise,
And name of Virgin Martyr weare.

46.

O persevere (soule of my soule)
And act according to thy word,
And see *Cardenio* weares a sword,
None shall my fury then consroule.

47.

Then will I falsehood falsehood call,
And challenge *Ferdinand* to's face,
And have revenge upon the place,
For one or both that howre shall fall.

48.

So shall we both be join'd i'th' Urne,
And in one Tombe we'l chafly lie,
The monuments of constancy;
Luscinda (while I speak) doth turn.

49.

Call'd to these cursed Nuptials,
So that I grop'd, (as in dark night)

Depriv'd of her vigorous light,
Till hate my fainting soule recalls.

50.

Not as a Brideman, 'twas decreed,
To see this Pompe, but as a feind
With dismall torch, I shall attend
The issue of this cruell deed.

51.

Then to the Hall unseen I came,
The busie house was upward flown;
The Hall with various herbes was strown;
(It might have been for me the same.)

52.

Two courteous ends of Arras meet,
And gave me sight, and covert too,
That undiscern'd I saw the shew,
And how these lovely couple greet.

53.

Falfe *Ferdinand* took first the Hall,
(A Field perchance to us 't may prove
And 'tent of wrath, and not of Love)
Cloth'd in his common habits all.

54.

Then came *Luscinda* and her traine,
Rage made me blind, senselesse and mad,
I scarce took notice how sh' was clad,
But nothing was so fine in Spaine.

55.

Amongst these people stood a thin
Lean man in blacke, and from his coat
He pluck'd a booke of common notes,
And brush'd and cough'd, and did begin.

56.

He join'd their hands, and lowly bow'd,
Madam (said he) is it your mind,
With Lord *Ferdinand* to be join'd
In Wedlock, speak, and 'tis avow'd.

57.

My lengthened Eares did greedily watch,
What answer she would make, and while
I with her Negative beguile
My hopes, or that she would dispatch

58.

With Poniards point the fatall Scene;
My hand was still upon my hilt,
She order'd it, no blood was spilt,
And said *I will*! Was this her spleen?

59. And

59.

And *Ferdinand* repli'd (*I will*),
And going to salute his Bride,
A judgement just did her betide,
Whom Heaven for perjury did kill.

60.

For 'twixt her mothers knees she fell,
And on her heart her hand was fixt,
That nothing could be got betwixt,
And gone she is, where none can tell.

61.

At last with spirits she got heat,
Which loos'd that false and mulcted hand,
And from her Breast *Don Ferdinand*
A letter caught, and did retreat.

62.

Which by the help of Torch he read,
But the Contents did not well please,
He sate him down in little ease,
The killing letter made him dead.

63.

He did forget to mind his spouse,
(To whom but now he gave his hand)
Nor could or life or speech command,
But sate dejected in the house.

64.

Judgements enough (if they be home)
If thou ne'r ope that trecherous mouth,
VWhence never issued word of truth,
(Said I) it is a happy doom.

65.

The house in tumult, I convey'd
My selfe unknown into the street,
VWhere no man me, I no man greet,
But walk like one wholly dismay'd.

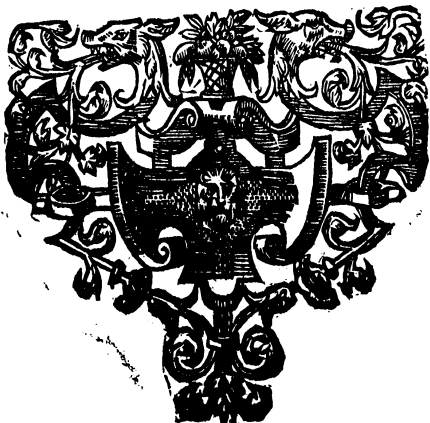

66.

My Mule I got, and for the Fields,
And sight of Rocks, and VVoods, and beasts.
I now resolve, and count them blest,
VWho live in place that no men yields.

And just about the time, Mr Curate was bethinking.] A note of consolation would have been very unreasonable, especially in beating out such a story with worse matter. Then it was not certaine, whether Cardenio would hold in this temper; and to Mr Curates word of comfort might meet with a word and a blow of reproofe. Thirdly, I believe that Mr Curate was not provided, and that's enough at any time, for a scape Sermon; the quilted cap the next Sababths day is Apologie for the indispositions and failings of the last. Fourthly, and to conclude indeed, another

her extraordinary pleasant voice, drew them all by the ears unto it. It was so ravishing a voice, that it was able to compose the troubled soule of Cardenio; who weary with the sad relation of his own Story, is now at leisure to heare this, which that it may gaine all its grace, the Author places us a roome off from the Musick, and only in this Booke, gives us the eccho and falling tunes; but in the next you shall have the fulnesse of the melody, the Beautie of the person, which he sufficiently invites us to, while he raises in us appetite, which will not be satisfied without tasting.

The end of the Third Book.

FESTIVOVS NOTES VPON DON QUIXOT.

Book IV.

CHAPTER I.

*Our Shepheard shepheardesse, relates her hap,
what do you think it is ! shee hath got a clap.
Lord Ferdinand as you have heard before,
Made bold to make this pretty rogue a whore ;
'Tis pity shee is so ; but being out-swornes,
Out-pow'r'd, out-worded, shee's at last o'rborne.
Her Father bath a Barne more to his Earne,
Good man, 'tis known my Lords, and there's no harme:
But Dorothea having lost her Earne,
Scornes to be Country talk, and peoples game ;
Forsaken by her Lord, the Woods shee takes,
Hoping to meet with Cleopatra's Snakes,
Or any courteous Beast, would make a prey
Of her: But Woods nor cruell Beasts obey.
Instead of welcome dangers, her own Page,
(A rascall Varlet, scarce grown up to age)
Adventures on her chastity ; but he
Thrown down a Rock, receiv'd his destinie.
Then to an antient Heerd, (what age is free,
If fifteen be not, nor threescore and three ?)
Shee was a servant, but the old Knaue knew
Shee was not as she seem'd, but lustfull grew.
Flight was her refuge here, she now remains
In 'h' craggy part o' h' Mountaine, and complains
Of Lords, of Pages, and old doeing Swaines.*

TEXT.

Reface. Most happy and fortunate were those times, wherein the most audacious and bold Knights Don Quixot of the Mancha, was beloved on the world.]

*Felix illa dies ! quæ magni Conscia partus,
Quixotum terris, & tibi Mancha dedit.*

Tran-

Translated thus.

VVho knows the day of that illust'ous Birth,

VVhen Quixot of the Mancha saw the Earth?

I doe believe, *Garagantua* and he were neer Contemporaries, or rather the Knight of the Sunne, by his parch'd face, but by his wild and wandring head, he should be more conversant with the Knights of the moon, who every moneth, in some Region or other, drop from that Orbe, and play feats in this. In the Register of the *Mancha* there is nothing to be found but these Letters, and these with much Art preserv'd. *Hab: Lunat: Quix: Anno ante Orb: Cond. p. 10.*

[A voice said very dolefully, these words ensuing.] Let it be if you please a Drawlery upon it, for it is very sad and long, and it may be you long to be merry.

Dorothea's Description.

Shee'd got (poor soule) among the craggy Rocks,
And is discover'd by her silver locks;
Her argent haire, which all beholders caught,
Entrapp'd her selfe, and to her sex her brought.
She would a boy been thought, but her pure feet,
(Then which nothing so strait, nothing so neat,
Nothing so cleare: For to the bashing wench
And 'bout her legs the fish plaid as a Trench.)
Consist'd her woe too plain, 'twas worth ones wish,
To have a Lasse, that caught both flesh and fish:
Just like a Plow-boy tir'd in a browne Jacket,
And Breeches round, long lethern point (no Placket)
With her high shoes, her Buskin fashion'd hose,
Halfe of her Alabaster legs disclose:
Her head a rusty cap did hide, and as
She lifts it up, her face proclaims a Lasse
So beautifull, that rapt Cardenio sweares,
Since not *Luscinda*, 'tis not as 't appears.
I would have sworne as much, had I been there;
But after this shee combed out her haire,
What was her Ivory combe'd you think her hand,
Which ran so nimble at her sole command,
That in an instant shee had spread her haire,
You could not see a person to be there;
As in a thicket of rich Silk VVorms worke,
Or twisted Sun-beame, her nice Corps do lurk
Unseen, unlesse the amorous Wind did sunder
The even lines, and shew within more wonder.

[All which circumstances did possesse the three that stood gazing at her with great admiration, &c. Therefore they resolv'd to shew themselves.] Mr *Carat* had no Crosse-worke against this sight, it drove him not to his Pater-nosters, nor his Beads; but the most magnetick piece wrought virtually upon him, and so strongly, that he could no longer be at so remote a distance,

but

but was for a *contagium*, which is more naturall; and if matters hit right for a *contractum*, which is more spirituall as to the *Eclesiasticall* Court; but *nos inter nos* very *Carnall*. Mr Barber was so smitten at the looks of her, that his eyes smarted as if he had wash't 'um (*open*) in his sweet bals: And O the mischance! how he laments the want of his puffs (or head-bellows) to powder his Perruke; nor had he at present any *esperamints* for his upper Lip: Yet he would shew himselfe a man of his hands, and arme her from the River. *Cardenio* also, but that his rude and tatter'd Ruines discourag'd him, would not have been the last at this Ceremonie, but they all ranne from their Covert hastily, and rush't upon her, which put her to a short flight, and presently to a fall; for her tender plants were of a more choice and pure earth, then that shee trod on, and unable to endure their roughness. But she was presently supported by the Curate, who (as if he had been beginning his Sermon, a *lapsu primæ parentis*) said, Lady (for so your haire, unwilling to your self) discovers you) it is incident from our Mother *Eve*, for your sexe to fall: and so regaining her feet, desired her to be constant to them, & put them to no farther diseale to themselves, but to settle her a little discomposed spirits, when she should perceive, she was fallen upon such, that hoped their persons were rather to be approach'd to, then fled from. Here the Barber should have acted, but the Curate being the *fluenter* man (except when Mr Cutbert was in his fuds and snaps) had the happinesse to hand her, and have the advantage of her eare to convey his *Consolatories*, *Suasories*, *Depre-colories*, and the like fragments of his profession, untill he had appeas'd her totally, and brought her to that calmnesse, that she was willing to take a stone, the naturall stools of the place, and Mr Parson inviting his companions with his—*vivo sedilia Saxo*,

To accept those living seats of stone,
Which grow without a cushion

They all incompass'd their delicate Orator, who confirm'd in her resolution, began her Story.

Dorotheas Tale.

There lives a Duke in *Andaluzia*,
Grandees they call them, (if I right doe say)
Who had two sons, the eldest of great hopes,
The younger, such as those they call crack-ropes;
The wicked Lord, as e'r wore Spanish leathér,
Gawdy as Sun-shine, light as any feather,
And divelish handsome, set out too with clothes,
With which he takes fools eyes, their ears with oaths:
His businesse was, his plots, designs, and carking,
To abuse poor maides, a very very *Tarquin*.
My Father farm'd of the great Duke his Father
Much Lands, from whence you very well may gather;
How bold the Lordling made, for he plaid Revell-
Rout, when he came, and laid the Towne all levell,
All were his Fathers Tenants, who made bold
Upon a priviledge in dayes of old,

Z

VVhich

(Which the gyrls knew not) of *Purgandos Renes*,
 And so he came by many wicked venies,
 Which the old Lords had long time left undone,
 And was the drudgery of the yong ft sonne:
 But other breeding, then the Parish maidens,
 (VWhich to the Market went with country Tradings)
 My Father gave to me, beside the ruling
 Of all his house, I had no time for fooling;
 For either I was busie in the Dairy,
 To see cleane worke, that stroakings were not hairy;
 Their Churnes and Presses neat, there was no cluttry
 In Pantry, Milk-houise, dairy, nor in Butt'ry.
 I had accoutrements and proper dressies,
 For all employments; now for the wine-presses
 Anon for oyle-Mils, then among the Hives,
 (And was as busie as those winged Thieves.)
 Our House, nor theirs, afforded Drones; two servants
 One of each sex (i'th' Family the fervent ft)
 Alwayes attended me, and by those paire
 I sent my Embassies to every eare:
 I order'd, and 'twas done; there was no Dutchess
 Had a more cleare Command within her clutches.
 If that the day afforded any leisure,
 It was not spent in giggling and in pleasure:
 I and my Maidens at the distaffe sit,
 Contending, who the finest thread could spit;
 Or else the bones we rased for the grace
 Of the most exquisite and smallest Laec:
 And for our worke with needles, we could venter
 To shew *Arachne* sitting in her center
 Amongst her home-spun Orbs, and lines, and thence
 Shee moves from Center to Circumference.
 Or his dread piece, who mulcted was for peeping,
 While Nymphs their bodys in cold bath were sleeping;
 And then transformed into a stately Buck,
 To dye by his owne dogs had the ill luck.
 That selfe enamour'd Sir we also wrought,
 VVho in a war'ry looking-glasse was caught,
 And to the mens perpetuall jeer and laughter,
 Extinguist was, and set on fire by water.
 VVeary of worke, I forthwith went to play
 Upon the Harp or Lute, so spent the day;
 Musick reviv'd my Spirits, and at night
 I was as bonny, as at morning light.
 Abroad I went not, but unto the Masse,
 And then so hooded, to tell who I was
 My selfe knew not, untill uncas'd; the Priest
 Confess'd, and did absolve me in a mist:

All was not care enough, this would not cover
 Nor hide my beauties from a Goatish Lover;
 (Lord *Ferdinand*)

—Thereat Cardenio rose,
 As if he had ta'en pepper in the nose;
 That very name did make him sweat, and stand,
 As if his fit of frenzy were at hand.
 But he did only sweat, which cool'd the Barber
 And Curate too, who leering were for harbour,
 If the mad fit had seiz'd him: It fell out,
 Cardenio prov'd faire Company this 'bout.

Never was man so smitten as this Lord,
 He knew noshow to look, or speak a word
 At first, but once having found out the way,
 The Devill himselfe could not the Lord *Out-say*,
Out-Court, *out-promis'd*, *sweare*, *out-bribe*, *out-ly*;
 He forc'd me double guard my chastity.
 For I was now to looke to my owne Trenches,
 I know not how he had wonne upon my wenches,
 They were his spokes-women, and high Abettors,
 And alwaies scatter'd's praise, or scatter'd's Letters;
 What should poor Virgin doe? they praise, he begs;
 I'm left alone, to stand on my owne legs;
 I must confesse the flatterie of his letters,
 Would have inclin'd Ladies, by farre my betters;
 And what was I, that I should be so coy,
 (Alas my heart to read 'um oft did joy!)
 But I did fear, and so my Father told me,
 (And bid me when that I was well, there hold me.)
 He meant no good, for all his deep protesting,
 Keep out his head, for he would bring the rest in;
 Then he contriv'd to match me out of hand,
 To one of equall yeares, and equall Land,
 VVhich was more sutable then those high courtes:
 But yet I hankred after Coach and horses,
 To be my Lady call'd, a Dutchesse daughter
 I often wisht, and entertain'd with laughter.
 But *Ferdinand* had sist out thy poor plot,
 VVith silver angling all the truth he got;
 And in a night, the Chamber doore being shut,
 Unlesse 'twere after open'd by the slut
 That waited there, or that he had a key,
 (For that he had, I think for any way)
 As I was halfe undrest, this lustfull Lord
 Unbrac'd before me stands, I'd not a word
 To say, nor did th' unhappy wench cry out,
 (Shee knew too well what he was come about.)

But *Ferdinand*, most full of raptures high,
 Caught me in his armes incontinently;
 And with such strict embraces did me round,
 And sware and kils'd, and wisht him all confound.
 He meant to marry me, and ne'r would alter,
 Then kifs'd the Misfall (thats our Ladies Psalter)
 And me againe, then made Imprecations,
 (More then the King of Spaine hath Nations)
 And then us'd whining too, all sort of cunning
 'Tundo a credulous poor maides down running:
 I gave him reason, how the Duke his Father,
 Then marry me, would see him hanged rather,
 'Twould be his owne, mine, and my friends undoing;
 But he for all my words, ne'r gave off suing.
 Then catching up our Ladies Image, sware,
 That all his purposes were chaste and faire.
 And though he did anticipate his pleasure
 This night, he would appropriate the treasure
 Next day unto himselfe, then begg'd and whin'd,
 (Alasse too much to one so well inclin'd)
 And having swore my maid out, and the lights,
 We did what Lords and Ladies doe anights.
 The morne too soone beganne a blush to me,
 Which I return'd to him in bed with me,
 Who startled at the double purple light,
 Rose up in such a huddle, as the night
 (It was not so to me) had been unpleasant;
 Surely it was not, though we had no case in't.
 My maid conspir'd his farewell too, to hasten,
 (That very maid that in my study plac'd him.)
 Just like an Epicure, or greedy fellow,
 H' has had what he came for, and so farewell ho;
 But yet his farewell was not quite uncivill,
 For he did wish himselfe unto the Devill,
 If he did break his faith, or fail'd to tarry
 A moneth at full, before that he did marry.
 Then in exchange, a ring of noble price
 He drew from off his finger in a trice,
 And slip't it upon mine, and strait was going,
 But I did think, there something more was owing:
 I dropt a teare, and kifs'd him, and then I told him,
 He saw full well, I was not given to scolding;
 For my false maide I scarce had chid, who hid him,
 Though not unwelcome, yet a guest unbidden;
 And (Sr) said I, though now you make no stay,
 Forget not (good my Lord) to know the way.
 All this prevail'd, but for one nights stay more,
 He could have done no lesse unto his Whore:

I prest for's company, he gave denall;
 I askt him, if heooke me upon tryall:
 He sware, he try'd and lik'd, and lik'd so high;
 He could upon the circumstances dye.
 Nay prithee live (said I) and returne speedy,
 Fifth that on gravell use to play are greedy.
 He smil'd and vanisht, but I know not whither;
 At me he came not, nor in publicke neither.
 A moneth I spent in wa'r'ing of my Pillow,
 And then bethought me of a Garland willow;
 Then the false Damself, that convey'd this Traytor,
 I ratled, but yet kept her for my wayter;
 Shee knew too much to be discharg'd, a Trustee
 Of such concealments, alwaies flatter'd must be.
 But I was troubled most, (my eyes being blubber'd)
 For publicke meales, I oftented at Cup-board.
 But anger, sorrow, and all passions bulg'd
 Into themselves, for a report divulg'd,
 That my *Don Formidand* had found fresh litter,
 (I did not wonder how he came to get her)
 One nam'd *Luscinda*: and that they were bedded,
 That mov'd me not; but this, that they were wedded.

But yet *Cardenio* star'd and champt and wond' red,
 And wisht, the Devill had their bodies fund' red.

And forthwith having brib'd for Page a Swaine,
 Unto *Luscinda*s Towne we trudge amaine.
 But there the Bels could not proclaim'e i'th' steeple,
 Higher then 'twas i'th' noise of common people.
 From one of them I heard, that on the espousals
 That night *Luscinda* frighted all the households.
 She fell into a swoone, but dropt a writing,
 All as he swore of her owne hand inditing,
 Wherein in lamentable case she shews,
 Shee long time since was our *Cardenio*s;
 (Ours I can't call him now, for young man, he
 Is gone, alasse, we know not where he be.
 Shee did renounce those later bands, that she
 Could not without disloyall perjury
 Be any others, if they would goe on-ward,
 Shee'd end the businesse with a bloody Ponyard.
 Thus much the Hind related; then a person
 Of better ranck, on *Ferdinand* fell fierce on,
 And said, that He deluded of his Lust,
 With her ovn dagger would have given a thrust,
 And kill'd his spoule, but she vile wretch was hindred,
 By those then present, parents and her kindred.

'Twas time time to flie, this eminent disgrace,
 Made my sham'd Lord, he durst not shew his face.
 It was a day before *Luscinda* strengthned,
 And then the story of her vows shee lengthened
 To her abused Parents, who requested
 To be forgiven, but she was then close breasted,
 And spake but little; and a few dayes after
 The house was full of tears, they'd lost their daughter.
 'Twas worth my journey this, I tarried
 To finde my spouse was yet unmarried;

'Foole as I was that had no knife nor dagger,
 'But if I had my doubtfull hand would stagger.
 'What it should doe! flay me, the innocent?
 'And why flay him, if that he honest meant?

CHAP. II.

*While tame Cardenio Dorothea courteth,
 And to new stratagems the Dame exhorteth,
 Resolving both upon returns; the Curate
 Offers to wait, the Barber not obdurate,
 Proffers like service. But hark Sancho Pansas
 Runs Onching round the mountain like a ranc-Asse;
 Braying for's Company; The Barber whistles,
 At last they meet, and jeer each others Bristles,
 Oxe tails, and Shottotier. Sancho related,
 How that the Don was neer exenterated,
 Meagre and wanne, with hollow Cheeks sharp gullet,
 Chest like a dog-fed horse, legs like a Pullet.
 Never (more) Knight of the Illfavour'd face;
 But now he was the naked Knight of his place:
 Fit for some Physick-schoole, where he might stand
 To shew his parts, he is a musle man.
 A Counsell strait is cal'd, and Madam Doll
 Micomicona doth her selfe in stall.
 (An injur'd Ethiopian Princess)
 Who beaten out of all her owne Provinces;
 Must crave Don Quixots aid: Shee strait accoutres;
 Curate and Barber being adjutors
 Unto her highnesse; Sancho is perswaded
 It is a Queen, that comes for to be aided
 By his great Master: so the plot is laid,
 Sancho doth foot it, Barber's on the jade:
 The Queen is in the middle, and at last they finde
 This wondrous Knight, not like one of Man-kinde:
 The Queen makes knowne her wofull case; the Don
 Calls for his Armes ('twas well his cloths were on).
 His Armour clays; they carry this lank singer,
 The nearest way they can unto a dinner.*

Text;

TEXT.



HE Audients of her Story, felt both pity and admiration.] The Auditors eyes did even runne over with water at *Dorotheas* Story, but that shee restrained the woman in them, with the woman before them, who was so lovely, that she scatter'd nothing but cheerfull influences upon her beholders. Shee made grieffe and sorrow amiable, inasmuch that Mr Licentiat was upon premeditation still before he spake to her, and did not play the Priest adventures, nor vent his extemporary fancies upon her. A compos'd piece of his office in the point of comfort no doubt was instantly to issue forth, when—

Cardenio taking her by the hand, said at last, you are daughter to the rich Clonardo.] I had thought *Cardenio* would never have been knowne; but now he will disclose himselfe, which he might easily doe, for he had scarce a rag to his taile, and gives her the naked truth, that he was that same piece of flesh, who stood more like the Arras, then the Tapestry it selfe, while a perjured friend, made bold with his Lady before his face. *Dorotheas* managery of her matters, was farre more ingenious and commendable, who was not a thorough loser, she got what was to be got, and though she lost the Principall, shee had good consideration. What hath *Cardenio* to excuse himselfe from the extreame scarre of a Coward? who having his hand on his hilt, and plac'd as in ambuscado for the Stratagem of revenge, expected the word from his Ladies dying groane. Her Ponyard must whistle to his Toledo. *A living pudding is better then a dead Lyon;* (quoth *Dorothea*) and let all Grandees of Spaine (for they delight therein) like the Proverb, and use it for ever.

Then I will use the liberty granted to me as a gentleman, and in just title challenge him to the field.] *Dorothea* might have smil'd, or rather suspected his fidelity, that her beautie should prove a *Beuteseu* greater then *Luscinda*, and inspire more valour into him, then he did shew for his owne incroachments; no challenge sent to *Don Ferdinand*, for the usurpation of his spouse, though done under his nose; and why such a cock of the game in her vindication? Certainly he had an aguish fortitude, and it came upon him by fits, when it concern'd him most, at his own conruting, the cold Paroxysme held him, and the hot and Feavourish at present. It was true indeed, the Lady whose defenses he undertakes, was worthy of an *Herculean Vindex*, and one (that had these tilting times been worthy of) must have wrote her selfe the Mistresse of some short Catalogue of slaines, or perisht Kings servants (a very great honour I can tell yee.) And here now were hint an occasion enough for a discourse upon Duels, whether they be a piece of justifiable fortitude? without the consideration of Christian laws made against it, or any impresses of the divine Prohibition in the soule, created in, and to love, and originally interdicted revenge and violence. If you come with these arguments into the schoole of defence or reputation, you are said presently to smell of the Coward. But if you come fortified with *Cain's* Jaw bone, and will maintaine a challenge good against your own brother, not of the sword only, but nature, then you are

are

are of the right flame, a brother of the Jaw-bone. The arguments on both sides are very strong; the Hectors relye upon their blades, *manus ad capulum*: It is enough to signifie the challenge, and the cause too, and the Law is as strict, and punctual too. *Caput ad Laqueum*, which is enough to intimate the crime and the punishment. But I have but one argument against Duellers at this time. Why doe the Hectors themselves fly for the same? They will say, for feare of the Law; why then let them finde out a place, where there is no Law against it? that the brother-hood say, is in *terra Incognita*; they could never heare of any such place; then certainly if all people and Nations punish it, it is not only unlawfull, but unnaturall and morally evill; and what no people allow in general, no one should dare to doe in particular. The Tragedies of *Dorothea*, and *Cardenio*, are more lamented (the more's the pity) feined Romances are bewail'd, and Philaster bleeding in love, when a true really slaine Gentleman shall not find a teare; but a dispute, whether he fell nobly, made a right thrust, or lay too open, or had his hat, doublet, band, and spurs off? These are the requisite punctilios before his lying downe in the bed of honour. It may be the cause of the quarrell is by some askt after, by a thousand related, and by never a man the same way. A sad case (my friends) when a man shall perish, and goe no man knows whither, and taken off no man knows why. *Homicidia in mendacio flemus, in vero postulamus*. 'Twas said of those daies, when Emperors expos'd the live-bodies of their slaves, to be Prizes with Beasts, and one another, then the voice was at those Amphitheatrall Butcheries; *Play him again, clapping and applauding, when the Beast was victorious.

*So we can weep at feined Tragedies,
And look upon true Murders with dry eyes.*

This is a little too serious; the next note brings a foole in, and then we shall be merry againe.

It was Sancho Pancas, who, because he found them not in the place where he left them, cryed out lowly. He might have cryed bread and meat for the Lords sake, (for his halie starv'd Lords sake) who with hunger and cold had almost put an end to his Errantry. He cryed, and his Knights belly rung noon, and the wood rung of them all; and now they have Sancho in a ring, and round him, untill he have made his Mr as ridiculous as himself. The whimsy of the Knight, is to be cured with another whimsy, as they say, set a fool to catch a fool; a Proverb not of that gravity (as the Spaniards are,) but very usefull and proper. For example sake: An English Lord kept a Fool, a very naturall, who being displeasur'd at some ill usage of the Family, absented himselfe so long, that the Lord was much troubled lest he should have made himselfe away; others thought he might be gone in a visit to a neighbour fool some few miles off. The Lord sent thither to enquire, and withall, to intreat that Fool over, (in case he was not there) to their house. Fooles are soon intreated, especially the servant telling him, that his Couzen had been missing many daies; al's one for that quoth *Tonies*, I'll find him out, ne'r feare Coz. At last they came to the Lords house, and all of them, Lord, Lady, servants of both sexes ran out to the Foole, and wofully lamented the losse of *Tonies*, who was as good as meat to their bellies. Coz *Tonies* cryed, get ye all to prayers on your backs; you long coates

coates (speaking to the women) my Coz is safe enough, he is too wise for you. Then the foole was ranger of the whole house, and in every place he came, he cryed, O Coz, Coz, are you there. I see you well enough? Thus having travers'd the best Chamber; at last he came to the Cock-lofts, and with a more hearty and confident noyse then in other places, he cryed, ha Coz have I found you, I see you, that I doe. The other foole had unpi'd some wood, and lay behind it, then his Coz cryed out againe, I see him, I see him, in very joyfull acclamation: Whereat his counterpart said from his lurking holes, O but you don't: The noyse directed them to the place, whence out they pluckt him, halfe starv'd, for he had there but wooden entertainment; but the Cook got him some spoon meat for his Coz and himselfe, and they were very well satisfied. Such a dish now hot in the Plaine, where *Don Quixot* acted more then the Knight of the Naked Arme, would have put an end to the play, and all the bitter usage of *Dulcinea* would have been forgot in a *Leche* of settle-braine; wherein if they had slic'd some of the leaves of the two books, wrote *de veritate*, amongst the chippings, it might have been enough to reduce him (without the neat designe of *Dorothea*) to his naturall temper, from having ever any credence in lying Romances.

Dorothea said that shee would counterfeit the distressed Lady better then the Barber.] The Barber might have done much, if he had his wife to attire him, and set him out in Ladies combings; but I doe not think shee would ever have let him shav'd off his Mustachoes for the matter, it being the only hold she had, (for his haire of his head was but thinne) when shee found occasion to pull him to her pleasures, or from the Alehouse to his paines. Let him be honest *Oxen-herne*, the Lady *Nicomiconas* servant with the checquer'd Beard, which signified much feare in him, or from him. Pray Heaven, the *Don* in his rambling fancy take him not for *Cacus* the Gyant, that robb'd those honest men the *Grassers*, and cozen'd *Polyphem*, (the *Monophthalmos*, and Gyant of the single Eye) drawing politiquely his Cattle backward to his owne Cave; so that *Polyphem* tracking their steps to the denne, could find nothing but hoofes revers'd from the Cave. A hundred to one but he hits on't, and takes this long pendent on his chin, for some glew'd on Trophie of his beauly victories: If he should hance upon it, there's like to be no quietnesse without a Rump to the taile.

And through the great Fame which is spread over all *Guinea*, of the Lords Promesse, this Princesse is come to finde them out. Sancho replyed, what that fat and plentifull Kingdome, (whence the *Guiny* Pigs come) doth this Lady with her selfe submit to my *Don*? O *Mary Gutierrez*, live and befat! and let thy Children all be farlings; those pretty *Guiny* Pigs-nies shall live about thy bed-chamber, and thou shalt lie upon thy pallat, and call to thy cook-maid, and say, dresse me that Squeaker for my breakfast, I'll eat it before I rise, and the rest of the litter shall be small Musick to me, while I feed; it shall be so *Mol*, and sell a capering, as if he had one in his belly. But Mr Curate told him, these *Guinea* Pigs which he meant, were Shelves of gold melted, refin'd, and made into wedges, Pigs and Bars, that *Mary Gutierrez* and her whole family, could not lift one from the ground. One of these would buy the *Manchas* Hogge-heards whole drove, Dams and all.

My master hath no kinde of power over Spirits.] The *Don* could never worst any thing that had a Spirit. The Windemills had a Spirit that threw my Mr in *Confagium Luna*, (as they say) and he was never in his wits since. Certainly he was toss'd or carried beyond the temperate Regiment of the aire, among the blust'ring, thund'ring, and fiery boyes; for ever after he despis'd Land encounters; he smelt my thought, as if he had been sing'd at his fall, or of somewhat of a hot aire. So that (great Queen) for this bulesse of *Guinea*, if you have not a man of Spirit in it, he will make no more to conquer it; then he would to eat an Orange, though his stomach is sharp enough at present without any Incentives. Lady, he shall destroy all except the Pigs, with which your Dominions abound. May you, and my Lord people it from your owne Loines againe; (all but that part of the Dominion, which you bestow upon your humble, but doughy servant, *Sancho Pancho* of the *Mancha*) and my Lady *Moll* shall serve your Highnesse, (not amongst the maides of Honour) but chiefe Princesses of your Kingdome, in the office of holding up your traine, or the cloose stoole, wherein shee is very tendable, and handy. I have more of the litter, if you please to grace 'um; but when I and *Moll* shall come to feed on Pigs, we shall multiply beyond the rate of the creatures we eat, and have subjects of my own begetting, of my owne loines, in such a number, that it will be fit for your Highnesse to transplant them for Colonies, and send them into the wide world for a living. Thus is the fool transported, taking Mr Licentiat for the Queen, and out of apprehension of he knows not what, he talks to he knows not whom.

At last they discovered him amongst a company of intricate Rocks, all apparel'd, but not Armed.] *Sancho* was to blame, to let his Mr be thus surpris'd without his Armes on, his long pennance having withdrawn his body from the full extension of his clothes many a handfull, so that he look'd as if he had been in a sack, or a scarecrow, rather than a man. So improper an oversight was never committed by a Squire of the body: Inasmuch, that the *Don* in the beginnings of his adventures, providently would not suffer his Armes to be all taken off, when he repos'd, but slept in the Helmet. To unmarriall the whole man, and leave him without steel or iron upon him, is, as if you should pare the nailes of a Lyon, strip a Beare of her skinne, rob a Fox of his taile, dishonour a Cock of his spurs: That is to Caponize the gallant spirit of the Creature, and to render him lesse formidable to his Antagonists. A Knight-Errant without Armes on? *credentne posteri?*

I will not answer you a word, nor heare a jot of your affairs, Faire Lady (quoth Don Quixot) untill you arise from the ground.] It is much that he is not on his Knees too; for he was scarce able to stand on his Legs, which (if his Armes had been on) had not been so visibly flexible; for the *Don* through weakness bow'd ever and anon, and recompens'd her kneeling, with continuall unavoydable cringes, which made him appeare the most courtly Knight upon the earth. The case was plaine, for he was not able to raise her up with his hands, but she expected his gracious word of mouth, which was stronger alwaies then his Armes or Legs, and promised a great deale more.

I doe give and grant it, quoth Don Quixot, so it be not a thing that may turn to the damage or hinderance of my King or Country, &c.] A very loyall exception: Three obligations which he had forfeited over and over, and yet to see the tendernesse of his Conscience in a point which he so often violated. This faithfull lover of his Prince, is under privy search of the Holy Brotherhood, for the rescue of his Majesties slaves sent to the Gallies. The Country was full of hues and cries for the adventure of the sheep, which his *Manchegan* Farme would not satisfie. The Helmet of *Mambri-no*, was the poor Village-Barbers goods, which he took to arrest him for; as he past the Towne; the present subsistence, which *Sancho* (his Receiver and Treasurer had) were the spoiles of *Cardenio's* Port-Mantle, beside the severall Hostes, (his unwilling Creditors) who intended to dis-Rosinate him, and send him home Knight-Errant on foot, if he paid not, what his Squire and Himselfe had eaten. Lastly, for his obligation to his Lady, there was no feare, but of himselfe: For who could damnify her, who had nothing to lose, not so much as credit? and for his personall injury to her, he had sufficiently done it in his Pennance, which had so mortified the man in him, that all the wealth he had would not repaire him into a reasonable proportion of night-service, which if he faile in, *Dulcinea* was like to Orlando him, though it were by his Squire *Sancho*.

And therefore hands to the worke, for (they say) that danger alwaies followed delay.] Concluded most Heroically! 'twas well to call for hands, (and more hands then thine owne) or else the worke would be very ill done. Yet I think in this point *Sancho's* opinion was right, (that it was a matter of nothing) for there being no such Queen, and no such Kingdome, the Squires word is here to be taken, and the *Don's* Proverbe of delay proves dangerous, is infeeble, for the lesse speed, or a *sestina lenie* were farre more safe and easie; but hands to the work however, and at length restore the Queen to her legs, for shame that ever such a decrepit Knight should undertake so chymericall employments, and is not able to relieve a Lady from her Knees. It was not want of humanity in him, but strength, faith our Author. Fasting is an ill preparative for a Ball, and the *Don* was (notwithstanding his sniffling example of *Amadis Du Gaull*, or any other puling Knight) in a wrong course to reconcile himselfe by abstinence to any distastd Lady, especially such an hirudinous and extracting Lady, as *Dulcinea*; who would have tir'd *Hanibals* Army, after he had rested a moneth in *Capua*, being of a larger size then *Messallina*, and vaster desires. This next civility will drowne all that is past, for he will not permit the Queen to kisse his hand, but keeps them in his pockets, and cannot be constrain'd upon those termes to draw 'um forth.

But it grieved Sancho to thinke that the Kingdome was in the Country of Blackamores.] It was no just cause of griefe; (*Sancho*) for if your primogenitors be not belied, the generall smutch you have, was once of a deeper black, when they came from *Mauritania* into Spaine, and the protuberancies of your lips both alike: Now indeed your teeth are not so white, nor your faces so black, though the *Don* by his Pennance, had reduc'd himselfe almost into a *Moore*, and to his most ill-favour'd Face, had most cleane teeth. But *Sancho*, were it not a more profitable and lesse cruell designe (then that of selling 30 or 40 thousand in a morning into Spaine for slaves).

to try a piece of experience; and since every man has two coates to his back, (that is two skins *Sancho*) an upper and an under, that thicker, to keep off the injury of aire-blows, and the like, the under, finer, and lighter like a summer coat. Flay therefore (*Sancho*) the tougher upper skinn off, and send them by Ship-loads into all other Countries, (where solemnities for Funerals are used) and you may drive a mightie trade for mourning gloves, mourning saddle-clothes, and mourning buff, and Pantoffles for Ladies, after they'r covered with gold lace; (for no skinne is softer then the *Moore's Sancho*) thus *Sancho* you save the subjects in a whole skin, though not two, and the second skin proving white, you will have your Country call'd *Albion*, and your people Whites, not from the colour of their Sands, but their owne strange Metamorphosis. Your selfe call'd *Blanco*, that is the *Faire*, or *Pharo*, who was an *Æthiopian* Prince before you; that is, King of the Whites.

Mr Curate was an ingenious and prompt plotter, and took out of his case a paire of sheares, and cut off Cardenio's Beard therewith all in a trice.] Sr John is turn'd John of all trades, *Clericus & Laicus*, a brace of Elders and a Presbyter, bound up in one Volume, the Tailor, Barber, and Licentiat; well (Sr) exercise your gifts; *Cardenio's* Beard is the first point to be handled, which being exorbitant and unfit for the Congregation, by the Scissars of authority, was reform'd into a more brotherly cut. *Exit* Tonsor; enter Taylor with a Capouch and a long cloake, wherein having drest the yong Gentleman, he resembled a little Levite so handsomely, that in the ensuing passages he might hope to be Chaplaine to the Queen of *Micomicona*; Mr Licentiat is left in *Querpo*, as if in Zeale he had preach'd his upper garment off, or else parted with them, when *Duke D'Alva* was beaten out of the low Countries, in the heat of that Reformation.

But notwithstanding the Barber was so affrighted, as he fell to the ground with so little heed to his Beard.] By a Synecdoche of *partis pro toto*, the Ox-taile being fallen to the ground, we may say *Bos procumbit humis*, for both lay together; nay downe fell Mr Licentiat also, and so the old three may lie together, *Bos, Fur, atque Sacerdos*. 'Twas too much for a hackney to carry treble, they seldome are true to one; but Mr Curate must now shew his skill, or Mr Nicholas, for all his two handed chin-cover will be found no Squire to the Queen of *Micomicona*, and then all's discovered, for the *Don* wondring at the Squires theere losse of his Beard, said, no Barber could have done it with so fine a slight of hand. He would profane an *Agnus* for an Ox-taile, but murmur'd some few words over the Squire; strange! the Beard came to the Face, or the Face to the Beard, none knowes which put the *Don* upon a request, that he might have that prayer against his evils; for no doubt if it were chin-prooffe, it was tooth-prooffe and limbe-prooffe, and easier carriage then the *Balsamum Fierebras*.

Let me intreat you Mr Curate, the occasion which hath brought you hither to these Quarters so alone, &c. You shall understand, &c. read on, ad finem capituli.]

Here Mr Curate is put to a grand case of Conscience, whether in point of urgent necessities, as the saving of a mans life from perils of robbers, or any other accidents, (legally to be permitted) or from an obstinat melancholy in a person, sworne and devoted to ruine himselfe, and Family, in such a case for a *majus beneficium* or *bonum Reipublicæ*, or to ones owne selfe, whether

that the lips of the preacher *is alwaies to preserve truth*? If the frequency of lying might excuse it, it hath justification enough. He answers his mentall objection mentally, and saith, *In foro, coram Judice, in Pulpito, coram Episcopo, in rebus litem dirimentibus*, he is substantially, really, and verily to speak the truth, and nothing but the truth; but in extrajudiciall cases, (not ordinarily so) but such alwaies which infer a publike or a private good end: The Licentiat was satisfied that he might transgresse the beaten path of truth, and take that way which made most expedition to his honest design in hand, and reckons those matters amongst the peccadillo's and venialia, which never come into the black book. But Mr Curate, by your leave, your slight transgression, is one of the lowdest lies, that ever I heard of; what, seventy thousand Ryals of eight sent for a token? what, Ships for a Convoy? But (cry you mercy) it may be Mr Licentiat was allyed to *Deño*, Mr *Lopez* his Sexton, whose estate was incredible, and investigable by his executor; but happily some slight moiety is discovered, which our *Indian* friend very kindly lends for a token, a small remembrance of his love to his affected, though some 106 yeares *posthumus* Kinsman Mr Licentiat of the *Mancha*. The second lie is so mixt with divinity, that with a little enlargement it might have serv'd for a homily of charity, taken in the example (in the same case) of the Traveller, who fell among Thieves; and questionlesse with the Pathetick expressions, which he was singular at, the *Manchegan* could not choose but melt into pity and reliefe, as is ordinary upon the Ladies side, and that's the moving side that carries all; but the severe rebukes end all in a generall pardon, (which though the *Don* intended not to confesse the crime) he resolv'd to make use of, and said Amen to himselfe and the prayer.

CHAP. III.

*The Queen of black Micomicon relates
A story blacker then her present Fates;
And in such tragick words her matter dresses,
The Don is more enrag'd then Captaine Bessus;
Whose Diary for dinners, and for Duels,
The Don did like, but of Knight-Errants few-els:
The want of which, caught in a hamming lie,
The Knight that fought byth' clock at Shrewsberry.
The Don had kept a Register, and did set downe
What Gyant must be fought that day; what Towne
Reliev'd; what Castle batter'd; all was there,
But that he durst not shew the Register.
They were Cardenio's Tablets, whose good Mantell,
Had furnisht 'um with many a savoury Cantell:
(Another Postill for the Curate.) Don
Grants all, and strait is for Micomicon.*

Conquers

Conquers before he sees: successfull Cæsar
 Did never such stupendious acts as these are.
 Then like a gallant Knight at the last closing,
 He leaves her person to her own disposing.
 He scorn'd to make her prize, and give her Kingdome;
 This dumpt poore Sancho, as had been a thing-done,
 And happy it had been, had he been mute:
 For while he doth Dulcinea's face consulte,
 Irrag'd Quixot at his Ladies trumps,
 Tilts Sancho downe, and leaves him on his stumps.
 Untill the Queen her grace came interceding,
 Sancho for love of her lay soulely bleeding:
 All laws of Errantry forgoe, his fire
 Was blown so high, he would have kill'd his Squire.
 But pacified by her (whose conquering looks,
 Wins more then swords) they now are for the Cooks.
 Yet Sancho growl'd, untill at last a blissing
 Beyond his thoughts, makes him forget his threshing.
 Gines Passamont besmear'd with soot and blacking,
 With Sancho's Ass unto a Fare was packing;
 The quick-eyed Bore had spied him, and unass'd him,
 And in his armes most kindly he compass'd him,
 And kiss'd his brother Animal; what passes
 You shall hereafter read betwixt these Asses.

TEXT.



Advised him that he should see well what he did, and that it was a sin to deliver them. To what purpose is it for a wise Lord to contrive and plot well, and have trecherous servants, fellows that are conscience-tought with a Sermon? such timorous Rogues are not fit for noble ingagements. The

Don (you see) could heare all this learned Homily, as an unconcerned person, such a one is right, and if need be, he could raile against the villanie himselfe committed, the leste suspected still; or if big enough, owne it, justify it, the more feared, the more obeyed he is. But for this unserviceable Squire, with his confession, (his fordid simple confession) he deserves to be requited with the Proverbs, and the Don for his stout silence, and politick carelesseesse, in minding the story of the Slaves, is fit to be a proverbe, and adage of concealment and secrecy for ever. Bottle-head was too good a word for him, unless it were an Ale bottle, which had discharged his Corck centry, and runne all out.

First of all I would have you know (good sirs) that I am called, and here she stood suspended by reason she, &c.]

Oportet mendacem esse memorem.

Sinox made not one rub in that long lie of the Trojan Horse, but with a solemnity, commanding beliefs, laies the whole businesse upon the gods, calls it their Artifice,

Divina Palladis Arte.

The

The memories of men and women have been very strange. Cæsars was such, as he could call his Souldiers all by their owne names; Seneca could remember all that ever he wrote or did, others what other men do, and nothing of their owne. Some remember more then they should, and some not so much; and those whose memories are pitched very low in the hinder part of their heads, are so long before they can pumpe out what they have treasured up, that they remember not at a first or second time, but at a third. I have heard of one of so strong observance and retention, that if he saw a man but once, he was able to tell him a long time after, how many buttons he had on his doublet, what kinde of shoe-ties, band-strings, and hat-band he had at their first meeting: The chiefe matter is constitution, use, and liking. A well tempered braine remembers constant, habit strengthens, and perfects; and like old men, what we have a mind to and affect, will be remembered well enough. So it is with the Queen, whose owne fancy setting her upon this designe, (except the first halt) went very cleverly on with the rest of the story.

Nicomiconas Story.

Imacrio skill'd in Art, surnam'd the Black,
 (Which men call (Magick) that doe wisdom lack)
 And Xamarilla Queen, my parents were:
 Where no issue Male, and therefore I am heire.
 But wise Imacrio by his skill foreknew,
 That Xamarillas death would soon ensue;
 And his great knowledge let him understand,
 All matters would befall himselfe and Land:
 So that his owne neer destinies he told;
 (Though neither he nor his good Queen were old.)
 And what in future would become of me,
 And then he sigh'd out this sad Prophecie.
 Thy Mothers death, nor my owne sodaine end
 So trouble me, as what doth thee attend,
 (Poore sencelesse Princess:) When our heads are cold,
 Thou and thy Kingdome by a Gyant bold
 Wilt be invaded, whom his Iland write,
 Pandaflando of the dusky fight;
 Not that he squint-eyed is, for his eyes stand
 Well in his head, but he can them command
 To move distractedly, or outward swell,
 And by distortion looks more terrible;
 'Twere Warre enough for thee, his goggle eye,
 But yet hee'l prove a fiercer enemy.
 For he shall first desire thee for his wife,
 That being denied, doth make immortall strife.
 Strain with an Army of excessive courage,
 He shall thy rich and vast Dominions forrage,
 And put thee unto flight. Wherefore begone
 Nicomiconas from Micomicon:

Let

Let him a while usurp thy rights, which are
 To be regain'd by a great Knight from far.
 Then reaching out a book of Characters,
 This book, saith he, directs and never errs.
 Thou must deer soule (believe the mystick signes,
 For thy redemption coucht in these dark lines.)
 With all the speed thou canst for *Spaine*: Once there,
 Report will ring thy rescuer to thy care.
 And as I guest upon a lease, he wrote
 His name *Aco-te*, sure, or *Don Hy-hot*.
 False memory! A Knight of stature high,
 By nature wrought and form'd for victory,
 Offwarfy look, but yet condition milde,
 (Except when just adventures make him wild.)
 Moreover, my learned Father did concole
 A marke the Knight had, 'twas a mighty mole;
 Which had it grown above his grizly chin,
 No Knight like him for Errantry had been;
 But on his sturdy shoulders left right side,
 There is this mark of honour to be spied:
 And which his strength, and fortunes plaine doe shew,
 Haires on the mole like bristles thicke doe grow.

Sancho leaped at the word (above the rise of Jack-pudding in a Morrice dance,) and said, O Queen, O King! thou art the man, thou art the man! For when you were (great Sr) in the naked part of your Pennance, I saw (to my great joy, I saw) this mole-hil and the bristles growing on them; and being you were hog-back, you must needs have more of them about you, which shews, that you shall not only fetch your enemies over the left shoulder, but if need be your selfe is able (if you shoot out the naturall Artillery of your body) to be as mischievous as an Italian with his venom'd shaft under cloak: As you stood in the field naked between two trees, I took you for a turnepike; I saw so many of these Molehils and sharp Spears about you, that if you had but rusht and flurled like a Turkey cocke, I should have been afraid of dying no other death, then by the shooting of your quils through me.

Nicomicon proceeds.

These things discovered which my Father told,
 Which my abusive braine could hardly hold,
 And that your name (most Noble *Quixot*) hits
 So neer to those of my mistaken wits;
 And reading in your looks no common matter,
 (The front's a glasse that will not easily flatter)
 There needs no more Certificates. I've seen,
 Happy the houre! him, that will make me Queen.
 The Knight ordain'd by stars for this design,
 Methinks I doe already count all mine.

And

And that *Pandasiland* of the dark sight,
 Is by your valiant hand depriv'd of light;
 His head cut off (the cause of all uproars)
 And in a trophy (as was once the *Bores*
 Born before *Bevis*) carried on a Pole,
 Where'er *Don Quixot* moves. Thus take the whole
 Of what my Father shew'd: Beside he wrote
 In languages, not understood a jot
 By me, (as *Chaldee* or *Greek* Character,
 As those that knew the meaning did averre;)
 That if the Knight of this grand Prophecy
 (After the Gyant slaine, his Armes laid by;)
 Should burne with gentle heat and soft desire,
 And love shall kindle in his bones a fire,
 That could not but by me extinguish'd be,
 I should incline to's sure, and make him King,
 And with my loved selfe give every thing.

What thinkest thou of this friend *Sancho*?] Transported *Don* is rais'd a pinne or two above his judgement (and carried by strong imagination, and an ambitious minde.) He supposes his worke done before it is begun; the enemy slaine, the Queen restor'd, himselfe inaugurated and naturaliz'd on a Black, his Royall Robes on, and the glittering Ensignes of his men, State and dignity borne before him, and himselfe to be acknowledged (by conjunction with the Queen) lawfull King of *Micomicon* during her life: nor is *Sancho* behind him for a Pigeon; both deluded commit equall errors. The *Don* is indeed a more thoughtive, inward, close, and conceal'd Cocksome; *Sancho* open, and in this point irrecoverably cosen'd, untill the sad Catastrophe shews the Play to be a jig, all mockery and mirth. In the mean time *Sancho's* a Player, and Acts a Lord.

Thus *Sancho* makes fine Dorothy a Queen,
 'Kissing her hand, that untill now was cleane.
 (So only fit to doe him grace,) her word
 'Is his Commission for a future Lord.

I will say no more, it is not possible that ever I may induce my selfe to marry another, though [hee were a Phoenix.] A brave recoyle upon his Soule, and the very secret of it displaid in a sentence. It is not beauty, proportion, game-somenesse, majesty, affability, that are the objects of every ones love. For we see men (as wise *Don Quixot* to make election) choose neither faire nor comely women, and yet find sufficient ground even in their Persons, to be taken pleas'd and contented. And there are those that have the choicest pieces for exquisite feature on earth, married even to the envy and neighing of every one that sees them, and these singular objects of Love meet not with constant and reciprocall heats; If the face be the first attractive, that like the day is eclips'd and not seen, nor admit'd. Many *Andanies* (after the heyday of the blood is over) are left miserably to the rocks and woods; their spouses inveigled by such dross and dunghill Persons that no clean thing will touch 'um. Some undergoe *Penelopes* long time of Melancholy and Ipiasing, whilst their seduced Husbands are fool'd into a
 Bb farre

farre Country by some *Dalila's* (that had tryed most of her own) and there lose life, Concubine, fortunes, and all. What should any man see in a whore to affect her more then a wife? unless he suspects his own to be so, nay it hath been the captivity of some mens affection, to accept, and make their own Incumbencies tri'd and known reversions. 'Tis better to shoot at rovers, then when you have chose a standing mark, to play at random. *Dons* thoughts are fixt, and what ever it was that caught his prying and understanding heart, it could be no unworthy thing, unless his love was like (the others) no love in the Epigram.

*Non amote (Sabidi) nec possum dicere quare;
Hoc tantum possum dicere: non amote
è Converso.*

*I love Toboso, and I know not why,
Only I say, I love her (whimsyly.)*

Text proceeds.

The refusall of the *Phenix*, is an irrefragable signe of his constancy, which made *Sancho* chatter like a Jay.

That which *Don Quixot* said disliked *Sancho* so much, as he lift up his voice with great anger.] What, despise a *Phenix*? O Owle! hast thou only kept company with Bats, Buzzards, Beetles, in this long retirement in the Desert? are you of a feather? It is blindness, obstinate blindness; you shut up your eyes against the *Phenix* of the Times, (indeed made brighter by the ashes of affliction) and hunt after Mice and vermin: One glote of the Queens eye, is more pleasant, lovely, and bewitching, then if *Dulcinea* should cast her heart up, which would it were out, rather then it should disturbe us in the progresse to our honours. Sir, settle here your choyce affection, and despise for ever that Scavengers load and aneulance of *Toboso*, but that her forme and face did privilege her, shee had gone with honest durt and dust-ho, to the Common shoare, where a Cage was a Pallace fit to entertaine her, neere those aires she best thrived in, and recruited.

Don Quixot hearing such blasphemies spoken against his Lady *Dulcinea*, could not beare them any longer.]

*Manet al. à mente repositum
Judicium solidi, spretaque injuria Doude.*

Most quarrels are upon these occasions; Warres have been wag'd, and Nations embroyl'd in blood one against another; and

Belli teterrima Causa, &c.

Such a fowle businesse (as *Toboso's*) hath been the shamefull surzbush to set 'um all on fire. But a *Knight-Errant* of all men is Paramount, the Champion of all Ladies, in defence of their honesty and beautie; much more for his owne. And therefore his sodaine revenge upon his foule mouth'd Squire was here justifiable, and if he had brook him into, or thorough the Earth, (as it was much he had not) *Sancho* could not have return'd any just exception to it. But *Sancho* had created *Dorothea* his Queen, and shee was prevalent with her hop'd for spoule (the flower of Spaine) in begging pardons, the *Don* was mercifull, and forgave any one he had hurt.

Run Sancho and kisse your Lords hands.] He went as willingly as a dog to a whip: But remembering that these hands were hereafter to weild a Scepter, and to be the long and powerfull hands of a King, in reverence to that

change

change, (for he thought at the reception of those sacred Functions there was some eminent alteration in the Person) he did come slowly to the honourable Pennance, wishing all peace for the future, and that no occasion might be given or taken, whereby the *Don* should stroke his head, or he lick his Majesties fingers.

And as they were talking, they espied a Gallant comming to them, riding on an Ass. A Rogue had benighted himselfe in an Egyptian dresse, and smooty face, and thought he rode in the dark, but he had forgot to discolor his Ass, by which his Thecvery is brought to light. *Sancho* hath discovered the Ass to be his adopted Creature, naturalized into the family, and soone after the sullied Knight upon the back of it, *Gines Assamont*, whom with his loud cries he follows so close, that he makes *Gines* of an *Asinester*, *Pedester*, and himselfe *Alacer*. And now Resonant *Asinelda Sylva*, and *Sancho* having more feet then ordinary, yet no *Lyrick Poet* by the recovery of his Ass, broke into these raptures.

*And doe I hold thee! and behold thee, too!
O let's be mutuall mirrours at this view;
Never were glasses truer! Thy Sweet Face
I knew as well, as any of my Race:
Our dogs doe lick our chops, nhy may not we,
(Two goodlier Creatures farre) joine Physnomy?
What stately eares it beares! and how upright!
Our Rosinant doth envy at their height.
No sly Egyptian Thiefe, no Gines, no force,
Shall ever *Sancho* and his Ass divorce;
And wheresoe'r this History shall be,
When you doe see the Ass, you doe see me;
And when the Ass is of this world no more,
For *Sancho* and his Ass as (One) deplore.*

CHAP. IV.

Sancho the meanness of *Dulcinea* tells,
How thresh-er-like she works and likewise smels;
Says, that the *Don* with Lances might prevaile,
But shee would doe such wonders with a Flaile:
When that he boldly to her presence thrust,
Shee was engag'd up to the eares in dust;
But by the favour of the scattering wind,
He saw her face, exceeding woman-kinde.
Her stature mans; he fear'd, being no higher,
Shee'd take him for your Dwarf, and not your Squire.
Quixot turns all (like men literally)
Into the colours he abounds withall,
And highly praises, what no man (but He)
Could ever to his fowlness vilify.
Heave how poor *Andrew* magnifies the *Don*,
And the same praise will serve for both as one.

Bb 2

Text

TEXT.



ALL this liketh me well said Don Quixot, therefore say on, thou arrivest and what was that Queen of beauty doing then? This Dialogue of the *Don* and *Sancho*, concerning the high and mighty *Dulcinea* of *Toboso*, may be compar'd to those of *Lucian*; it being *Lam & vituperium Rei*, full of Hyperbolicall and ridiculous flatteries on the *Dons* side, and downe right and blunt abuses on the *Squires*. I know no reason, but it may be in rythme; for *Knight-Errants* as they were inspir'd with Languages, so they were able upon all occasions to expresse themselves in Prose or Verse, and their *Squires* also had a sprinkling of this gift.—*Amant alterna Camana*. You shall have them as at the examination office, the *Don* with his Amatory interrogatories, and *Sancho* deposing nothing to the purpose.

- D. Quix.* When at *Tobosos* Palace, (pleasures roofe)
Thou and our *Rosinant* did rest your hoofe;
What was *Dulcinea*, Queen of beauty, doing?
What wife employments keeper from fond woiing?
S. Pan. Shee takes the safest course to turne off Courting,
Is alwaies moiling, and her selfe be-durting,
(Like to a Sow in snow-broth) somewhat neater
Your letters had the happy luck to greet her.
Then too, to quench desires, in labour great
With a round five she winnow'd chaffe from wheat.
D. Quix. Wheat? thou blind cockrel, tak'st thou wheat for pearls?
All those rich granes thou saw'st were guists for Earls.
S. Pan. It may be so; when she had made it bread,
Twas fit for the best Prince to put in's head.
D. Quix. When with obeysance just, (humble and low,
With all the niceness of *Punctilio*)
Thou didst present our letters to her hand,
Did shee not kisse the scale? and wondring stand
To see the signature, (this Countenance print)
And seem to see no common matter in't?
S. Pan. Your letter by a Clerk of *Sancta Fides*
Was wrote from mouth, & seal'd with some *Mervidas*;
But yet in sign of joy her high rear'd hand
Bore up the five, and as I carelesse stand
In the winds mouth, in mine her wheat-dust flew,
And in my eyes, that I no Christian knew;
But threw your Letters on her empty sack,
To rub my eyes, like him o'th' *Quinborough* back.
D. Quix. What queries did shee make, whether her *Don*
Lov'd any other Queen? or her alone?
S. Pan. Shee sisted much, and try'd to get all out,
(The Divell could not cleanse it,) 'twas all smoot,
Sooty, and blighted Corn. But then said I,
Seeing her storm and stamp in such perplexity;

Fai-

Fairest of fowlest worke, your Lord, good Knight,
In fowler fashion spends both day and night;
You halfe undress'd, in modest sympathy,
The Knight all naked in the fields doth lye,
Hungry and cold, deform'd, cursing and raving,
Living with beasts, and humane commerce waving.

- D. Quix.* Doe not her silver pillars raise her high,
That shee doth seem an Arch of Majesty?
S. Pan. Shee and a Miller in the Pillory,
O'r-seers of a Market well might be.
D. Quix. Is not that spacious Palace (like the Sun's)
Deckt with bright graces, and perfections?
S. Pan. Her Frontispiece is rich, that the sweet dimples
We would see in her chinne, are hid with pimples.
D. Quix. But *bonâ Fide* speak, what a rich scent,
What fragrant flavour strook shee as shee went?
S. Pan. If I may trust (as to a Probe) my nose,
Shee smelt, as if shee'd newly pluckt a Rose.
Such odour breath'd, & such strong airs were hobling;
As use to ascend from a new laid Tantaublin.
What shee evaporates from her wide Armes,
Let them relate, whom the rauck breathing warms.
D. Quix. But having thred the Pearle, (that thou call'st wheat)
And got into some place of close retreat,
Prithee how often did shee read? how oft
Salute my letter for the language soft?
S. Pan. As children doe on writings sometimes stare,
But being unskill'd, the uselesse paper stare,
And tread 'um under feet, so simple shee
A while stood gazing at the Roman (D)
And (T) on the indorsement; then she tri'd
Whether they would a backside rub abide;
And after that shee rent in two small pieces
The Letter, (not that shee your love despises)
But lest the secrets should discovered be
To any one that should read more then shee.
Shee much was troubled (as I heard her say)
At your night pennances, and hers of day,
And doth command you from the Woods. But when
I told her that all Knights and doughty men
Gave to themselves some name appellative,
And that your Fame would longer thence survive,
How eager was shee for to heare it told;
I was as glad, and could no longer hold;
Take it, hee's Knight of the *Ill-Favour'd Face*,
Nor could shee hold, but shooke the very place
Whereon shee stood with laughing; she so shooke,
'Twas hard to tell which way her strainings took;

Nor

Nor lett thee, till I askt her if some slaves
Had come to doe her homage; but the Knaves,
She said, came not unto submission; but
An honest *Biscaine* (who was beateen to't)
Acknowledg'd her his ranlome; but for her
The *Don* had slaine (he said) a *Biscainer*.

- D. *Quix.* Our honour is preserv'd: But is hers too!
Sancho, what jewell did she give to you,
The guerdon of thy paines? hadst no rich gift?
I know her heart, shee'd make a scurvy shift
To show her bounty, especially to one,
Who brought such welcom'd news from her high *Don*.
- S. *PAN.* Shee was not at her Cabinet, if so,
Shee'd much to give, but unto whom few know:
Shee's rich and covetous, and ne'r appears
Stately, but keeps her Robes for better years;
Ungifted yet she sent me not away,
'Twas dinner with her, and a revers'd Tray
Serv'd for her Table, she her selfe did fit
So pleas'd o'th' ground, as shee were us'd to it;
Then her provision from a bag she threw
Onyons and Garlick, Bread and Cheefe out flew.
She like a hungry Gos-Hawke the prey seiz'd,
Untill her wrung concavities were eas'd.

'Her Grace when she had victuall'd that grand Camp,
'Gave me a peece of Cheefe tuff as a vamp,
'The grinding of it, gave my jaws the cramp.
'Out of a pot of water then shee quaff'd
To my *Ill-favour'd* Lord (said she) and laugh'd,
And spouts the pledge into my face, full draught.

It was enough, that shee would deine to send,
I mounted *Rosinant*, and ther's an end.

Seeing some wise man hath transported thee thither by stealth, and unware of thy selfe.] *Mephistopholus* is the spirit of expedition, and consign'd to attend *Knight-Errants* and their Ladies; for the Knights ride as if the Devill were under 'um, and their Ladies as if the Divell were in 'um, or over 'um; *Pacolets* horle is for their Lords, and the Night-Mare or the *Ephialtes* for their *Virago's*. It may be *Dulcinea* (that he might digest his entertainment) committed *Sancho* to one of her familiars, which gave him the *Presto* and a *vade celeriter* through the aire, but *Sancho* came not flying, but lying all the way. By the help of these *Necromanticall Pneumatergies*, *Drake* encompass'd the World with a Ship, shot the Gulph, and was three dayes before he rose again, the *Sr. Poli's* dispatch Whales for intelligence, and as if there were a Post-Office amongst the Fish, you have Letters every day

day from all parts of the world, at a great deale cheaper rate then any from the Continent.

And likewise I pray you not to trouble your mind, thinking to see my Lady Dulcinea at this times, but travell to the place where the Gyant is and kill him, and conclude that businesse first.] Very well counsell'd *Sancho*, alwaies kill the Beare before you divide his skinn. There was an Irish souldier so wary, that one of his enemies being dead, he thought him not secure enough till he had cut off his head, and then he cried he had slaine him. *Sancho* is for a head in a platter, a Thiefe in chaines, a Mastiffe in a muzzle, a Bird in the hand, a Mouse in a trap, Fish in the net. Such plaine and easie proverbs learned in his rusticall life, were of great use in his military affairs; for he was now a souldier of fortune, and it concern'd him (as much as an Earle-dome) to have the Gyants head in his Wallet, that is, to remove all difficulties and obstructions to his owne preferment.

I have heard preach'd, said *Sancho*, that men should love, &c. I love and serve him for what he is able to do.] Here wants a *Lipsian Marginall*, a *nollem diuum mi Tacite*. In the like case, where the wife Historian makes too bold to censure the Actions of the gods, as he did frequently of the Emperors; saying, *Credo diis magis nostram ultionem cura esse quam securitatem*. But *Sancho's* is a censure of men, or rather a censure upon himselfe, why and for what reasons he serv'd God, which being profane might have been spar'd, though tis too true, and what the *Satyrist* long agoe observ'd, that our prayers were made to the gods, but the matter was all for our selves.

*Prima fere vota, & cunctis notissima Templis
Divitiæ ut crescant, ut opes ut maxima toto,
—nostra sit Arca Jovo.*

The summe of most mens *Oraisons* is this;
Descend O Jove, as once thou didst of old
Into thy Danaes lap, (thy seat of blisse)
So to our Chests in yellow showers of gold:

Or else, tis like poor John Bee,
Who pray'd for himselfe, his Barnes and his wife,
Ne give's short commons: ne give us short life.

Mr Nicholas perceiving them drown'd thus in their discourses, cried out to them to stay and drink of a little Fountaine that was by the way.] Mr Nicholas did very well to put them in mind of water, for their discourses were very dry. Water's like Butter, 'tis good for any thing, and according to the play of what is it good for, it is good for *Sancho's* foule mouth to wash it cleane after the telling of so many lyes to his Master. It was good for his Mrs Face to cleane that too, if the Proverb of his *Ethiopian* subjects did not obstruct it. It was good for *Cardenio*, who lookt like a *Westphalia* Flitch, with long watching and fasting. It was good for Mr *Licentiat*, who as a scholar was to taste of the fountaine in memory of *Parnassus*, as a Divine in memory of his holy water. 'Twas good for the Lady *Dorothea* to be still'd the only meritorious and sacred Nymph of that Fountaine, and it was good for Mr Barber, if his sweet-bals had been present, to have wash't, shav'd, and made all handsome gratis, or *symbolo soluto*, paying nothing at the Inne for his ordinary.

Et raris discumbitur herba.

In the meane time the Curate (of two cures now, for here his provision is for the body) intrcats her Ladyship to take a green Gowne, and all like good people of the first age, make the grasse-plat their table, and accept of Mr Curates *parabile*, and his sentences in praise of slender dyet, *as modicum non nocet, Natura minimo contenta*, especially to those who had so long fasted, through the cares satisfie their stomachs; and though it is a common saying, *venter caret Auribus*: Yet in case of a generall want, the belly must heare with others cares (as they say) and be rul'd by the economicall discipline of the whole body.

O my Lord, doe you not know me? I am the youth Andrew, whom you unloosed from the Oak, whereunto I was tyed.] Don Quixot (seeing his freed man Andrew) did arrogate unto himselfe the greatest piece of Chivalry that ever was performed by Knight-Errant, and is so transported with the confidence of Andrew's magnifying his redemption, and praising his most valorous and just encounter, that he cannot forbear to make his mouth more unfavory by his owne vaine and foolish commendations, which he hop'd would have been seconded by Andrew. But such was the issue, as of his dialogue betwixt Sancho and himselfe, concerning Dulcinea, and tends as much to his honour, as that to hers.

Answer me, be not asham'd, nor stagger at all, but tell what pass'd to these Gentlemen.]

Infandum (quoth Andrew) jubes renovare dolorem.

Sir, pluck off my doubler, and there read the bloody History of my Mr Haldado, and poor Andrew; I am so scarified, that with a little salt, I should make an excellent Carbonado. Many a line there is in memory of your Honours intercession, (pox of your appearance) and the scoffs wherewith he e'r beate me, were as dolorous as the blows upon my back; in such and the like scurrilous words whispered, while he was lowder in his punishment.

Andrew, accept this wholesome Bastinado;
'Tis sent you from your friend, *quoth* Don Bravado;
Reliever of oppressed servants from harsh Masters;
And then he yerkt my back with his thong-wasters:
And 'twixt his whips insults, and every stroke,
O pray for your redeemer Don an Oake!
And when so'e'r the Knight shall passe this way,
Tell him your Master gave you royall pay.

Wherefore Andrew concludes all with a very plentifull curse upon Don to his Face, and all of his Tribe, though himselfe was newly entering into it, and wanted but a Master; Gines Passamont is about the wood (Andrew) and if you meet, you'l hardly part; you will live and dye together.

CHAP.

CHAP. V.

Mine Host right use of these Romances got,
Reading such books merrily o'r the pot
Unto his guests; and every Gyant slaine,
And Lady rescued (Tapster) brought up twaine,
Not Gyants, but fresh pots; then those dispatch
In healths unto the Ladies Princely match,
And to the Knight her valiant Paramour;
Why, here's no danger now but of the score:
But mine Hosts credit upon that doth lie,
That truth be in his Ale, as History.
Fresh Tales, fresh Taps; and thus they frolique through
The Aris of Thracian Cirongilio,
And Tope away Hercanian Fleximart;
(A sober Knight, and us'd not to that Ari)
So Don Diego Garcia of Par-edes,
Hath Pitcher-praise, and double health his meed-is.
So when our Don at his long home is anchor'd,
His memory in a Manchegan Tankard:
By the old Wives will be kept up, that's all,
Counted the merriest, tosseth up the same.
(John Falstaffs Windsor Dames memoriall)
A Goddard or an Anniversary Spice-Bowle,
(Drank off by th' Gossips, e'r you can have thrice told)
And a God rest his soule. Our Don is laid,
Truce with the world; Mills be no more afraid,
And Sheep graze quietly, Coarles goe free,
The Don is laid, men may have leave to dye,
And to be buried; Carriers keep the rodes,
No more doe you your selves rife your loades,
And lay it on Knight-Errants and their Squires.
Sancho's a man of no such base desires,
An Earle in losses, and bath noble thoughts;
But when the Curate prov'd those books were nought
But lies and Fabulous delights, and Errantry
A Figment! Sancho put finger in th' eye.

TEXT.

NOW by my blessed selfe! thou shalt use my taile no more for a beard.]
De Lanã Caprinã, or Aprugnã; contention is ridiculous; but this Ox tail is esteem'd as her owne, I know not upon what ground, unless her own had made her Husbands head suitable to this Ox tail, for nothing will serve to clense his comb, (which was the clenser of his head, and displayer of his high frontiers) but this pied Ox tail, which Mr Barber was so delighted with, that he prefer'd it before his Landladies, and admitted it poerer his lips,

Cc

then

then he would her say maine-pillion. But at last the Barber (Mr Curate earnestly perswading) like the *Castor* pursued, parts with his taile-piece, and walks as one of the surmpt'd Poultry, afraid he should catch an extreame cold in his face, and be troubled with the chin-cough.

At the Table they discoursed of Don Quixots strange Frenzy, and what happened betwixt him and the Carrier, &c. And the story of Sancho's canvassing. The last guests discourses, carriages, and freeness, is the certaine news for the next commers. If one were inquisitive to find out others mens use of their liberty, let him follow a day behind upon the rode. The sagesse, civility, thrift, abstinence, and such like personated parts and customes at home, will be all laid aside, like Mr Curates divinity with his Capouch, when he hath a mind to make merry with the good wives of his parish. And these merry makings, mine Host is as sure to relate to the succeeding Travellers, as what robberies are committed, though he himselfe were of the company. The Hostesse hath caught poor *Sancho* in the Blankets too, and tosseth him afresh before his lovely Queen *Dorothea*; and 'twas strange the foul Beast *Maritornes* had so much modesty to conceale her and his back hor cockles betwixt the sheets. In the mean while the *Don* sleepeeth, and his Squire *Sancho* watcheth, to learne if from his dreames any thing may be gathered of his future victories o'r the Gyant.

I myselfe have two or three Books of that kinde, which doe verily keep me alive, and not only me, but many others, &c.] Mine Hosts policy for the drawing guests to his house, and keeping them when he had them, is farre more ingenious, pardonable, and profitable, then our duller wayes of Billiards, Kettle-pins, Noddy-boards, Tables, Truncks, Shovel-boards, Fox and Geese, or the like: He taught his bullies to drink (*more Romano*) according to the number of the letters in the errant Ladies name.

Clodia sex Cyathis septem Iustina bibatur.

The pledge so followed in *Dulcinea del Tolsa*, would make a house quickly run round.

No such Lure as drinke and sports to bring any businesse about. A Gentleman distress'd for want of labourers (it seems hir'd out before) knew not how to inne his Harvest; wherefore he sent for a couple of Beare-hoods, and proclaiming a free access to that sport, the worke-men from all places came thither, and by that meanes with his brewings of Beer, and *Brewin* the Bear, he got his worke done, and yet every day did play. Mine Host hath another benefit by his books, or his wife rather, for it seems he was a fiery cholerick man, and the book was her security, as long as he was reading, shee was at quiet; a very good recipe for either sex that are troubled with the Alarum of the tongue. Romances may be very well read by women in such cases, and not as *Maritornes* the fowly flatterer made use of them to defile her braines with the conceit of embracing a Knight under an Orange Tree, what a Lenuman should he have of her? Good *Mrs Ursula*! how sweet these things are to her! as Honey; O for the sting in the taile! to let her know that sweet meat must have fowre sauce. The Hostesses daughter is also smitten, but dislikes the blows that are given; shee cannot indure severing the head from the body. Those indeed were down-right, but shee was for a by-blow.

Peace

Peace (quoth the Hostesse) for it seems thou knowest too much of those matters, and it is not decent, that maidens should know or speak so much. The daughters of those mothers (who have been in the oven) are forward and understandable of womens matters, sooner then other children. The eggs that are hatcht in an oven, bring forth spirituous chickens, and they commonly prove of the game. Mine Hostesse and her daughter were as like as one egg to another, and like Mrs, like maid too; *Maritornes* serv'd the Carriers, if they pleas'd the best sort: The rebuke might very well have been spar'd, for in that compellation of *Mayden*, it concern'd not her. The old dame was fearfull shee should too much lay open *secreta Domus*, especially the Lady being present, whose super-eminent gracious aspects, recall'd a little modesty into their impudent breasts. My young inheritorix of the Inne would not have any man call her *Tigre* or *Lyon*, shee was gentle as a Lamb or a Cow, with stretcht Udders, and this plianesse she had partly by nature, partly by example from her mother, whom she thought it religion to follow, though it were to the Devill.

Gaudeant bene nati,

Defleant male nati.

Where much salt is, Pigeons will frequent, and they are *Venus's* birds: Cats have hot ingendrings, and where the conceptions are fiery, the Kittens will be elemented alike. 'Tis that fire, that *sal volatile* which makes them of so strange agility, and in conclusion (as the English Proverbe hath it) *what is bred in the bones, will not easily out of the flesh.* *Romulus* was cruell from the wombe, the Woolfe with her milk, conveyeing her nature too. Wherefore it is not good to give female infants Goatsmilke, that is, not to suffer ranc'k, frowy and hairy nurfes to suckle 'um, what the mother hath conferr'd is not curable by Physick, the mischief being scatter'd through the very Principles of Nature, and no more to be discovered then *Materia prima*, and as the learned *Pliny* saith, *Morbi sicut alia legantur*, Dropsies, Gowts, Palsies, Epilepsies, and most diseases are as heredita-ble from our Parents, as their estates. So their vices also, especially those *ab utero derivata*: For *partus sequitur ventrem*, and never read that ever a *Mis-sallina* brought into the world a *Lucrece*.

Would you quoth the Hostesse burne my Books? In good time, my wife first, if shee were in a scolding fit. These books (Sir) they are the cement of my company, the glew that holds them all together, they draw more then my signe, or any thing I have within (except the Tapster.) Our mother the Church is never blemish'd by them, nor his *Catholike Majesty*, nor his *Helinesse* at Rome; and why should any man seek to burne such Books which keep up Society and Ladyes untill midnight (if the Gentleman read emphatically and finely to them) they inflame men and women, and put true spirits into us; besides it is a great helpe to Printers and Book-sellers, who dare venture upon nothing that is serious and true, these being innocent pastimes, and other works dry, and fitter for the fire. Consider also that they are great helpe to such houses as ours, though but few in the world beside my selfe, of my function, I think can read such hard names as are in these volumes. How Mr *Traquitant* of the Commarke of *St Lucrees*: You must suffer me a little to digresse and make it known to you, that there are men of your profession in other parts of the world, who have read as

C c 2

good

good Romances as these, and have thence so furnished themselves with invention upon all occasions, that they scorn to turne to a book when they would make their guests merry, but out of their owne sparkling forges have found delight and pleasure for the whole time of their stay, were it a week long. And I shall give you a taste of the pregnancies of those Inne-keepers where I or my friends have fortun'd to travel, a little to prick the swelling of the bladder. In *Bellofite* of the *Delain* are rare, acuminate, quick and phantasticall blades of your employment, that have hundred witty Remoras for their guests, which they cannot escape for the frequency of them, nor dislike them for the invention. One of them having some guests that lov'd Larks, said, I will fit you with such a service of Larks as you never heard of the like before: how, Landlord, quoth the Gentlemen, what part of the skie proves your net, that you have such heavenly food! The Inne-keeper soberly (as his custome was) replied; gentlemen, The Larks come not to me by miracle, nor doe I take Quails for Larks; But these birds my servants catch, indeed, the rarity is their taste, as you will find at supper; for (marke me Gentlemen) in and neer the Fields where these pretty warblers resort, I my selfe set Garlike and Onions, which the birds feeding on, have such a naturall *Hogou*, that no French Artizan is able to make a higher, but for fashion sake there needs no sawce, and it is alwaies distt severall, that the Larks grand taste may be found to be from its selfe, nor is this all the vertue that comes from my device, for (Gentlemen be confident tis true) I have preserv'd of the young ones, and train'd them up to sing, and they have learn'd instantly; but then by reason of this opening food, which I alwaies us'd them to in their Cages, O what throats they had! what melody they made! no Casary Bird hath reach'd so shrill a note, the Nightingall not clearer, and that you may be confirm'd in the truth of it; you shall have a Cage brought in, and as they sing, (though that aire be sweet and desirable) you shall smell easily by what arts they come to have their pretty pipes so cleer. This is very strange replied the Gentlemen. If this be strange, said mine Host, what think you then of my brother as the next signe, who hath taught foure Robin Redbreasts of severall growths, as he had chosen Musicians, to sing in parts, which they have done long, to the great delight of all his customers. But unhappily an envious Bard of the Towne, seeing the birds have more custome then themselves, gave one of them Allom instead of Sugar, and so spoyl'd the Consort, so that now I believe my Larks will carry it for musick, from all the birds in Town or Country.

A friend of mine was pleas'd to grace me with a few Verses upon the raw subjects.

Sonnet.

1.

No Traveller! goe not to night,
Before thou know our Bellofite,
A thousand rarities are here,
Thou wilt finde thee pleasure for a yeare.

2.

If stately buildings thee delight,
Thebes unto these 's a homely sight;
'Tis Paradise upon my word,
And it hath now a flaming sword.

3.

If aire, the spirits subtle friend,
Here's aire will keep you without end,
And lend you an immortall breath,
Able almost to cozen death.

4.

If Musick or of men, or birds
Affect you, goe not to our heards:
The Muses seat is here; some sing,
And some doe ravish on the string.

5.

No where the birds such Musick make,
Taught by the men that doe them take;
A thing not heard of, by their arts
They teach the birds to sing in parts.

6.

The feather'd consort of the Towne
Will sing in tune, a catch or round
And their great Teachers of the City
Swear, that in time they'll sing the dirty

7.

Come Nightingale, and come you Thrushes,
Leave the dull Woods, and verdant bushes,
And with this Garlike cleare your throats,
Or never hope to reach these notes.

8.

Thou Traveller, goe not to night,
Before thou know our Bellofite,
And mayst relate this only rare,
That birds in Innes owne chant the aire.

There were no living (Gentlemen) with us, unlesse something new and unvulgar be in our houses, for every man here strives to exceed another, thereby to gaine Customers; so that keeps our wits in action, and emulation preserves our trading. I had some guests that were very unapt to sleep any where but in their own houses, which when I once understood, against their next comming I made a pretty perfume of many odours, and amongst them mingled Poppy leaves, and would you thinke it? the composition wrought so effectually upon their braines, that whereas they heretofore awakened all the house in a morning, now they would not have awaked if the house had fallen upon their heads. When they were up, the whole discourse was of the sound sleeps and pleasant rest they took; to which I replied nothing, but that I had given speciall order for the making their beds. One of my neighbours carried all the strangers away before him: He being famous

famous

famous for catching a monstrous Eele with his horse hoofe; for coming through a Marsh, a loose naile stroke into the fish, and held it: Being caught, insensible to the rider, untill his horse being often vext with the fish- es rigling about his heels, threw the Inne-keeper off his back, whereby he came to see what he had caught, beside his fall. The greatness of the fish (for he swore it was as thick as his sign-post) and the manner of taking it, attracted much people to his house, for he had stuffed the skin for a shew, and made it bigger then any Conger. This story swamme a long while, untill it was drown'd by a brother of ours, who being a great fisher, troll'd for a Jack, which he had observ'd often, and was of a wonderfull growth, wherefore furnisht with tackle accordingly to the worth of his prey, he threw in and sodainly she pouch'd his bait, and held him play for an houre before he could bring her to land; then he presently disgorg'd the fish, and upon the opening, out flew a Wild Duck, which it seems the Pike caught as it made a stoop to the water; the Duck by reason of the closeness of the place it was in, and being grip'd at the catching, could not fly far, so that he came home with double prey, and justifies this to be no flying report.

These are their domestick attractives, besides that, they are full of all manner of publike newes, and let no accident slip them, that will serve to supply talke, or retard a Traveller; and as he findes your journy lie, so he findes out some cruell robbery done in the way you are to goe, or of Inns upon that rode, that are suspected to be haunted by Spirits; and then tels an artificall tale of an Inn, in that manner frequented, whither a Gentleman coming late, the Host told him all the Chambers were taken up, except one, which he durst not commend to him, because of the Spirits that did disturbe any that lay there. The Gentleman said (mine Host) with your leave I will lie in this spirituall room, and wil venture my flesh amongst 'um. Mine Host dissuaded, but could not prevaile; wherefore a good fire was made, and supper in good time brought in, the guest was instantly for bed, his Landlady and Host bidding him good-night, in as sad a tone, as if it had been his last farcwell, he had not lain long after the candles were burnt out, but the Familiars were upon his bed, squeeking and running upon his pillow; for the redress whereof, he took one of the bed-staves, and as they came in his reach, he laid a Spirit sprawling, and thus plaid the Conjuror, untill they were weary of Phairy Dances. In the morning he lookt upon the floor, and found himselfe victor over a score of Rats, and calling for his Host, who came gladly to him, he shew'd him his Devils, that had lost him the benefit of that room so long. Mine Host wondered with himselfe, where the Rat-haunt should be. The Gentleman looking behind a vacant place, found a tub and three quarters full of feathers, and being quick of apprehension, conceited they quarter'd in that warme corner; wherefore he desir'd a Kettle of water scolding hot might be brought in, which he sodainly poured into the tub, and immediately there was so great a cry of the scalded Vermin, as made mine Host thinke the Devils were in the feather-tub, untill the drown'd Rats, which were many, were thrown out, and the Devils appeared in their own likeness, for which cleanly exorcizing of the room, the Host would take nothing for the Gentlemans entertainment. Horse or man; and which doe you think now, mine Host of Andalusia is the unpro-

bablest

ablest of these inventions? truly I think that of mine Hosts liberality, and the remission of the reckoning. And now that you see how Hosts in other Countreies, reap great benefit by lies of their own making, we may return to Mr Curate, who is labouring to prove those lies which you read and are not of your own making. But here Sancho Pancho interrupts us with his sad apprehensions, that the Licentiat should speak truth.

Sancho rested much confounded and pensative of that which he heard them say, that Books of Chivalry only contained follies and lies.] But that the sight of Dorothea kept up his spirits, this day we had lost a Squire, one Lecture had converted him; a place or two ab improbable, & impossible, being able to worke miracles in a Country Auditory. So that Sancho fell into some pusillanimous-felle-discourses, and was over-heard to say in muttering grumbling manner as followeth.

*Have I for this sold my fat Sow and Pigs,
To purchase lies, Romances, and false jigs?
If Amadis du Gaul and Palmerin
Be lies, what whimsy-cados are we in?
No Gyants to be slain, no Emperours?
No Emperour, no Sancho Governour:
But by the life of my Egyptian Queen,
(Then whom, a fairer Lady can't be seen)
I doe believe in Gyants and in Ilands too,
And that the Books of Chivalry are true
As any legend, and that my Don Quixot,
Shall get the great Nicomicon for's lot,
And for a Concubine in Guinea,
He may besport it with Dulcinea:
And I contented in some fruitfull Iland,
Shal spend my daies, and neither sell, nor buy Land.*

CHAP. VI and VII.

*Mine Host this budget (like Pandora's box)
Mischievous stories of all sorts unlocks.
Here he displaces a simple Florentine,
Hatching against his wife a fond design,
Having no cause of any jealousy,
But constant proofs of love and chastity.
Yet he will try the purest gold's touch
Sullied his piece, and did his Ingot smutch:
The Cockscorn hires his shame, and gets a Crest,
(A taxon with a fairer was not blest)
His reasons laid, that women never tri'd,
Are therefore chaste; but shew that bath demi'd.*

Refined

Resisted bribes, and opportunity,
 And a solicitour of gracefull eye,
 Apt to convince; she merits all the praise,
 And thus a Trophy to his wife hee'l raise.
 Lothario is his engine, his best friend,
 (Wealthy and young, and fit for such an end)
 But his high amity did over-rule,
 He argues and disswades, but the stiff foole
 Will heave no reason; such dangerous tryals
 'Rather instruct to lust, then raise denyals.
 'Keep Virgin eares, such as you found um, pure;
 'Young Hawkes in time doe stoop unto the Lure:
 'And let your Camilas deportment be
 'A barre and check to all immodesty.
 'En as she was, (for yet he never saw)
 A face of so much freeness, and such aw.
 All this wrought nought; but loath Lothario
 (Unwilling any else so much should know
 Of his friends follies) doth attempt the thing,
 With like successe as Gyges to his King,
 Cozen'd Anselmo, like all Cockscombsdotes,
 And loves her better (so a whore before)

* The Wittall
 prostitutes his
 wife to be wit-
 ter, takes pos-
 session.

And loves her better (so a whore before)
 Their * Wittalls to their wittes to enslave.

I shall not make any literall observations upon this story of the curious, Impertinent, but only labour to satisfie Mr Curate, who having read and lik'd the penning of it, yet stood incredulous to the beliefe, supposing it a fiction; for as he saith in the eighth Chapter, being the Carastrophic and winding up of the whole matter.

TEXT.

I cannot imagine, that any Husband would be so foolish, as to make so costly expences for the purchase of a staine.] Mr Curate, to corroborate, confirm, and illustrate this History by many examples, is the best way to reconcile the credit to it, and first in your own way. Abraham durst not let Sarah passe for his owne wife, but agreed with her (while she travell'd through a strange Country) to go by the compellation of his sister, where-by (had no divinity interrupted the events,) he brought his wife into great danger of her honour. But Mr Curate, I shall endeavour to give you more pregnant proofs in the next relations. It was in the Country of the *Oriental Saxons*, where a man offended much that he had no child by his wife, took a mad course to obtaine his desire, and condemning himselfe in the case of insufficiency, absolv'd his wife, assuring his thoughts, that change of Person would remedy the business; the chiefe matter was to affect his wife with his plot, and obtaine her consent; which he did by often sighing and lamenting his condition, who was blest with a fortune, but could not tell

tell you how, or to whom to dispose of it; it was his earnest desire, that from her body, that comfort might be rais'd unto him, and he should esteem it as the fruits of his owne loynes, whosoever could give her the right contagion. The woman wearied out with such complaints and importunities, yielded to one single tryall. Her Husband had before hired a young lusty fellow to doe this drudgery, who was so happy in his experiments, that he made himselfe a father, and got his Chapman a child. The thing done, he came for his wages, which was ten pounds promised; but the Chapman fell from his word, and would not give him but half; though he had not done his work so. In conclusion, a sute was commenc'd upon it, and 'twas brought to a Jury, where the supposed Father was cast, and censur'd to pay what was behind to the true one.

This next vindication of the possibility, and facility of such fond and unnatural actions in some men, comes from the septentrionall part of those *Saxons*. In the times of those wars it fell out, that a proper young *Chevalier* was taken prisoner, and upon *Parole*, dismiss'd to finde his ransom. In *Eboracum* he quarter'd sometime, where by his civill carriage, and courageous behaviour, he purchas'd esteem and honour, even in the Garrison of his enemies, who were very industrious to get a change for him, though no allurements could worke a change in him to forsake the side he had once engag'd for. One of the wealthiest inhabitants did dote upon his person and parts, and grew so enamour'd of him, that he did invite him to all liberty of his house: He did not refuse the offer, but was an often guest at his table, but with that caution, reservednesse, and circumspection, that the more he frequented the house, the more stranger he appear'd: Inso much that his free and open Landlord wondred at his solemn mode, fearing that his guest might not think his curtesies reall, because no greater pleasure and alacrity proceeded from him, at the reception of them. And having watch'd an opportunity, *Deere Renigard* (so was this *Chevaliers* name) saith his entertainer, I hope you have not the least suspicion, that these my respects are feigned, dissembled, or politique; but are such as they seem to be. I have not yet learn'd to make my Table a snare, or to catch regall Birds, by laying salt upon their tails. The freedome that I give you, is as substantiall as it is open. I account my selfe happy in the placing them on so meriting a Person; let me not be unfortunate in this only, that you cannot think so. Or prithce tell me, is there any thing wanting, that other places perchance afford you, & being the stronger recreation, with-draws your liking from our defective entertainments? I know (be not afraid to confesse) that such complexions are not only recreated with Feasts, Wine and Musick, but naturally incline to a *Lais*, or a *Corinna*, as the Complement of all joviallity and freedome. *Renigard* smil'd at his propheticke quaries, and told him, not without a blush, that he had not for a long time been acquainted with an *Utile ad purgandos Renes*. Why law you now, said he, you would conceale this that would make a horse melancholy; now I can give you thorough cheer. To morrow night (*Deere Renigard*) you must sup with me and vouchsafe to take a hard bed too. It shall goe hard (friend) if your second course like you not better then the first; and so I leave you this night, that I may make you worthy entertainment for the next. Both departed very highly exalted; *Renigard* wishing it a *Barnabies Night*, or such as *Jupiter* had

had with *Alcmena*, that this and that following were come together. His Landlord (carefull providore) omitted no cure to compasse all that might delight, and having effected that, which he counted most difficult, he went the cheerfuller about the culinary part. The next day ended to both their joys, and *Renigard* repair'd to his entertainments, wondering where his living banquet would be procur'd. A supper was provided fit for such appetencies, and every dish had sauce of a most stirring Nature; Inſomuch, that *Renigard* had great conflicts with his flesh and the provisions. His Landlord supplied him with fresh provocatives, saying ever and anon,

sine Cerere & Baccho friget Venus.

Ha quoth *Renigard*, *Bacchus* and *Ceres* are in abundance here, but where's your *Venus*? within a stones cast, said the Landlord, leave you that to me; the Lady of the Table wondred at these loose discourses, but replied nothing, having charge from her Husband, to give no place for feare of discontent from her. Wherefore in a glasse of wine, she gratified *Renigard's* mirth, and was now assured of his acceptance of her entertainments, by his cheerfulness and merry discourse. My Landlord and he had mutuall froliques at the Table, and charg'd on the other very home, untill the decaying lights admonished them of the night, and forthwith he was conducted to his Chamber, a very well furnish'd roome, where sorts of delicacies were on a Cupboard in dish-glasse, offering themselves to his tast or refusal. His entertainer took solemn leave of him, wishing him the pleasures of the night, and so departed, only saying in his eare, I have not forgot thee *Renigard*, be confident I have not, and then withdrew.

A thousand thoughts and feares surpriz'd our Chevalier, he casts in his mind, what the reason should be that he knew not more circumstantially and punctually of the person or the time he should expect.

After such various and delightful food

Soft sleep might come, and that would be as good.

Why might he not suborne a common Strumpet, in place of a bedfellow? who would give the reward of such unjustifiable pleasures? yet he recomforted himselfe, calling to mind that the artifice was all his friends, unto which he had scarce concurr'd, but in a smile or shrug: Surely the lawes of Hospitality would prevaile with him, not to mischief him he receiv'd into his bosome with such strong signes and demonstrations of sincerity. In these varieties of disturbances, he thought the bed would best compose him, and either remove 'um by the promis'd satisfaction, or allay them by a succeeding rest; laid he was, and betwixt the confines of sleep and waking, when his Chamber doore gave a gentle creak, such as confess'd the opener sorry for the noise it made, and instantly a stately Lady in her night-dresse, made some frivolous stay about the Cupboard, entertaining her selfe with a large glasse, and after in some other parts of the Chamber, as if she had lookt for somewhat left there. *Renigard* peep't through the Curtaines, and to his griefe, spied it was the Lady of the house, wherefore counterfeiting a great snore he gave, by his loud Musick evidenc'd that he was now fast, and was not in case to be lost; (slee not able to endure his drowne, left the Chamber, and *Renigard* more perplext then ever; for now he doth strongly fancy, that it was all a plot upon him, a catch and snare.

But

But he had not been long in these distractions, when *Noble Festus* came in, and rebuk'd him shrewdly for his coldness, dulness, and heaviness, telling him that *Cupid* do's not sleep though he be blind, unless pillow'd on his mothers breast; come (saith he) arise and follow me. In that amazement he was obedient, and resolv'd to goe, though he knew not whither, desiring his Landlord that he might carry his weapon with him, (not without it for the world said the other) then he usher'd him into a closer Chamber, and more private, and bid him enter the sheets, they were warm'd *Sarragine* with, and if he took cold, it would be his own fault.

Renigard laid, his Landlord left him to the sweets of the night, and hop'd (he told him) that the change of his lodging would not displease him, and so remov'd. He found in a short space, that his Landlord was in earnest, and that the Lady came into his chamber for the purposes presum'd, and forthwith to be put in execution. Small Courtship pass'd betwixt them now; the Castle being surrendred before capitulation, only *Renigard* embracing her very amorously, begg'd her pardon, if he made bold awhile with his Landlords Quarters: And shew to excuse her frailty, answered, you could not (worthy Sr) have ingresse or egress here, without my Husbands permission. *Renigard* knowing *volens non sit injuria*, and having two to please, spent no more time in words. In the early morning his Landlord came againe, and with great figure of inward contentment reattended him to his first Chamber, (as fond of him as he was of his wife.) Thus Mr *Curate*, you percieve that these tame tempers are in the world, & every place yields not such obdurate hearts, that desire to ingross and inclose their delights. Community (even in that particular) is allow'd by many, who racking themselves with Beasts in their sensuall appetite, applaud the liberty of Animals; and without any

Veniam petimusque damusque vicissim

Account it naturall, congeniall, and proper to their constitutions to runne in common, and to lay no stricter obligations on their wives, then themselves. Singular was the answer of that Gentleman, who being question'd what store of Mistresses he had; the *Pamphilus* return'd this reply, more then a Towne-Bull, a Cock, a Boare, or a Horse: An excellent two-legg'd Stallion. Short of these are those soft dispositions, who have rested contented after the knowne violation of their beds, and jealous-headed, have not found out the praverications of their spouses, until some four years practise in disloyalty; this is patience perforce, and not so punctuall, and *ad Rem*, as in the next Story shall be evidenced unto you (Mr *Curate*) wherein spleen and choler have the predominancy, yet working the same effects, as indiscretion did in others.

A *Clarissimo* of *Venice*; (a dignity not inferiour to that of the Roman *Patricii*) liv'd in a port and fashion above any of the place, being a man of vast revenews; and had in addition to all his other blessings, a Lady of incomparable beauty and chastity, in so high a degree, that though it be naturall to the foyle, the *Clarissimo* was not jealous, nor us'd those customary restraints on his wife, that others did, exposing her to publique view; and priviledging her with the liberty of entertaining his friends or her own; (as oft as they were call'd) in person, unavail'd and unsuspected, so that they were counted them iracle of *Venice*, she for her transcendent beauty, and

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the

the old Noble man for his indulgencies and permissions. Her irreproachable demcanour, and disposition to please him, gave him great cause to suspect and grieve, that the default was on his part chiefly, why that faire Copy was not taken out; that *Lucina* was never yet call'd upon for helpe, and that no lovely pledges pla'd about his Hall. On the other side the Lady (ever honoured for ignorance; like that innocent soule, which was join'd to a Husband of a most impure and noisome breath, never fain'd any dislike at it, imagining all men had smelt alike.) The Lady I say knew not, but she was as well serv'd as *Niobe*. But the old *Signior* was resolv'd, since he had depriv'd her of her Virgin honour, to recompence her with the reverence and dignity of a mother. But how to effect it, was *res ardua*; how should he, with hopes of any success, communicate so foul a design to her chaste ears, with whom, even lawful delights were not admitted without a blush, and some modest averfeness? Doubtfull, and beyond measure troubled, his rest fail'd him his countenance chang'd, his sprightfull pleasure and galliardnesse abated, which so deeply affected his pious confort, that in sympathy he refus'd all those contentments, whereof her Lord could not partake.

The Lady innocent, and assured that no cause was given by her, deputed her selfe in silence, not presuming to enquire whence these alterations did arise, but applying comfortable cordials, and what ever would cherish and restore his strength, lest the disquisition of the reason, untill his owne time should discover it; such struggling passions cannot long keep within the womb that bred them, like imprisoned winds, they will endure no forcible confinement, but make their way through those concaves and dens, though with the ruine of their detainers, and an Earthquake to the places adjacent. Wherefore what he had long deliberated, he is resolv'd now to put in action; and the chiefe obstacle being his wives inflexibility to such persuasions, it was most necessary to accost her first, without whose consent all the rest of the project would come to nothing. Sitting together, as their custome was, after dinner, and at that time free from strangers, he took her by the hands, and with looks full of high desire, said thus:

Life of this little that's left me, better part of my best part; soule of my soule, elixir of my fainting spirits; bright Sun-beams, repairer and incresse of my decaying heat: How happy am I in thee? how above merit? what felicity can be added more unto me, only one, that thou might'st enjoy a reciprocall returne of joy and happinesse from me? But then playing with his haire, said, how can this be? unlesse these silver haire were turn'd to gold. Is there no Chymistry can worke this change? The common Baths will alter *argent* metall into *Or*: Methinks in time a man may be made capable of such transfiguration. For thy sake (Love) I wish it; it grieves me for thee, who lying by so dull and unprofitable a lump, contractedst nothing but deadnesse and disease; and, I shame to speak, barrennesse, the mockery of thy sexe, that which women had rather not be, then live withall. If I had met thee in parity of years, our Gallery had been enrich'd with the sweet Imagery of our own loines. Thou might'st have read the History of thy selfe multiplyed, to thy visiting friends; now thou lookest for issue from a *charnell-house*, enduring the cruellest torment,

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instead of satisfaction, that can be devised, a dead Corps to be join'd to thy sprightfull and lively person. Abandon me for ever (Deer) if I labour not that divorce, or suffer any longer so monstrous a conjunction. I perceive thou art so innocent, thou knowest not what this meanes, nor whither my wild fancy carries me. Obedience hath been hitherto thy excellency, obedience to a *frigid plant*, a *shaking Aspine leafe*, a *dogs nose*. Yet be thou still obedient, and what I now intreate thee, put in execution; I have decreed thou goe to Church to morrow to St Marks in all the bravery thou canst adorne thy selfe, though truly thou deckest it, shew thy selfe such, as the dazled Auditors may lose their eyes in thee; and since Ladies come thither to be seen as well to behold, it shall be by the addition of this sparkling Diamond, thou shalt be only lookt upon. And therewithall he gave her a most radiant stone; amongst that captive company, let thy eye single out one, whom if I like for quality, as well as thou for personable and ingenuous favour, I may, if we continue issuelesse, adopt into my Family. Of this faile not, as thou wouldst perpetuate the life and name of him, thou never yet in the least circumstance didst offend. *Euphema*, so was this accomplish'd Lady call'd, made no scrupulous demurs to her Lords desires; and since the businesse was to be transacted in the Church, she was confident the sanctity of the place, beside the holy exercises, would guard her from any undecent gestures, thoughts, or carriages. Moreover she knew her selfe a Temple, into which no prophane thoughts had ever entered unresisted, and unreplyd; nor did shee (and rightly too) account those thoughts her owne, which the forthwith was in Armes against, and summon'd all the *spirituall Posses* of her soule, to expell as invaders and deadly enemies to its happinesse and pious tranquillity. Violent intrusions upon devout and sacred mindes, are Diabolically suggestions, and such as Crown the vanquishers with honour upon earth, and immortality and glory afterward.

The day came, when deckt like the Altar, she went to the Church with an humility and reverence due to the place, with eyes fastened unto the earth, she knew she came from, and was to returne to, then advancing to her seat, private short devotions ended, she join'd into the publique worship, which being begun, rais'd a condemning, but selfe-absolving blush into her cheeks, that shee had lost any part of the Oraisons, staying for the other pinne, or hanging on her watch. About the middle of the Anthem, she remembered her Husbands injunction, who all the while had riveted his eyes to hers (not till then removed from the Psalter, unlesse to Heaven; when her exalted affections mov'd by holy impulses, and efficacy of the matter, lifted them up to the Author from whence they came.) Nor *Cephalus* durst pursue the destin'd object with such certainty, as his eye her motions; And perceiving her twice or thrice to fix upon one person, it was sufficient to confirme him, that *Padri Calimire*, who read the Masse was the man; nor did shee upon her Lords inquiry deny, but that he was the only object of her eye, all the service while, wisely concealing the reason of her intentivenesse on him, whom she knew a man of great devotion, Religious without ostentation, and of an extraordinary strict life, and customary charity to the poor, strangers and prisoners. If her Husband meant well in this eye-service, the good Father would encourage him in it, but

but if he had any evils, sinister designs, such was the gravity of his person, integrity, and known austerity against any wicked practices, that reprehensions and admonitions, and upon an obstinate perseverance, canonically charge would follow; so that secure of her mark, she joy'd greatly that no other object had diverted her eye. *Impotentio*, that was the old *Clarissimo's* name, the next day dispatches a loving letter to *Casimire*, requesting him to honour his house, and therein intimates, that he desir'd to conferre with him, about some scruples, which did a little disturb the quiet of his mind.

Nothing was more affable and willing, nothing more able in all manner of knowledge, but especially in *practical Divinity*, and cases of Conscience; so that the courteous invitation wrought not so powerfully on him, as his owne propensity and readinesse to give those helps and satisfactions to any, that were desirous of them, which by his function he was engag'd to, and by his great knowledge and experience he was enabled for. *Euphema* had been four years join'd to *Impotentio* and *Casimire* was the Priest that knit their hands, which caus'd *Euphema* to bestow more then ordinary reverence on him, in respect of the mysticall tie wherein shee was bound, and according to the Tenet of the Church, accounting *Marriage* for a *Sacrament*, did not conceit so rudely and uncivilly of her conjunction, as if it were no more then saying, *I Jones, &c.* Looking upon the estate, wherein she was now plac'd, and that from whence shee came, she could find it but a remove from chastity to chastity, from *Virginall* and *continual abstinence*, to a moderated and *restrain'd indulgency* of permitted pleasures. And though her Husband was a sufficient barr to excessive dalliances, (yet knowing no other, then that it was so with every man) she labour'd to lessen his rare and feldome fruitions, by subduing her own flesh rather then his. This day in honour to her spirituall Father, was an extraordinary Feast provided, and about the season of the day *Casimire* came, and was entertain'd by both of them, with respect, affability, and cheerfull lookes, worthy of his person, parts, and function. And in dinner time he took occasion to bless himselfe, and them too, who were so conspicuous for their mutuall loves, that he receiv'd no small respect among the People, because by him they were united, who attributed much of the blessings and happinesse of their lives to the consecrated hands, and effectuall and intente prayers; which flow'd from him at that solemnity. A matter little set by in other places, who care not whether their Priests lips preserve knowledge, or their hands confer a blessing.

Dinner ended, and some competent time spent after in Table-discourses, *Padri Casimire* and Signior *Impotentio* went together into a large Gallery, where the Merchant pulling from his breast a paper desir'd his Fatherhood to read those heads of his troubles and discontents. Which being twice or thrice perused by *Casimire*, at last with a great sigh, taking *Impotentio* by the hand, (Sr said he) and are my strongly conceiv'd hopes dash'd so sodainly? know you what these papers containe? even a divorce to all your joyes on earth. You desire to know first, whether it be lawfull for the conservation of your name (an evident impediment being on your side) to find a supply, and Proxie of your own election, who shall be *Loco Patris* to the wife by making her a mother. It is as just a reason, as if a Thiefe for the preservati-

on of his wife and family, should provide himselfe of the next house he could breake open, or the next man he could rob. The conservation of your species, and endeavour of continuing your name and nature upon earth, are very justifiable, and warrantable actions founded in Nature, and without which

Res erit unus atavis populus virorum.

One age would be the period of man-kinde; wherefore they were not to be discommended, who under pretence of *Equestrian Sports*, made a prey of all the Virgins that came to the sight, satisfying for the present rape with an after-marriage. Their dearth of women at home enforcing them to provide in time from their neighbours, lest their Nation should end in themselves for want of posterity: Yet none of these usurp'd the beds of such as were married amongst them, or thought it lawfull to abuse those Husbands who were not bless'd with issue. Much lesse doth any History afford men of so stupid and low soules, who would prostitute their wives to any other, and that they might be supposed Fathers, be known Wittalls to themselves, and panders to their own beds.

It is not with women as trees, there you may inoculate, and set strange grafts, not so on them without spoiling the stick, and unbarking that body, which is vitiated and corrupted by the approach of outward air, and for want of the genuine covering and naturall security it was plac'd in. The more generous of sensible creatures, permit not variableness in their mates, but punish their delinquencies with death, and the assaulter too, or else die themselves in the revenge, abhorring so tame and degenerate a compliance, as to look on, or enjoy it. The men of Primitive times, or the Golden Age (as they call'd it) in case of their defects, took to themselves Concubines, and obtain'd from them, those comforts which they would rather have had from their legitimate consorts. But these men multiplyed themselves, they did not hire journey-men to doe their work for them, nor rejoyce in a Changeling, as it were a child. But to all this you answer, that the impotency and fault being on your own side, your are bound in Conscience to recompence the wives patience and defraudings with something answerable to her expectations. If you were (Signior) *frigidus* and *nuptius*, then you should not have adventur'd upon Marriage, it being *nullitas fundamentalis*, and a just cause why your wife should require her dowry back. Or is it any fascination or Witchcraft, whereby you are *frigidus* *quoad hanc*? then you must use holy meanes, and the assistance of devout persons and prayers to disinchant you; the Church in such cases hath not lost the power of Exorcisme. But the remedy you seek, is worse then the disease, to give your wife to the Divell Body and Soule, because a part of yours is impeded by his ministers. Or if your frigidity be from the Winter of your age, you know, warme clothes, fires, and good Cordials, make us insensible of sharp weather, and these naturall saylings of your years, may be happily repair'd by lawfull helps, strengthening juices, fomentations, baths, and the like, and what you think impossible (as from your dry stock) being water'd, open'd at root and lopp'd, and all seasonable care taken, may bloom and bring forth fruit without *inoculating*.

But supposing, not granting the difficulty of restoring what is decay'd, will you like an overladen Tree, be propt up with a fork? know you not the

the barren bed is better then a quiver full of ill-headed Arrows. Will you to please the *Europa*, Metamorphoze your selfe into a *Bull*, a very Centaure, halfe man, halfe beast? Such a Monster is he made, whosoever voluntarily, or involuntarily, hath lost the propriety in his wife. But a resignation is most unmanly and impious. How can two indispensible vows and bonds be by consent broken, unlesse one may consent to doe what he hath arttied never to doe? how can you permit your wife to be a Whore, (unlesse you misplace or misunderstood the words, for better for worse?) Again, would you give another leave to call you what you make your selfe, or your wife by that title which you have impos'd upon her; or (if your spurious designe prosper not) would you try the *Piazza* over, and make your selfe *Notissima Fabula mundo*. You have vow'd to be hers, she likewise to be yours, and what shall be borne of her, to be both yours and hers. A stranger intervening, breaks all these engagements; you plainly with a *de jure cedere*, cutting off your own intaile as to your progeny, and disposing your selfe of tenancy for life. The wife is made *juris alieni*, and the children (which of all our goods we account most our own) *juris publici*. Bastards are the Common-Wealths children, and therefore theirs, because nor Father nor Mother would owne them, but expos'd them to the publike charity: And will a man of your discretion, a Senatour and publique Father, privilege that at home, which you would severely punish in such incontinent persons abroad. *Impotentio* was very much disturb'd with these rebukes and reasons: (but yet not dissuaded) which change of looks *Casimire* taking for a remorse, and outward signe of inward compunction, did not farther nettle him; but said, the conviction of your forehead puts me in hopes of the conversion of your heart, which I hope is alter'd by this discourse from your first intentions. A blessing on the cure; and so giving him his benediction, the good Father departed full of hopes and joy for his new convert.

Impotentio waited on him, fearing his wife might be inquisitive to learn some what of him; but the good Father knew that such discoveries, though not in confession, were of dangerous consequence if reveal'd, and therefore with a look as cheerefull as when he came first, having given a *Benediction* to his daughter, (freed from suspicion by his plausible countenance) he repair'd to his Covent. *Impotentio* chapt upon this bit of *Casimires* a day or two, but with like successe, as Mules and Horses, who are imbos'd, foame and chafe the more. He remembered

Quod valde cupiunt senes meminere bene.

That he had often commerc'd with a Merchant of *Angli-terra*, a Gentleman youthfull, handsome and ingenious, in very high credit on the *Piazza*, and on whom the *Clarissimo's* many of them cast an eye of more then ordinary regard, and often call'd him to their Tables. The gentleman was a single man, and very rich, so that *Impotentio* promised to himselfe successe, if his vigilante wife were not impregnable, nor to be surpris'd. The next Exchange, his fortune was to meet him, and having saluted each the other, the *Clarissimo* desired him, to honour his house that day with his company at meale. *Sanguine Vernall*, such was the Merchants name, intimating his unworthinesse of so high respect, said, he should hereafter endeavour to make himselfe capable, and for the present he would be indebted for the

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entertainment. Our Merchant was not acquainted with the *Venetian* humor, & therefore summon'd up all his cautionary rules, circumstances and counsels, which either his friends, or his own observations had enrich'd him withall, and having heard very much of the fame of the old Signiors Lady, her beauties and accomplishments, he resolv'd to double arme himselfe, and set a watch upon his eye and tongue, for there was subject enough for either to be luxurious on. From the *Piazza* they went off together to *Impotentio's* house, which was one of the stately buildings of the City, a Receipt for a Prince, but that it entertain'd a Goddess; for *Euphema* comming into the dining Room, so transported our Merchant with her lustre, that he knew not presently, whether he should salute or worship.

But presently restor'd by the melting Corall of her lip, he sat down with civill confidence, inwardly admiring the severall confluences of graces, that his eye beheld, and could no where, but there behold. At dinner he durst not let his eye beguile his mouth, nor wander on the womens side, which made him eat like a Mad man, not minding what he took, nor how it went downe, and *Euphema* (as shee was an excellent dissector of the Creature) carving to him some speciall fowle, the puzzled wight gave her his us'd plate instead of the servant. The *Clarissimo* gave him the boon cheer in a lusty glasse of Wine, which being by one of the Gentlemen presented to him, it was his wish, the glasse had been the spire of a Steeple, and as narrow as a pin-case; for all that while he might have viewed, unsuspected, the Face which had set his heart on fire, not to be quench'd by such a glasse, though it had been fill'd with *Alpine* water. Wherefore imputing the slowness of his draught to the goodness of the Wine, which was to be drank with no hasty, but with deliberate pallat, he said, *Signior*, other *Clarissimo's* drink Wine, but you *Nestor*, and a *Philoxenus's* neck were not an ill wish to him, who would take a right *Gustav* of it. And craying another glasse, he presented health and happinesse to the Lady of the place. The Table's remov'd, *Clarissimo* and *Vernall* retir'd into a very faire Garden, and a little behind that, they enter'd a grove of Trees, and delicate walks every where betwixt 'um. The Trees were so plac'd, that their Armes shot into one another, and were so closely interwoven, that the vernal and æstivall Sunne beames could not pierce their rare imbroydery. In this secret of the house, *Clarissimo* will now disclose his intentions. Such designs as these were *Lucifugous*, and would not endure the face of Heaven, wherefore opportunity and place adding courage to his purposes, apprehending *Sanguines* hand, he thus accosted him, who wondred with himselfe, what would be the end of so courteous beginnings; but *Casari*-like accounting his fortunes in himselfe, he said, *Sanguine*, feare not: when *Impotentio* gravely and resolutely confess'd; it is not the custome of this place, (friend *Vernall*) much lesse of men of my Port to afford strangers such liberty, as you this day have found. But your lovely person and candid disposition had before so wrought upon me; that this freedom (to our nice and stanch Gentry indeed, a great matter) is the meanest and least privilege which I invest you with; having resolv'd to entertaine you into my very bosome: But before you heare any further of my Noble intentions, swear unto me by all that hath a tie upon your soule, and which invok'd, you count it Religion to violate, that you will not in the least scruple re-

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veale it either by signes, writing or talke, no nor (if we are both of an opinion) to the Priest *Sanguine* call'd to minde the *Venetian* absolution after renunciation of the faith, and with these ensuing cautions to be *promitted*, he promised secrecy and assistance. *Signior*, said he, if so be the secret be not against the *present State*, which I have promised during the time of my abode to be true to; nor my owne Country, whose weale I have sacramentally vow'd, nor any thing against your selfe, whom by the Laws of hospitality, I am commanded to secure; tis satisfied, and confirm'd, and upon my oath of secrecy (in attestation whereof I kisse your hand) no screws, arts, racks nor allurements of any sexe, shall be able to disclose what you have lockt up into my breast. No, *Sanguine*, against none of these can you offend, nay two of them you shall abundantly oblige, that is (said *Impotentio*) the Common-Wealth of *Venice* and my selfe; both which at once you shall gratifie, at once make *Venice* happy in a *Publicke Sonne*, and your old friend with a brave *heire*. For marke me, (*Sanguine*) I am childlesse, (and ever like to be so) unlesse this stratagem prevent it. My younger Brother like a Vulture, waits for my Carcass: Not a Bell tols but he thinks or wisheth it were mine: His *how d' you* man comes every day to know how I slept last night, when indeed, his errand is, to enquire whether I had slept my last: He seemingly laments my want of pledges, which if he should see; O the *Basiliske*! what poysonous vapours would his eyes discharge, more dangerous then a menstruous Organ to our purest mirrours? I once desired *Euphema* to cozen him with some supposititious trick, the very cheat reviv'd me, and sent him home to bed sick of a taffery Embryo. To defraud this ravenous expectant of his hopes, and to disherison his malignant issue, is my main design, and I have in a most happy hour, chosen thee (*Sanguine*) to be my instrument: *Proxies* are allow'd in all Courts, even in our Supreme, the *Senate* house; Inferiour powers are regulated by them, and why not our Domestick? Adoption is true, in these cases of sterility, hath made up the want, and Emperors have with great contentment created successors, when they could not generate; that common way doth not affect me. I am for the child, which though it be not of my blood, it ought to be, and since my impotency denies that happiness to me, my justice to my bed shall be preserv'd in a substitute. All things conspire in thee, to effect my wishes, youth, strength, and loveliness. This night *Euphema* sleeps within thy Armes; doe not suspect my promises, this night, *Sanguine*, I'll reckon as my wedding night, and what hath been these foure years due unto *Euphema*, shall with large interest be satisfied. Be confident I am serious, and let this chaine of Pearle confirme thee, untill I bring thee to a Jewell of a Price unvaluable. Sir, said our confounded Merchant, my life is in your hands, either by my consent or refusall. If you are only tentative and supplant my frailty, my consent is mortall; if it be true, and that you have design'd this stratagem against your brothers off-spring, though with the tainture of your owne, tis death to know so much and not consent. If then on both sides my ruine is certaine, let me dye on the best choice, for gratifying you in what you wish, and I am sure I am able to perform; then by a sullen negative, call an unprofitable ruine on my selfe: *Impotentio* kiss'd him, desiring his patience, but to while it selfe in those walks, and he would returne with news should joy them both. *Sanguine*, left alone, fell into these raptures.

Kindle

Kindle you summon'd Spirits, and white
Your scatter'd Atomes, in this amorous fight:
More Innocent then those of hers, whose Troy
Was made a Bon-fire by her Firebrand boy.
But such an influence dart, that every eye
May sweare the Boy's o' th' Flavian Family,
And borne for Empire; for the times to come,
Will judge the mother to have been at Rome.
Then looking on his chaine of Pearle, saith,
A way fond Merchandise, I will no more
Worship the East, and the rich Coast adore,
Adventure men, and live at costly rates;
Euphema's are more safe, and gainfull Straights.
Shoot this *Venetian Gulph*, and say be rich,
Sanguine, above a Misers covetous itch!
He that by such rare copeage mounts, is sure
To break his neck, or live for e'r secure.
Not shee so rich, whom tracking Jove of old
Bought by conversion of himselfe to Gold:
Could I descend like him in a bright Flame,
In harmlesse fires I'd warme this Virgin Dame.
Was ever man so fortunate as I,
To be inchain'd thus to felicity?
Mother of Pearle, and Pearle, methinks we float,
Like Venus and Adonis in her boat
Of glittering shels: *Euphema* is alone,
(Daughter of Pirra) still the richest stone.

By this time *Impotentio* is return'd, who having fully acquainted his wife with his unnaturall desires, and the sodainnesse of the performance, thought she durst not trifle with his fury, or at leastwise would be unable to frustrate the yong Merchants importunity. *Euphema* gave him no answer at all, but stupified with the senselesse of his device, rested silent, and amaz'd. He left her mixing threats with entreaties, and gave her some small time to consider in a back Chamber next to her Bed-Chamber, which he vow'd was to be her Death-Bed, if shee refused. In this great conflict was the disconsolate Lady full of fears and teares, and amidst those passions, she thus disputed with her selfe:

What are my Crimes, just Heavens, or wherein
Have I given cause to my wild Husbands sinne?
Have I in thought abus'd his bed, or e'r
Admitted Lust, but kept this Conclave cleer,
Unravell me yee Powers; and let him see
The Residentials Court of Chastity.
A heart as pure, as when in sacrifice,
The pleasing incense calld the Deities:
From thence as from an Altar of pure snow,
Fervent desires for Sacred life did flow.
He tels me he is Impotent and cold,
What difference? he is, I will be old.

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His

His youthfull daies are past, with'd back againe,
 And mine are bridled, govern'd by a reime;
 His fire is out, and mine is well suppress'd,
 Prayers and teares will quench a smoking nest.
 He hath no power to act, I have no minde;
 A fitter match where could an old man finde?
 He grieves my wants of due benevolence,
 When it is ask'd, then let him take offence.
 These two years day, (I'll put it to my sins)
 If e'r I did sollicit at his shines.
 I never went to Church, (some doe they say)
 To get them servants, rather then to pray,
 Nor to my confessor could ever tell,
 (And I told all) this day I did not well;
 Unless it were Omission, when the time
 Shortned my duty, and was part o' th' crime.
 I came absolv'd from him, a good man hee'd weep,
 And wish his soule with mine did commerce keep.
 If it be from above, my soule to try,
 And be assured of my constancy,
 Then give supplies, Thou that hast made me chaste,
 Nor let fowle Batteries my firmnesse waste;
 Let no insultinge force me to a fall,
 Thy Sacred Laws hath made it death to act.
 Shall I for fear of death doe that, which done,
 Brings double death, twist'd destruction?
 Shall I to get him glory o'r his Kinne,
 Lose mine owne honour in a nasty sinne?
 Away thou whispering Fiend! what's privacy?
 Shall th' All-seer only this crime not see?
 ' Conceal'd and smother'd sinns have never end,
 ' Shame and dep'ression is a better friend,
 ' And wholesome chastisements cut off that vice,
 ' To which a hid successe doth more entice;
 ' Propt by those Sacred helps, I now defy
 The worst of humane rage or Policy.
 Eares be you deafe to charmes, keep clos'd chaste womb,
 Rather then be Lusts Beds, be his Swords Tombe.

Alas, alas! her time grew short, and the howre glasse was almost runne, which is the utmost limit of deliberation; wherefore recollecting all her best spirits, and calling up her Phancy to a sodaine assistance, (not knowing what her Husbands fury might provoke him to, upon a peremptory refusal) shee wisely contrives to elude him and his Stallion by quaint devices, hoping in good time to attemper her Husbands mind to more reason and Manhood, and let his Merchant know, that he was not bound for that Port. Shee call'd unto her instantly a stately Moor, nam'd *Fusilla*, which the *Clarissimo* among other gifts, presented her with on the day of marriage; the *Moore* could understand no language but her

owne,

owne, yet being as docile as an *Elephant*, and of as precious Teeth, by often teaching and practising, her Lady had so instructed her, that upon the motion of her fingers, eyes and head, nothing was unperform'd, that *Euphema* commanded. By these signes shee took instant notice of her Ladies intentions, and the night-Piece provided to put them with all hast in execution.

By this time the two transported persons were at the chamber door, which unwillingly open'd, as sensible of the ensuing mischief, and abhorring to give quiet entrance to such wicked visitors. *Impotentio* kept up his cheerful looks, and said, Dearest, thou art still the same *Euphema*; but yet remember, unto what *Planet* more then any you are subject; the who rules and predominates over the sexe, permits a monethly change, thou only in this one request dost imitate thy *Cynthia*. Suspect not any shadow of dislike, because of this friendly interposition betwixt us for a while, thou wilt appeare more glorious after a small *Eclipse*. Two *Moons* shine not at once, nor two *Sunns*, suffer me (best of women) to be in the waine at present, while I leave with thee *Solem & hominem*.

Then whispering a short word to *Sanguine*, said, doe you look to make good the promise, and generate another. Her Husband gone, with a majestic look and full of modesty, *Euphema* fixing her eyes upon him, so aw'd the Sutor, that if *Impotentio* had not shut the doores upon um, he had Fac'd about, and never made stand againe; But as the Devill would have it, Rats, Cats and Dogs will make head, if they cannot fly any farther, so *Sanguine* lockt in his Armour, charges boldlier: Madam, said he, were not the way made by my loving friend your Husband, many preambles, much Oratory, and a great deale of Court-ship were requisite to a worke of this nature. Besides, my stint of time abridges all thought of Ceremony and complement, which I am not wanting in to Ladies of your quality; but what is defective in language, shall be made up in performance, that you shall (I hope to the honour of *Anglitter*) prove the least Talkers to be the best Doers.

Wherefore, most succinct Lady, (but otherwise now wish'd) remember that time is precious, and not to be plaid withall. Let no scruples feize you, Madam, concerning my ability or wholefomnesse; my looks speak me sound, ther's no *Compurgators* like the complexion. Your *Curtizans* (unless by name) are unknowne to me, nor came I from my own Country, after the chargeable experience of the *Bath*, *Guaiacum*, or the *Tub*. I will not make apologies, hoping I shall cleare my selfe (Lady) in your judgement, and to your great satisfaction, and your Husbands joy, when by your owne confession he shall know, he did not delegate to his servico one unworthy, or unfit for the deputation. I stand upon my credit with the *Clarissimo*, to keep my reputation, and with your Ladiship, to beget it. Madam, speed to the tryall, wherein, such is the confidence of your new servant, that he shall thinke himselfe most happy, in having the beautifull *Euphema*, Judge, witnesse, and party in the businesse. Sir said the Lady, you are in place of my Husband, and your commands are his, give me the civility of withdrawing, and you shall not long be unprovided.

accoutrements seeme so ridiculous to us now, they were in those daies the most proper and appointed fashions, and as well liked of as the steeple-crown'd hat, piccadillo, Corles doublets, the Trunke hose, and Codpiece. Emblematically prominent, and significant as a *Digitus Mercurialis*, these were deffres not disapproved by our *Fore-Mothers*; though if one should now appeare so, what twittering and peeping through the Fingers we should have? Well fare the *Don*, who keeping to the Customes of the old *Heroes*, will be known by his habits, as well as valour, to be one of them. *Hercules* Lyons skin (which was the pattern of most of these short robes) came not so low as his knees, and had the same disproportion with the *Dons* behind. His *Oripygium* was open to discovery; how was it possible else that the *Græcian* Dames should call him *Melampyges*, that is to say in our Mother Tongue, *Black-dock*, unless they had been peeping under the scantineffe of his yellow Coat of victory.

The Father of their Order, Great *Alcides*, receiving his death by a whole shirt dipped in the blood of the Centaure *Nessus*: in detestation of the length of the shirt, and shortning of his daies, the Fraternity ever wore halfe shirts. All heroick persons are pictured in *Bases* and *Buskins*, or else stark naked (as the *Don* in *Sierra Morena*) to shew the immensity of their parts, the bignesse of their Muscles, the largeness of their veines, the roughness of their nerves and sinews, which evidently shewed, that men of such proportion and naturall sufficiencies were purposely framed and intended for the destruction of Monsters, Men, or Beasts, and for the captivating all handsome Ladies, and the reliefe of all distressed.

He wreathed on his Armes the Coverlid of the bed.] An usuall piece of Armour in times of War betwixt the Gyants and the Gods; for the Gyants being by the advance of hills (which they heap'd together) rais'd to the middle Region of the Aire (which is the coldest) thought Rugs and Blankets the best Armory, lest they should perish more by encountering the place, than their enemies, and politically likewise surpris'd the Magazine and Artillery of the Gods. The *Dons* greasie night-cap (or rather mine Hoasts) was very considerable in a fight of swords, whose edges will yield and turne against pickled murrions, sweat and Ale being the only *Muria*, that will blunt the blow of any sharp weapon. Feather-beds break Flints, soft and downy beds weaken the strongest bodies.

Dolus, an virtus, quis in hoste requirit?

If our *Don* was so politique in his sleep-Combates, what other stratagems do you thinke he had waking? Or if he could do so in a halfe shirt, what mad pranks would he play in a shirt and halfe?

The Hosts, all inflamed with rage, set upon Don Quixot with dry fists, and gave unto him so many blowes.] O indignity! dry-batte a Knight-Errant! and double dubb him of the *Ill-favoured Face*! A Knight Dormant, Ambulant, Combatant! Would no good hand direct our *Blindman Buffe* to forsake the wine bags and tap a fresh Vessell, the hogthead, the Hoste.

Poets will write whole Volumes of this scarre. How happily would a well driven blow been placed betwixt his neck and shoulders, who durst lay barbarous hands, (Fists, Gols, Beetles) and leave the slouches impressions upon the exprefs of valour? Thus the sleeping Lyon is worried by a Curre. A Jack an Apes doth ride the generous horse! But oh the security of pre-

sumed

sumed victory! Chevaliers are insensible in a pursuit, and the successefull *Don* drencht in the Gyants blood, and trampling in it, (as the belly of an Oxe for the Gout) heeds not cuffs nor boxes of the eare, kicks in *Ano*, tweaks ad *Nasum*. But

Vino tortus & Irâ,

Emboss'd and chaf'd like a hunted Boare, esteems nothing but speares, two-handed Swords, Polaxes, Cymitars, Javelins, and the like Engines of just and Noble War; as for buffers at this present, they are like Flea-bitings to a Leopard, not felt nor regarded.

Yet with all this did not the Poor Knight awake, untill the Barber brought a Kettle full of cold water from the Well, &c.

âquid ubi sup. Water is good for any thing: It will part dogs, it will make Pottage, and howsoe'r and wheresoe'r the Barber found out this recipe for a dead sleep, it was no dry device, *Veritatem è puteo hauriunt tantum*, the truth of it is, the very Probatum for a *Lethargy*, and drawn out of a deep well cures a deep sleep. The Moon was always beholding to the Pleiades, for waking of *Endymion*. I doe believe the Barber learned it of a Mountebanck, and 'twas first taught him to awaken drunken customers, who fell asleep in trimming-while, and with the sprinkling of this *Frigida*, were restor'd to their senses againe, and paid for the nap, as well as the snip. But the circumforaneous *Emperick* rais'd his Fame, in using this admirable Element upon any other disease. An honest Farmer in some of the Townes, (where the Inhabitants at their proper costs and charges paid for being cheated every Market day) was a long time vext with a *Priapismus*, which is *tentigo sine voluptate in instrumento generationis*. To this Mountebanck he repaires, who having remedies for all diseases, could not be ignorant in this; and having told his tale, O saith he! *gravis morbus, acutus, perniciosus*; but that you may see that I love your Person more then your Purse, I will presently send home, and prepare a remedy for you, come an houre hence to my house, at the signe of the Cat and Fiddle, and you shall not faile of ease. About the time the patient came, and being brought into a private room, the Mountebanck said, (Sir) here is a Bath made with the coolest herbs that can be got in this place, and the most soverain Spring-water; for in your case, every ordinary water will not serve; therefore be confident, that after halfe an houre plounsing in this Bathing-tub, you will be eas'd of your paine. The silly Farmer followed his advice, and the effects prov'd answerable to his expectation, wherefore well fous'd and duckt he came forth, the Mountebanck demanding of him, how it wrought with him, and whether the tumour were not allayed, and his paine vanish? The fellow answered with chattering teeth, (but not where they did) that it was pacified, and giving him a Fee, departed. The Mountebanck could not containe, but acquainted his wife with the simplicity of his new Patient, and his disease, and instructed her, that his servant should prepare the same dose for him every morning; the Mountebanck being one day abroad, the Farmer came for his Cure, which his wife then, having opportunity, provided, and chang'd his cold Bath into a hot, but a very crosse Bath to the Mountebanck, and a horse-Bath to her selfe.

He was preparing double Fees for her, but she said, I am contented, satisfied, and paid, and told him, if this Bath lik'd him better, he should with

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convenience use it oftner. But the simple fellow not using to the Bath, so oft as he did before, one day the Mountebanck spying him, call'd him, and smiling, said, well friend, I hope you are perfectly cur'd now, farre better then before, for you put me not into the best Bath which your wife hath, and the vertue of it yet remaines, whereas your cold Bath cool'd for a day, and the next morning all was as it was before. The Mountebanck shak'd his ears, (as if he drank bafe wine) and giving the fellow back his first Fees, and curling him for his second, desir'd him silence, and not let any man know, or of the cold or hot Bath.

He laid himself on his knees before the Curate, and said; well may your great-
ness, &c.] A just contrary error persone was committed at a play in Bellosite, where the Epilogue was to be address'd to the Emperor, but the ignorant Actor, who was to deliver his speech upon the knee, lookt about for the greatest Person among the Auditors, which prov'd to be the Hostesse of the Inne where it was Acted, shee was set upon the Table in a great Chair, unto whom with genuflexion, he spoke these lines:

*With bended knees (great Cæsar) we
Address our Epilogue to thee,
Who hither in great State art come,
To see the Comedie of Jack Drumme.
Our knees doe render thee obseance,
For deighning us thy dreadfull presence;
Maist thou grow greater still, and thrive,
Till thou art greatest thing alive.
O let thy loines so fruitfull be,
To sociate all Monarchy;
And may your next stupendious birth
Be the Leviathan o' th' earth.*

The Hostesse extreamly nettled, left her chaire of State, and ran after the Epilogue-speaker, and gave him a very great and found Plaudit about the Eares.

The Barber, the Curate, and Cardenio, got Don Quixot to bed againe, not without much ado, who presently fell asleep. Three to one is odds, yield stout heart, and thinke it no shame to be overcome by multitudes, and all of them either Inchanters, or enchanted; the Barber transform'd into an Ox backward, (as *homo est arbo reversa*) so was Tonfor (*Bos reversus*;) Cardenio a scape Goat, newly transform'd into a man againe; and the Curate the Inchanter, as will appeare very well to all the world, by these verses found in *Cyd Hameti Benengeli*, and by a Moderne Poet translated, whereby the Don was like *Circes Captives*, charm'd into a sleep, deep as his high thoughts.

*Quixots Philtrum ad somnum, or Lullaby
to a Mad man.*

*Deep sleep arrest thy troubled soule:
No Bird of night (enough's one Owle)*

Disturbe

*Disturbe thy Quiet, Gnat nor Flea;
Approach this rare spread Canopy;
Under whose Cob-web Arches lies
The Knight that fights with fast shut eyes:
Nor of his valour meaner think;
Cowards they are that fight and wink.
Wave thrice thy wand about his head,
Morpheus; and it shall be as lead.
Thy sleepy Tribes attend our Don,
And charme him like Endymion.
On this side thousand Dormice sleep,
As many Beetles that side keep;
Millions of winter Flies fast stick
Close to his night Cap, as a Tick:
And lest his Nose should make the * Growt;
Fasten these Poppies to his snout;
Tie both his feet together well,
In this benumm'd Torpedos shell:
And to secure the * Ephialtes,
Turne him from's back, for there the fault is:
Annoint his Thighs and Calfes with Legs
With oyles of foolish Dottrels Eggs:
Nothing that eates i'th Night be neer,
Remove lanck Rosinant from his eare,
Clenze not the wind-bedaubed room,
It is a strong Narcotick fume:
And that no dreames nor thoughts of fight
With Gyants, Ladies; or their Knights
Unlock his Fancy or his Tongue;
Stop up his mouth with soft Mouse dung:
His head thus clos'd, (like to an Oven)
His tongue can't walk, though it were cloven.
And in his eare (somewhat profuse)
Infuse this dull Lethæan juice,
Which taken from that stupid Lake,
Will never let this prisoner wake,
Vntill this Philtrum backward read,
Doe Un-Gorgonify his head.*

* Growt for
great, especi-
ally now an-
der a swarme
of Flies.
Ephialtes is the,
Night-Mare,
but he was
more troubled
with his horse
by the Night.

And he desiring to delight them all herein, and recreate himselfe, did prosecute the tale in this manner.] In this calme, if ever it is possible to com-
plate our parallel story of *Anselmo*, and as Mr Curate is ready to satisfie
his inclinable Auditors with the Lecture of the *Chronics Impertinents*, so it is
my endeavour to convince Mr Curates opinion of the impossibility of his
well contriv'd, though suspected narrative, by a simile of an *Incurious Ma-*
lecontent.

Euphema left Sanguine exalted in his thoughts; above an ordinary trans-
portation; his imagination working beyond the delights of dull fruition:
whereby he took the very Pictures in the room for Ladies, and sorry to

see them no farther drawne, curs'd the scanty Painter, who had not finish'd them at full length. In an eminent part of the Chamber, was one large piece with a Curtaine spread before it, which tempted him to display it; which being rashly unveil'd, startled the bold discoverer, so that he stood extariz'd at that Picture, whose person and substance his soule thirsted for. It was *Euphema* in her haire, at full proportion, in a blew rich embroyd'rd Mantle, preparing for bed (as the fond *Clarissimo*, on the first night he met her, would have it pourtraiect) in golden letters; on the top of the piece wastel *Ætatis 16.* and in as rich Characters underneath, *redde simlem si possis.* The lively appearance operates so strongly on our Merchant; that he broke into many wild conceits, and amongst them these are remembered.

which is *Euphema*? or *Euphema* gone?
Or this is'th' frame? or are you both but one?
Speake, and thou art the *Antitype* if *hee*
Is silent, *hee* must needs the Picture be.
Descend faire piece, or let me climbe; I'll do't,
He that won't climbe the tree, deserves no fruit.
Prosper me *Venus*, as the *Mantle* fals
Double away: These are sufficient calls.

* *Laqueus, ut in*
videmus, si una
possit esse per-
spicua Oculi
non vocat.

* Look if her eyes don't speak! what doth it say
Trifle no longer (*Sanguine*) come away.
O coward Heart! how basely wilt thou forsake,
To draw neer her, who tremblest at her Point?
Go hang together, Pictures both; may I
Have not such life, as the rare *Imagry*.
The purple blood in *Azure* channell glides,
That you may see the *Harveian* ebs and tides.
I am a piece of *Arras*, only fit
To be discours'd on, where the Lady sits,
And to make ugly legs, as you may see,
The cringing wights in manly *Tapestry*.

In these dumps, exaltations, falls and rises, a Sonnet did relieve him, contriv'd by *Impotentio*, who like a *Swanne* before the death of his departing honour, sung sweetly these lines, which by the sodaine rushing open of *Euphema's* Chamber door, was clearly heard and understood by *Sanguine*.

A Sonnet.

Come to thy *Danae*, come,
The treasure of this Roome;
Care for no showres of pelfe,
Only shewre down thy selfe.
Come, my *Alcmena* waits,
Wrought by my subtle baits:
And both expect thy loves
As fortunate as *Joys*.

Crowne

Crown me but Father then,
And who so proud of men
As I? who joyfull know,
I am *Amphitruo*.

Sanguine was singularly well pleased with the excellency of the Tune, but more really heightened with the matter of the ditty, which assur'd him of the neer approach of his desires; and forthwith a gentleman lighted him into a Chamber of much rich furniture, and in it a stately bed, and not far from that place a side-Table rich, and deckt like an Altar, he follow'd his courteous conduct, who opened one of the Curtaines of the bed, where he discovered his *Euphema* lay. The convoy presently departed, leaving him to his privacy, with a Virgin-waxe-light, in a golden Candlestick, supported by a brace of *Cupids*. Every thing was admirable; but the *Venetian* Paradise, which he was straight to enter, would not permit him to fixe upon any subject but its owne selfe; wherefore with Pigeon speed he flew into his *Venus*, whom he found laid averse, and with her face from him. To whom he softly, said, Madam, 'tis improper now to be coy, and therewithall he insinuated his warme hands into her Bosome, which was as soft as silke, or the choice Downe of *Swanns*, and with all gentlenesse turn'd her about, her face being cover'd with double Tiffles, he covered to behold, and labouring to unveil her, Madam (said he) these *Chrisomes* remov'd, your sweet innocence will appeare more singular and ravishing; whereat *Fusilla* in a language as hard as her favour, scream'd out;

How *Taxpo* Dreyavey?

Which in the Antient *Egyptian* Characters signifies, what a *Pox* ailes you? But he bustling still to unscreen her fully, shee then shreekt out, crying,

O veldi voy *Thi* wog.

Which amounts to in the Primitive *Welsh*, she *Drivell* goe with you. Her prayer was heard, for he no sooner saw the face, but he leap'd from the bed, as if the Devill had drove him, repeating a short piece of new *Letany*.

Sancti, Sancti omnes, liberate me

A Pluton's horrenda conjuge.

After him the night-piece ran, made more terrible by her gay and precious outside, the strange gogling and moving her eyes, shaking her extuberant and revert lips, gnashing her Ivory Teeth, the menacing and clutching her footy fists, did so affright and terrify the poor naked gentleman, that he wish'd himselfe transform'd into any thing, but of a Hog; for feare of being posselt. These Clamors brought back *Impotentio*, jealous that his designe was interrupted by some scurvy accident or other, and entering into a *Partitian* night-Gowne, and rich waist-Coate, with his sword in one hand, and in the other a Pistoll prim'd, finding *Sanguine* in a distraction, and the cause of it at his heels, apprehending the delusion, *Osperma Diaboli*, are you an Actor with your *Westphalia* Armour, I'll try if it be prooffe (said he) and immediately discharg'd a Pistoll at her, which lighting on her shoulder plate, bruise'd and wounded the poor *Moor*, that shee roar'd out so hideously, as if shee were going to her winter quarters, and falling

to

to the ground, with her hand pointed up to Heaven, and then down to the Earth, intimated that the Powers above would fend 'um both to answer it below.

Euphema hearing the Pistoll goe off, came into the room in her Night-dresse, and a black Velvet Mantle over her, with a Book in her hand, but beholding the sad mishap of her bleeding servant, shee ranne in to her succour. Impotentio was directing his Rapier unto her Breast, when Sanguine (untill then melancholy) interpos'd himselfe betwixt her and the imminent danger, beseeching the Clarissimo to abandon such a mischief, which theough it happily befell that Hell-Cat, yet this act would never be forgiven above, or find pardon amongst men. But Impotentio raging with revenge, and with eyes and hands, menacing, that what was now intercepted, should not long be deferr'd, spurning at her, with language sharper then his Rapiers point, and more wounding; said, Whore! have you us'd me thus? Shee turn'd her head about from the Negro, and only replyed; my Lord, that word is not yet my due, and I have done all this that it may never be, and that your name may not be read in the vaine Register of easie natur'd men, or mine amongst that of over-kinde Ladies. Then turning on her knees to Sanguine, said, Sir, you that have been so Noble as to save my life by a hazardous interposition of your person, proceed to higher vertue, and save, protect, and vindicate that, which unto me is dearer, (and ought to be so to every generous soule) a fame unsupported, a chaste Breast, and the honour of a yet undefiled bed. Here are but two of you, and three Thieves and Murderers. My Husband (and then shee wept abundantly, will posterity believe it of a Husband?) seeks to kill me for that he should wish me a thousand lives: And both of you, (the worst of Robbers) have conspir'd to deprive me of a Jewell the Heavens bestow'd on me, and I have vow'd to keep. Have you not read (Sir) turning to her Husband, you may not kill? Look on this fainting Maid, whose intentions to preserve chastity, argues her soule not of the same hue with her course outside, and proves you foule within, and the worse Negro.

Have you not read, young Gentleman, (sure did you goe further then the sixth Commandement) a prohibition against this very sinne? will you turne journey-man to the Divell? take heed: Shee would have said more, but Impotentio heated with rage, (unhand me friend I pray you but a moment) and with looks full of Italian malice, said, are you preaching Mistress Knipper-Dolins yet heare me, and obey me too, or take this Gentleman, or death: Then looking toward the bed, nodded, and said, that or the grave, and so biting his thumbs, a sign of fixe and determin'd cruelty, he left her, calling for a servant to draw off the Moor, and convey her to a lodging, where for want of timely dressing, shee almost expir'd. All but Sanguine and Euphema were remov'd, who took her gently from her knees, weeping, and imploring Heaven for protection. In pure desire Lady of saving Christian blood (for Pagan is already spilt) I prosecute (said he) your Husbands will.

Be not, O be not your selfe-Murderer,
In your refusall life and honour's lost:

Think

Think you your Husband will preserve your Fame?
Who would not spare your life? will he not say
To vindicate himselfe, you did that thing,
Which you abhor'd life for? so kills you twice,
For not doing that, which done, you're sure to live.
Who shall, who can reveale your forc'd complacence?
Whom doe you wrong? your Husband is most willing;
How many doe the same without consent?
Only for itch of change, for no good end,
As this of yours; yours is another case,
To prosecute the end of Marriage,
Bar'd in your Husbands confes'd impotence;
If I should faile, ten thousand sinns are in't.
But Lady be as sure of that successe,
As if you felt the glorious Embryon swell
In your increased Orb.—Those are no whores,
Whose Husbands hire supplies, and hold the doors.

Euphema hearing his blasphemies, and Hell-borne Rhetorick, fell againe on her knees, and desir'd his pardon, that shee had given him leave to suspect her Faith and chastity, by giving eare to his loose and impious discourse; then calling Heaven to witnesse, and assist her constancy, shee drew from that part, where her buske was us'd to be plac'd, a Ponyard, and turning the point upon her selfe, shee spoke these, as shee thought her last lines:

That in my soule I may n't dye Negro-like,
When I command thee, trusty Ponyard strike.
And tremble not pure hand; your cure is good,
To let, before it be corrupted, blood:
How oft have I you two, to Heaven up-lift,
That thither you list mee's my only drift.
Open the way, that my imprison'd soule,
Returne as it came thence, a spotlesse scrowle.
I gave you once into anothers power,
Now I resume you to my owne devoyr.
As nature made me my defence and Guard,
Giving one blow, a hundred worse you ward.
Commanded men their Captaine must obey;
Then strike, the word is given: Euphema slay.

At which words Sanguine was bloodlesse, and kneeling to her, said, Madam, if you persist in this desperate resolution, I will not live a minute after you, and will dye by the same Ponyard, mixing at least, our bloods thus, which might have been done another way to more content on both sides. Then with eyes full of Majestick horror, and lovely desperatenesse, shee said, I have a word or two to speak, and then farewell.

I guesse you are a single man, whose sports
Are, the base boasted vanquishing those Forts

That

*That yield to your assaults; those that repel
 Your lustfull stormes, bely'd, you take as well;
 So that all Ladies Credits you abuse,
 The honest by your slander, those you use
 After, and in the East: your obscene Tongue
 Spreading abroad the horse-made nasty dung,
 Delighting in your shame: I shall take care
 To keep our bodies cleane, and your tongue faire.
 But tell me (Sir) it is my last request,
 Are you with Mother, or a Sister blest?*

With both, (best Lady) replied *Sanguine*, and both are in the holy state of Matrimony, (but biting his lips, said privately, that word, *holy*, might have been well omitted,) she proceeded thus:

*And dost thou love and honour them? you do.
 But wouldst thou count them worth it, if you knew
 The one had wrong'd thy Fathers bed? or she
 (who doublesse hath her graces, if of thee
 She hath as much as face) were at this time
 Doing what I do deprecate? This Crime.
 Me thinks I see a noble fire arise
 And glorious sparkes in thy incensed eyes
 'Gainst them, and their deflowers.*

Sanguine was somewhat startled at her queries, yet as for his mother he was secure, being on the worst side of fifty. But his Sister was very young, and deare to him, and at that time about his breast hung her Picture, set in a rich Oval, which recalled her to his memory fresh as if she had been present, which he was willing to divert, and therefore he desired her Ladyship to presse these points no farther, unlesse in bed, where, being matters of the sheets, they are most properly treated of. Then *Euphema*, quite out of hopes to convert him, or make him any way sensible of his error, resolved to try one weapon more (and if he persisted) after that to end her life upon the Ponyard.

*Thou hast a Mistress sure, (one of thy Love,
 Not Lust) were that reputed spotlesse Dove,
 (I deeme her so, may she so for ever.)
 Such as thou wouldst make me, though thou canst never,
 A whore, a perjured wife, a bosome-thiefe,
 A nest of Snakes? for such is the reliefe
 Of bastard issue, which thou boasts to lena's,
 Like the foule gelly from salne stars descends.
 Couldst thou with patience cherish her?
 Reward the goats, yranck Adulterer?
 And kisse those Babies as thine own, and blesse
 The spurious spawn of an Adulteresse?*

Madam,

Madam, said *Sanguine*, I should kick her, her Barnes, her Stallion into the aire unto the Prince of it, (their Ghostly Father) but innocent Lady, though it be true, every one should do as he would be done by, and harme watch harme catch are good rules, yet at this time they are misapplied, and quite beside the purpose. And to be true to you (Lady) I have no Mistris of that nature; then straight *Euphema* rejoyn'd:

*Suppose that I were she, as who can guesse
 How soone my husbands low-rung lasse may casse?
 Couldst thou accept me for a wife, who have
 Wrong'd my repute before he's laid i'th grave?
 Sure a pure Chrystall would more pleasant be
 Than a Specke glasse tainted by venomous eye.
 O change thy mind, thy hopes may not be far,
 Preferre no Falling to a Fixed star.*

At these words *Sanguine*, brought lower than his knees, fell prostrate, and beseeched her Ladyship that she would pardon his bold solicitation. And calling Heaven and Earth, Angels and Men to witness, All that he feared hereafter, or desired, if, Madam, (said he) you and the Fates decree me to that happinesse, and at once provide to blesse me both in soule and body, it is not seven yeares expectation can weary out my patience; nay, those yeares (though I with not the prolongation of my felicity) repeated would make me value my purchase the more by the gratefull stay before fruition. And I shall wish to perish to eternity rather than adde a thought more to this loathsome sute. I hate my selfe now for it, (I cannot say more than I love you) but I hate my selfe perfectly, villaine, monster of my Sexe, that came to spoile the miracle of hers; unlesse your clemency raise me from this place (Madam) I will grow to it, and not looke to heaven (that is, not you in the face) untill I find your serenity in assured forgetfulness of what is past. *Euphema*, confident that these expressions were not feigned, said, Sir, Your repentance doth oblige me to remission of past follies, and your protestations of fidelity are so high, that I will not question the faith of the speaker, or have the least scruple of doubt about it. Absolved, and credited, (my trusty and well accounted servant) let us in a noble and just conspiracy joine to clude my husbands fury and suspicion both together, which cannot be but by a seeming losse of that chastity, preservable in being supposed lost. I have heard much of Platonick love, now I will make experience of it, and in that height that *Impotentio* shall be satisfied in my obedience (as he calls it) if the dutifull submission to so base an Act can please any long. And as for you friend (when the just time for such a motion shall permit) I am to be challenged upon the promise, which I shall not recede from, you using the modesty and reverence of a Sutor. *Sanguine*, upon these words, religiously kissed her, and confirmed his perseverance in all chaste and civill deportments to her for ever. There hung by the bed-side a rich and glorious Cymitar, and they entering together the same sheets, it was laid betwixt them emblematically, designing the danger of violated oaths, or else as a Ceremony preceding (after the manner of espoused Queens) and ratifying the Contract. *Sanguine*, (no doubt) wished the

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crooked weapon edgewaies upon *Impotentio* last thread of life, that it might prove his *Atropos*, and make a short cut to their desires. But checking his recoyling thoughts, he asked the Ladies leave to charme her eyes asleep with this ensuing Song.

1.
*Sublimed Love, Calcin'd desires,
 Thoughts rarified to barmelasse fires,
 And muzzled Fleish with bloud refin'd,
 Attend my new Platonick mind.*

2.
*Eyes that havee't a'ne the Covenant,
 And lift up hands with pulses faint,
 Stopp'd cares, tied tongue, dead taste and touch,
 Will help the new Platonick much.*

3.
*Thou tam'd, thou rein'd, thus mortified,
 Approach the chafest Ladies side:
 Rebated senses only prove
 Me fit for the Platonick Love.*

4.
*But let our soules emigrate meet,
 And in Abstract embraces greet,
 (Till that the Fates permit) let's live
 Intransc'd, by Love Intuitive.*

Impotentio, greedy to know the newes of his own dishonour, posted so soone to his wives Chamber, that *Sanguine* had scarce time to returne the Cymitar to its place, and himselfe to his drawers; but finding his Merchant in that posture, he saluted him as newly arrived from *Cape Bona Speranza*. And so it is Sir, said *Sanguine*, to you *Impotentio* a night of hopes, but to me a *Labour in vaine*. You need not now feare your brothers intrusion on your Estate, here is (noble *Clarissimo*) pointing to the most delicate *Euphema*. * *Intus existens alienum prohibens*. Then ran the imaginary Wittall to *Euphema*, and joyed her by the name of *Mother*; kissed her, and bid her love his friend, who had done more far for her than her husband could. It was my griefe (said she) to find it so, though he hath proved himselfe a man of honour, reputation, and ability, and hath laid the seeds of a long trust in me. It should be so (said *Impotentio*) but let us thinke what Gossips we shall have; The Duke will not deny me I am sure, and the great Monsieur *Le Spraffe*, *Leiger from France*. *Sanguine* replied, nay Sir, thinke me not so able (though 'tis pretty well with me) to get Children o'r night, to be borne men the next morning; we are sure of our Workmanship according to the naturall way in due time, but for miracles you must not look. While they were in these discourses, in came an old maid-servant very ghastly with watching all night, wringing her hands, and crying, Oh my Lord, Oh my good Madam, what shall betide me! the *Moore* is dead, and in the piouesest manner, as we could guesse, as any Christian could dye; her hands often lift up to heaven, sighing and making signes as if she cared not for her own death if her Ladies were secure, and for want of timely selves expired in my Armes. Woe is me that she died in my Armes! I shall never thinke, well of my selfe for it; I have lived these fifty yeares with

Meaning, a
 Lady in the
 bed, that
 would not
 suffer any
 strange
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with my old Lord, and truly no body ever died in my armes before but your Lordships gibb'd Cat (rest his soule) that died of a bone crosse his throat, and I kept my bed a month upon it, and what will follow after this who can tell? The foolish story of the old nurse-woman troubled *Impotentio*, who loved *Fuiscilla* (though his Slave) for the love of his wife to her, and it inwardly grieved him that by his rashnesse she was destroyed; It was not long after that he sickned himselfe, reflecting deeply upon the murder of the *Moore*, (which was openly bewailed) but the deepe touch of Conscience for the abuse of his most constant wife was the maine stab; it was never well with the poore creature after that libbing fellow was in the house.

Hoc tibi Penelope!

What be as bad and worfe than her luxurious Sutors! and now that his foolish brutish humour was fulfilled, the inhumanity and barbarisme of the Fact stung him worse than *Cleopatra's* Vipers, hearing the fall of her Amours to *Marke Antonie*. Little *Ascanius* too, must play in his Hall, the long brand of his dishonour; and he reputed his, though no man could believe it; wherefore disturbed in mind, and every day decaying in strength, he intended to make a quiet end, though he lived, since the time of marriage very pettishly: Considering also that the abuse of his wife was his own invention, nothing was more worthy in his imagination then to hate her for obeying his will, and submitting upon force and execrable threats; and below his anger it seemed to maligne the fruit which he himselfe inoculated; wherefore he sent for his brother, and reconciled the differences betwixt their Families, and satisfied his expectations, confirming his eldest son in a faire estate; then, sending for *Euphema*, said, we are now private, and you see how fast I decline, there is no dallying, nor hypocrisie to be used, a small moment being betwixt me and my account; wherefore as I desire it whither I am going, so I heartily beg your pardon for my rash and ridiculous rape upon your Chastity. Conceale my folly, (faithfullest of wives) though what I have done cannot long be kept close. Let his name be (if a Male) *Potentio*, and do thou endowe him as his manners shall hereafter deserve. The Child is innocent, (pointing to her rising mount) and fruits of this nature, though they grow wildings, prove rarely off the tree, and become *Queene Apples*, the delight of their Princeesses, and servants of great trust; a more generous flavour, and vigorous contagion giving influence at those steele and illegitimate births than when legall duties are performed. 'Tis not therefore that you should be ashamed of him, nor discourage his active spirits, which that I may improve unto him, the executrixship of all is thine, and thou canst not hate what with such paines and dolours thou must dearly buy; the Quarrels betwixt my Brother and my selfe composed, thou wilt have no trouble but this stripling, and then he sigh'd and wept bitterly, being almost at his last gaspe; which *Euphema* perceiving by his short breathings, instantly fell down on her knees. 'Tis pity (worthy soule) to let thee go out of this world deceived, in that thing too which you do most repent of, and in whom you think the grand blemish of your house will for ever survive; Depart, Sir, as to that matter, satisfied in this discovery. Here is *Ascanius* and *Alyanax* the hopefull issue of my impurity, and drawing from underneath a fine wrought silken

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rowle absolv'd him of the jealousie. This is your *Anglieterra*-man, which according to the times of growth, hath been lesse or bigger, pardon my imposturage, not long durable; for I was resolv'd to free you of suspicion, *Sanguine* is as innocent as this rowle for any act with me, nay more innocent, for Heavens forbid, he should ever have come so neer me. *Impotentio* made a spring up in his bed, and kis'd her, and forthwith dyed, having confirm'd her in a vast estate, and left her Convert to be her comforter, those dayes of publike sorrow over, they married without the intervening of a Cymitar.

CHAP. IX.

*Mine Host is wild: Here comes a Caravatt,
Sing, Gaudeamus gaudia Magnasman!
What fangle now, thy thronged guests to winne,
To get more Roome, saith goe to Inne and Inne.
Leave off Romances, and thy lies in Print,
Thy house hath nought but Current Stories in't.
Things now in action, and the George must be
The Scene, and perfect the Catastrophe.
Ferdinando thinking to make sure Lusinda,
Is outed there, where he had thought to have Luv'd.
And sad Cardenio, who fear'd all was nought,
Is from his Spouse Heroicke stoutnesse taught.
Fair Dorothea, (high Nicomicon)
Leaves all her Kingdome to her Champion,
(Dromsie Don Quixot) and prefers the embrace
Of Ferd'nand 'fore the title of her Grace.
Thus Chast Lusinda scaped her pursuer,
And Dorothea met with her undoer.
Relations passe of severall misfortunes,
And all offence is pardon'd twixt the Curseines.
Tope it about mine Host; the wine bags now
Had been as good, as milke of the red Cow.
But O what Cordiall for poor Sancho's got,
Sad beyond all refreshments of the pot!
Ungovern'd, Uncardinall'd, Unlorded,
Outed of all his hopes, but not Unworded;
He sees and weeps, and with unfeigned teares,
Curses Knight-Errants, and the Fools their Squires,
Resolving to returne unto the Mancha
As he went forth, an Ass, and Sancho Pancha.*

Text.

TEXT.



HE Inne-keeper said, here comes afaire Troupe of Guests, and if they will here alight, we may sing Gaudeamus.] Such indeed are true Saints dayes to the Hosts, and here two or more are met together; *Sancta Dorothea*, an authentick Saint; *Lusinda*, a Virgin Martyr; *Cardenio*, a devout Pilgrim; And *Don Ferdinand* after his penance, join'd with *Sancta Clara* of *Viedma*, (who will crowd in anon for a lodging) may very well make holiday and a halfe. 'Twas very proper for these Saints to alight at the sign of Saint *George*, who slew the *Dragon* which was to prey upon the Virgin: The truth of which story hath been abus'd by his own Country-men, who almost deny all the particulars of it, as I have read in a scurrilous *Epigram*, very much impairing the credit and Legend of *St George*; As followeth.

*They say there is no Dragon,
Nor no Saint George's is said.
Saint George and Dragon lost,
Pray Heaven there be a Maid!
But it was smartly return'd to, in this manner.
Saint George indeed is dead,
And the fell Dragon slaine;
The Maid liv'd so and dyed,
Shee'll ne'r doe so againe.*

Here Virginitie is highly justified, not to much in *Lusinda* chaste in the Nunnery, but chas'd out of it by the lustfull *Ferdinand*. Indeed *Dorothea* is a pregnant proove of constancy, and disproves that vulgar error, that a *blonne* Rose is not so sweet as a *clos'd*, when 'tis well knowne, that a little aire or vent disperfes their Odours. How much of her worth had been hidden, if her gentlewoman had not been educated and instructed, at what times to stay, at what times to retire from her Ladies Chamber, which is as necessary a skill, as to pinne, lace, combe, order a Beauty-speck, or make a Caudle, and eat halfe on't.

I shall give you a short account of this successfull meeting, as it was translated out of the *Arabian* Writer into Latine, and found in his Copy, who render'd it into Spanish.

*Happy Receipt of wandring nights,
In which at once doe meet
As in a Cave, after affrights,
Of stormy wind and fleet,
Eneas and the Carthage Queen;
And what they did i'th' denn,
As these i'th' house (got to a screen)
Is guess'd both now and then.
Don Ferdinand resignes his lasse
Unto Cardenio ragged,*

Or

Or else his dayes he means to passe
 Upon the mountaine cragg'd.
 Lusinda double honour merits
 For playing of her game,
 Who would not let his Lordships serrets
 Usurpe on Rabbits' name.
 But Dorotheas nimble wits
 On Ferdinand prevails,
 And makes him vow, as it befits,
 They never would turne taires.
 The blissing Rivals them salute,
 But Ferdinand more shamed,
 Desir'd the money, for the Brutes
 Might never more be named.
 The gentle Knight Cardenio,
 Gave pardon and did crave,
 For praysing his beloved so,
 Before shee was i'th' grave.
 Commend their beauties when they'r gone,
 When death hath barr'd access,
 Then you may safely trust a Don,
 With any cold Countesse.
 Lusinda then, and Dorothy kisse,
 The Nunne, and the young wife;
 Who, if her Lord had done amisse,
 Must ever been at strife.
 Lusinda said, that flight was it,
 That sav'd her from that Lure,
 But Dorothy said, shee did submit
 And made the Thing Cock-Sure.
 Thus Lords and Knights were all appeas'd,
 The Lady and the Nunne,
 Her stealing from the Cloyster pleas'd
 On this condition.

Let us now try whether we can finde you with variety, and present a company at an Inne as merry as these, where the guests and the Host are all jocund; and it may chance those that hear it or read it may be as blithe as the persons in it.

It was in that Country, which is faire for its Lands, commodious for Havens, and famous for Innes, and at an Inne in that Country, which hath one Roome, and one Bed in that Roome of more receipt then the Host of Andalusia's whole house: Hither it was, where a Quaternion of Knights and Ladies resolv'd to take their recreation; they were very richly set forth, both men and women; yet the unusualnesse of such apparell, and their ill management, and odd carriage in their bravery, made them suspected to the Inn-keeper, that they were not what they would be reputed, or else (if he was deceived in that conjecture) he rooke them for some new-fledg'd gentry,

gentry, lately hatch'd in that warme Oven, the grand Metropolis, and had made this the first flight to aire their fine, but tender feathers, and try their wings. But the variety of their habits distracted him more then all, which made them appear like persons of several Countries, yet their tongue was all one, and their faces (not indeed so like, as Hertford shire sheep) but such as might discover them to be of one Nation. A Caroch of a substantiall Axletree, brought six of them, and Monsieur Suteur, and Signior Clippochope rode before to provide the entertainment, which Bill of fare the Inn-keeper (after perfect disquisition, which he partly conjectur'd, and partly dranke the Caroch-man into confession of) his ingenuity put into a short Canto, in memory of his guests and their provisions.

A Sonnet.

1.

A goodly Rumbouze of Canary,
 A lusty dish of eggs and Clar-ee;
 Botergo and the stirring Collups
 Make ready for my bouncing Trollups:
 Mounseieur Suteur will have it be
 For his Madama Da-plusee.

2.

A grand Sallad with oyle D'Zant,
 Mustrumps Muriat, (the Gods Proviant)
 Frogs order'd, All a Mode de France,
 A larded Venisons ample Hanch;
 Capon with Links and Oysters bigg,
 Are for Madona Perivigg.

3.

An Hotch-potch, and Olla-Podridas;
 Some rost, some sod, a meat for high daies.
 An All to Mall of all the Creature,
 Great dishes, like the spreading Eater;
 Bread, Broder, Bacon, Bontier salien,
 Provided be for Steepen Malten.

4.

A dish of Olives Genoife,
 A Sheeps Shoulder of the largest size,
 Breast with Anchorvaes sauce and Claret,
 (They shall be sure to pay me soundly for it.)
 Crabs, Lobsters, and the Trout of Trent,
 Were dress'd for Madam Corpulent.

As much of these dainties as could be, were provided, and the Inn-keeper Marshall'd the dishes, being Sewer and gentleman of the Ceremonies himselfe; at a round Table they sate, and intermix'd, a Knight and a Lady were very handsomely chequer'd; and Dapulse and Perivig, were the best train'd paire there, and had seen fashions abroad, and were now trickt up in two great Ladies new Gownes, which was a customary service

vice the *Mounſieur* ow'd his wife, and at this time his wives friend, before the Sutes were carried home: Inſomuch, that his *Dapluſee* was the moſt noted for new Dreſſes and ſhifts of Apparell of any where ſhee liv'd; but the *Protean Taylorefſe*, nor her Husband *Akilloſe*, could never be found in the ſame ſhape above once, that their neighbours wondred where ſhe had ſupplies for their various Wardrobe. ſhee undertook the carving, and handſomely diſpens'd the cheer about; but nor with ſo good grace did the men carry it out, who, ſome ſlovens, and ſome penurious, very much diſparag'd their apparell and their Ladies. For *Mounſieur Suteur* was eſpied by his wife, ſcoring the reckoning of Jugs, and quarts of Wine, by the loſing a button on his doubler for the one, and his ſleeves for the other. Inſomuch, that had not *Dapluſee* taken him a Button lower, his whole ſee would not have ſerv'd the turne for Supper-account in liquor, for his neighbour *Gallinego* the Vintner, and *Flounderferkin* the Brewer did ſo ply his little body, and his Brothers *Clippochopo* ſo hard, that they were not able to endure the narrow precincts of their new clothes; but unbutton'd all, and loſt at once, wits and reckoning. Their Ladies are very joyfull to ſee them ſo cheerefull, for they were never ſit for Ladies indeed, but when they were a little *Monkey*, then they are all Love; the prettiest Cubs to play withall, that *Paris Garden* affords, then you may command all, that is, their purſes, which nothing will open, but the diſcloſing juice of the grape. Dame *Corpulent* accoſted their ſlender ſiſters, and told them, lacing ſo cloſe ſpoil'd their breaths, and did very much infringe the liberty of their bodies, and for example ſake, ſhew'd them by what meanes themſelves came to the full extent and wideneſſe of their ſkins; which was expreſs'd by diſpatching a luſty Rummer of Rheniſh to little *Periwig*, who paſs'd it inſtantly to ſteepen *Malien*, and ſhee conveigh'd with much agility to *Dapluſee*, who made bold to ſtretch the Counteſſes Gowne into a pledge, and *Cover* and *Come*, which was the only plauſible Mode of drinking, they delighted in: This was preciſely obſerv'd by the other three, that their moiſtned braines gave leave for their glibb'd tongues to chat liberally, then every ones Sute, Gorgets, and attire were cenſur'd, their fancies compar'd, every one undervaluing the others, and highly praiſing their Husbands liberality, when perchance they were the preſents that ſome welcome ſervant had gratified them with. From themſelves they proceed to deſcant on their neighbours; and (good lack) what faults they found every where. Mrs *Almond* the Confectioners wife is much ſet behind, becauſe ſhee wanted a good Dreſſer, and never was pinn'd handſomely, but her things ſtood awry. Mrs *Figg* the Grocers wiſeas much condemn'd, that ſhe had not yet left off her Hat, and put her ſelfe into a Bag; and ſuch a one had ſpoil'd all her teeth before ſhee was eighteen with Sweet meats, that ſhee never dur'd laugh without her handkerchiefe, otherwiſe the woman was a feat one. And Mrs ſuch a one never came abroad powder'd enough to take away the ſcent of her body; which was the cauſe ſhee never came neer the fire. But above all they admir'd Mrs *Spruce* the Parſons wife, who though ſhee were crump'd ſhoulder'd, and had other imperfections, yet her cloths were ſo neatly contriv'd, that being dreſt, ſhee ſeem'd as ſtraight as an Arrow. A good ſoule that, and never miſs'd the good wives *Club*, though ſhee were tyed to religious performances very much at home. Shee

was

was an example to the reſt, and carried the buſineſſe ſo quickly, that after a good rowe or two, no more ſignes appear'd, then if ſhee had been with her Good man at the Exerciſe: Others of their ſiſternity (very weak headed women, frail veſſels) carried not matters ſo well for want of uſe and experience, which in a ſhort time would be perfected. Then from that to childbearing, and what eaſy labour Mrs *Touch* had, and how pretty a boy, and how kind a man Mr *Touch* was, who let her have her will in every thing, which no doubt is a great helpe toward the facilitating thoſe matters. It is ſo tender a ſoul, that if ſhe ſhould but look awry, 'twould make her miſcarry; for ſhe is true *Touch*, and never miſſes. And then to the differences of Midwives, how comfortable Dame *Short* would ſpeak concerning patience and ſtoutneſſe in thoſe caſes, before ſhee had drank Sack and Sugar, and after it how fluently her tongue walk'd untill the time came to ſhew her ſkill, which ſhee alwaies perform'd with ſuch ſucceſſe, and was ſo ſkilfull in *Phisnomy*, that thoſe ſignes and reſemblances (which we poor women could never diſcerne) were made ſo apparent to our Husbands, that they found the child to be their own by the countenances, and thoſe marks which Dame *Short* gave them to take notice of: It hath been fifty pieces in her way at times from the good men; thoſe diſcoveries which are great ſatisfactions and moſt ſure reſtrainers of jealousie: Other Dames on the contrary, are heavy and dull, without this ſecret too, which is all in all, and want ſpeech and encouragement ſit for women in thoſe plights, they are harſh and imperious alſo, enough to ſcare them more, then the buſineſſe it ſelfe. From ſuch Midwives good Lord deliver me, and when the time ſhall come againe (ſaith Mrs *Clippochopo*.) Let Mrs *Short* be for my labour; I love a ſhort cut of it: It will not be long firſt, (ſaith *Corpulent*.) Mr *Clippochopo* do's it to a haire, and to that good houre, or whole'er it ſhall be next; we fat women are not ſo good breeders, 'tis true, but we envy not your forwardneſſe, as ſhall appear by this full Carowſe, and to you *Sierpen Malien*, to the next riſe amongſt us, be it right or wrong. Soſly that, ſaith Dame *Suteur*. All this time the Knights play'd it at *Dutch Gleeke*, and had ſo vied it, and revied it, that they were all *Honours* in their faces, and *Toms* by their ſtradling, and now they are for their *Tibs*, who had plaid faire, and made never a *Reneg* all the time. The Knights went every one firſt to his owne Lady, and then his friends, and did ſo ſmouch them, that the lippe-frolicks were heard into the Kitchin, which fetch'd up mine Hoſt, who very much welcom'd his Noble Gueſts, and joy'd to ſee the ſtrong affections they bore to one another. He ask'd their Ladſhips, what reſection they would have before bed-time. All were for a Sack Poſſet, you ſhall have one, you may swimme in, (ſaid mine Hoſt) Quickly then (ſaid the Ladies) with expedition Madam, and with ſpice enough. In this ſpace, they agree to ly in the grand bed, and to avoid errors, they diſpos'd of themſelves, for the firſt paire, female on the out ſide of Male, Male next to that Male, then two females, next two Males, and a Female utmoſt. Thus they made all ſecure, by the contrivance of their wives, whoſe judgments at the inſtant were the quicker. Freſh lights brought up, came a Cauldron of Poſſet, which the Hoſt (fully ſatisfied of their quality) had beſprinkled with ſome *Pulvis Crepitiorum*, the Iane-keeper ſaid and ſaw ſuch mannerly feeding, that he bleſs'd himſelfe, and thank'd Hea-

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ven that posser was no meat that he lik'd, much good doe you Gallants said he, this is lusty stuffe, warme, and wholeiome. True *Myn-here* (quoth *Steeper Malien*) we shall not heare of this againe; But for your goods, quoth mine Host, and wishing them good rest, he sent his maids to attend them to bed.

Foure handfome Girles presently appeared and proffered their service, but the Ladies desired only to know the places of conveniencies, and so dismissed them. And with good speed they did *Aligail* it each to others, untill all being ready for bed, they had very much ado to make the Knights (laden with posser and Canary) to observe the order of their bed-postures as was prescribed. After a small rest, the Posser work'd with a powder, and from the north side of the bed *Steeper Malien* gave such a warning piece, that alarum'd all the quarters neare her, and *Corpulenta* (being her selfe a petty garrison) returned two guns for one; *Dapulse* and *Clippochope* laughing so violently at it, broke into consent with them, and did peale it about, and sometimes ring the Changes so merrily, that the continuall noise wak'd the dull Knights, who no sooner stirr'd, but *Flounder Ferkin* gave a broad side, which almost spoiled all the tackling of the bed, and now the other three upon the report of the last, like *Block-houses*, did so play their great Guns, that there was nought but smoke and stench, the Wind being in every ones Face. It was a night of high service, and great action, but the wind a little appeased, a storme came suddenly, the men running to the Close-stooles, the women to the Looking, or Leaking-glassses, (where they sate not so sweet as Roses and Flowers in a garden-pot) but wondring at the mischances, each complained, and heard one anothers tales very dolefully, crying, It was never so with me before; O, I have plaid the beast, saith another; *Dapulse* could not hold, but went to it without measure; and Dame *Clippo* wished for her husbands Bafon, these utensils would not containe; Infomuch that they were enforced to the Chimneys, where like Hawkes on a perch they *slic'd* it, while their Males were for casting and muting together. It began now to be day-light, and by the waggery of the Hoste the Musicians were tuning, but alas their Cats guts were instantly out-foundred by the loud musick within, which so confounded them, that they could not heare themselves; wherefore they sent for their *Hoboyes*, *Cornets*, *Sackbuts*, and other great Instruments, and then the aires within were higher and hotter than those without, which put the Musick to a retreat from the doores. But they knock'd at length, and sent the Musick a reward by a maid-servant, which was of a good smell enough, though the Bringer very nicely held her nose while she gave it; The Maid call'd for more help, and forthwith the foure girles, whose hands they refused over-night, were scarce sufficient for their night-worke; But *Dapulse* had so sweetned the maids in the Palme, that they began silencing without missing, and mine Hoste, understanding the lanck state they were in, provided very comfortable Caudles for my Dames, and a Gallon of burnt Clarret for the Knights, which (with the reckoning) went down very current and glib. Their stomacks at ease, they resolved to dine nearer to the *Metropolis*, ashamed to stay any longer at that Foule nest; so they called for the Coachman, who put the horses in readinesse, and received them againe, a great deale more comfortable carriage than they were before. And now we must

must returne to *Andaluzia*, where by this time the *Dog* is unincharnted from sleep, and no sooner awakened, but his Squire *Sancho* brings new feares upon him, and destroyes all the Desigue of the Kingdome, the Government, and his hopes of the Princeesse of *Nicomicon*, which puts the *Don* upon fresh actions, as you may hereafter read.

CHAP. X.

*Quixot will not be undeceiv'd, and finds
No pleasure like the error of craz'd minds.
Sancho and all his visions are confuted,
And will againe be Squire of Armes reputed.
The hopes of th' Island buzz'd into his noddle
Hath jilt'd it up with a strange scheme and modell
Of Future Government; now Ferdinand
His Dorothy may kisse, or lead in hand;
Sancho unmov'd, who will make good his part,
And laid his errors on the Magick Art;
Which well the Squire in ignorance might keep,
When that the Knight enchanted was so deep.
But when the Captive Turke and stately Moore
Came to the Inn (as he thought to implore
The Queen to speed away) his heart was full,
And lifted up as high as the Mogull.
No less the Don doth burgeon, and once
Again comes on Mambrino's batter'd scone.
Looke to't you blacks, our Knight scowrd o'th' score;
With's Bafon comes to wash a Black-a-moore.*

TEXT.



Ancho as we have said was only sorrowfull, and thus he entred with melancholy semblance to his Lords, &c.] *Sancho* gives the *Don* a good day after an evill night, in as bad an houre, and as mad a tune, and as sad a tone.

*I'll come, I'll come againe to thy mis,
Wee'll make it working day.
O donne thy cloths, and doff thy Dons fits,
The fool in armes no longer play;
We never shall take Castles mores
Nor Queens thy non-sense aide implore.
No live-Gyants shall fall,
Nor bor'd mine bags at all,
But the World shall see
What very very Cockcombs we be.*

H h 2

Yes

Yes indeed (Sr) so it is, we be Three may be inscrib'd over our heads, and no injury to the Reader, for we are no small fooles. The Queen of *Micomicon* is turn'd to *Dolla Roba Bona*, wife to the Duke of *Andalusia's* second sonne, you lost your opportunity. At these words *Don Quixot* very much wroth, said ;

*Is not the Gyant slaine ? is not his head
Presented to the Queen, in triumph lead ?
Is not this Ocean in the Room, the Sea,
The red Sea of his foule Phlebotomy ?*

I (Sr) laid *Sancho*, when his head was struck off, then these Rivers of blood flow'd from him, and in the tide his head also ran from us. Mr *Quisada*, I intreat you act not beyond the play. All's done, the Knights done, the Squires done, the Ladies done, and we are undone ; good Sir, retire into your selfe againe, for you have been *Errant* too long ; have you no conceal'd Royals, Dolars, or old Gold quilted in your doublet or waist-band ? This blood cals with a vengeance, mine Host cals, his wife bals, 'tis not the blankets, a tossie or two into the aire will satisfie ; The Assie (my Lord) will be laid by the cares for it. Pray look about you, doe you not smell the Fe Fa Fum of the Gyants blood ? Here is the Gyants skin, this wine-bag pierc'd indeed by your *Kills-a-hog*, poor *Borachios*, would they had been in your belly, (not for my part) then my Assie had gone for somewhat, but to part with it for a dry reckoning, and with dry basting too, for that will be the end of it ; Sir, can you heare it and not weep, not for the Assie Sir ?

If thou dost well remember, I told thee when we were last here, how all that succeeded here was done by Incantments. Sir, said *Sancho*, were the hoylys in the Blanket an Incantment ? is mine Host (the same foule beast now and then) an appearance ? a Vision with all that load of flesh upon his back ? 'Tis true, he hath prov'd a Devill incarnate, Wife, Daughter, and Maid to me, and your turne is next, for you have a very ill-favour'd score at the letter Q, which stands for your whole name. Give me my clothes quoth *Don*, will you search your pockets (good Sir,) or feel about the stiffnings where your hoard lies ? what dost tell me of scores (quoth *Quixot*) think'st thou I'll take chalk for cheese, were they hundred of Scores, am not I able to sweep 'um off with a wet finger ? *Sancho* sigh'd at his high phrensie, and weeping for fear of the losse of his companion, the Assie, well Sir said he, shew your selfe a man of your hands then this time, and deliver us from this chalky way. I tell thee *Sancho*, I will not leave thee, till thou hast seen the *Milky way*, and I have made thee and thy Assie a *Constellation*, *Dyonagri* I'll have you call'd. This *Milky way* is even home againe (thought *Sancho*) to the Dairy at the Mancha, and my poor Assie must be a Stallion.

I am inform'd (beautifull Lady) that your greatness is annihilated, and your Being destroy'd, for of a Queen, you are become a particular, &c. The *Don* would have said (if he had consider'd the condition shee was in) that her Greatnesse was augmented by the proliferous *Contagion* of *Don Ferdinand*, a brother *Don*, and untill this instant *Errant* ; the Magicall Father *Don* is at hand to justifie his worke, which though it were a deed of darkenesse, yet it will come to light, without your man Midwifery ; nor was it in his thoughts, to diminish your abilities at the acting of it, or require them, the busi-

nesse

nesse being a single Duell without partners or Chirurgeons : And as for the Gyant so lately beheaded by you, the witnesses are alive that saw your valour. The Host here made a serious interruption, and told him to his teeth, that the Gyant was two wine bags ; Foole said the *Dons*, they were the Gyants two wine-pipes, for he had every thing double, but his head, and that doubled with us two : But the Host commanded silence, the *Don* proceeded, and embold'ned the Lady to slight her *Negromancing* Father, and rely upon his armes for restitution ;

*Si Pergama dextra
defendi possent, etiam hæc defensâissent.*

The Queen answered with a very good grace and countenance, on this manner.]

Coram quam suspicis ædsum.

Who hath endeavour'd (Heroick Sir) to rob me of my person, my State, mine Honour, and what is most tender to me, your good opinion of me ? I am all the same, (except this misconstruction) and my expectancies as high of your performances as ever. Drive home, Sir, your great designe and mine, and I shall accompany you unto the journey's end. To you I attribute these beginnings of my joy, these Noble friends, who never had set eye on me, but that your name, like a Land-Mark, guided them to this Inne. Give leave most sufficient Knight, that these may be joy'd witnesses of your great actions, they shall not need to lend a hand to your assistance ; the fame of your motion, and approaches to the place, will be a terrour to your enemies, and halfe the Victory, the rest submission ; only some few excepted Persons, who will stick to the Gyant in that memorable battle, wherein you are to gain me what I long desir'd, and your selfe eternal fame, which you deserve.

Don Quixot having heard her, turn'd him to Sancho, with very manifest tokens of indignation. O unpolisht Knight ; not so much as an obeisance or the bend of *Mambrino's* Helmet to the Queen, after her so eminent and clawing Oration ! But fury doth transport him, and choler against his Squire hath wholly invenom'd his spirits, which are asfiery now, as they were dasht before. Now he will vanquish all Gyants, Knights, Monsters and Squires, in the person of *Sancho* in *secula seculorum*. One emanative blow, shall transfuse it selfe *vigore & impulsu agentis*, unto the right eares of all lying Squires in the world, who being call'd to the prooffe of the fence, not reason of this chastisement, shall find for the *Don*, that they had *astation* on the right cheek, and justifie themselves worthy of Cuffs a piece for their paines.

Good my Lord replied Don Quixot, I doe highly gratifie the honour that is done me. Marke now, who is more Courtier then the *Don* ? who fairer or more mealy-mouth'd then the Knight of the *Ill-favour'd face* ? words I'll promise you very shrewdly plac'd, and to good advantage (for the trepidations about the rescue of the slaves, were not off the *Don* nor *Sancho* neither) and a friend in Court is better then money in Purse. This was a sure Proverb with the *Dons*, and much of his direction. Now thoughts of action are laid aside, and the *Don* too for a while. Roome for fresh Gamblers, here is a Chesse-board to my Hosts Noddy-board, *Moores* and *Christians* :

A pure white and a black,
 Knight and Lady that lack
 A Lodging for a night a,
 Enshuffle together;
 A Ewe and a weather,
 And have the same delight-a.
 Don himselfe he will watch,
 That no harme doe you catch,
 What ever him besides-a.
 But O the mischance,
 The sluts force him to prance,
 And on his feet to ride-a.
 O behold how he hangs,
 In most pittifull pangs
 A sullen Ladies Martyr,
 Yet grinning honour wins,
 And drops downe from his gins,
 Knight of the hempen Garter.
 Our Great Don's in a noose,
 Who will the Knight loose?
 The Wenches have no mercy.
 Upon Hecate call,
 To night-Mare, and Hag, all,
 Or make 'um Son's O Circe.

The Stories of the Moor and Captive, (as that of the curious Impertinent) I shall strive to equall by the like, where a Christian Lady falls in Love with a handsome youth, and follows him, through many dangers, being enforced to try her womans wits to compasse him: But the Don a while will deprive you of the tale, being very highly taken up with a discourse of Learning, most unhappily seizing his head, when he should have put bread into it, in collation Time; A thing very few Scholars or Souldiers are guilty of. So that by the praise of those Professours, the Don should have little correspondence or interest in either, yet in his owne person he seem'd to be compacted of both. His Man-like, dreadfull and Ill-savour'd Face, render him a sonne of Bellona; his lank Barebone sides, a sonne of Minerva, wherefore he undertakes both parties, though with a resolution to vilify and undervalue Learning. Behold the wise, politick, and Learned Ulysses, and the rash, stout and magnanimous Ajax, bound up in one Don Quixot, and a Theatre of Knights, Lords and Ladies, with a crowd of Clownes, Cockcombs, and other Auditors all assembled to heare who shall winne Achilles Armour. It had been very well for the Don (if that such a prize had been at stake) for his owne Armes were most pittifully battered, antique, and rusty. But here was no reward for his Oratory, go it how it would, only empty praise; yet successe in Armes, as he promised to himselfe, in the design for the Kingdome of Micomiconas, might raise him to a fortune few Souldiers of Fortune arrive unto. But I feare this wit-Combate, will prove a drawne battell, and neither Scholar nor Souldier get any thing by the contention: However the Don's Rhe-

torick,

torick, *Pro* and *Con* will delight you, to whom speculations of this nature, were meat, riches, and cloth.

Surgit ad hos Dominus male fracta Casside Quixot.

CHAP. XI.

Alas poor Scholar, whither wilt thou goe?
 Thy Brother wanderer is turn'd thy foe.
 O simple Knight, O Dulman Ignoramus!
 We're not for Scholars, how came you so Famous.
 What are your Castles, Ladies, and your fightings;
 Inventions only, and the spawn of writings.
 Search all the Mancha, all the world or look,
 No Quixot will be found, but what's in his book.
 Quixot Contra Artes.

Pro Jupiter inquit,
Ante rates *Causam*, & *mecum* confertur *Ulysses*?
 O Jove! what have I liv'd to see,
 Any wise thing compar'd to me?

They seem not to understand well, (great confluence of Queens, Princes, Peeres, Knights, Squires, Ladies, Clergy and Commons, who knew not that *Minerva* or the great Goddesse *Pallas* is equall Goddesse of Arts and Arms, and that the Purple of the Field as well as the schooles, the green Lawrell of the Barre, and the gilded Lawrell of the Standard, are both her *Donatives*, Largeesses, and rewards, and though shee appeare as often Armed, as in her Candid, and pure Robe, yet these men of the Quill very much ingross her to themselves, and will allow us men of the blade, a very small or no share in her. Something indeed it is they say, that shee her selfe being the off-spring of *Jupiters* braine, *Sine Matre Filia*, they may lay greater claime to her, because all their labour is *opus Cerebri*, the sweate of the *Pericranium*; a little noddle intention, or headache perchance, which when they have hammer'd it out, they call it *Sapientia*; and by this meanes would shuffle us from *Joves* Head to his Thighes, where he prefer'd a young plumpe Godling call'd *Bacchus*, after the death of his Mother *Semela*; from him they say we have an interest in *Jove*, but remov'd, and by that meanes, have cozen'd us of a yard of *Jupiter* at least, and having procur'd a *Numen* for us, say from *Bacchus* the God of Wine, and consequently of quarrels, our profession at first sprung. 'Tis true, that the Cradle of our *Deity* (they will allow us) was the strength of his Father, but what, will they make only foot-ball players of us? they shall finde it contrary; or if it be so, that the ball is the world, and we carry it upon our Toes before us. Another argument they have from the nine Muses, who

all

all of them seem (except some one pittifull whiner *Melpomene*) to be their Patronesse, and that *Apollo*, when he is an *Archers*, is not President of the Company. O Generations of fictitious mynters! who knows not that *Apollo* is a Deity *Errant*, and runs o'r the World once in 24 hours, slew the great Dragon *Pylbon*, which was the leading adventure to all ours, and would have relieved the Lady *Daphne*, but that he was enchanted into a Bay Tree; yet though he could not winne her, he doth weare her in signe of his true affection about his browes for ever. Out of the number of the nine *Muses* they have excluded our Goddesse *Indignation* and *Eris*, which themselves say are Poetically, *Facit Indignatio versum*. Those are verses now with stings in their tails. *Lycambæan* Poetry, lines will make their subject hang themselves; And, they have thus cheated the world with the height and antiquity of their originall, they thinke to overcome us with numbers too, laying clayme to all Merchants, Pylots, Sea-men, Architects, Masons, Carpenters, Shipwrights, as their *alumni*; things that live out of the *Mathematicks*. Then they bring Fiddlers, Barbers, Harpers, Dancing Mrs, Singing men, Choristers, Ballad singers, Coblars, and Plowmen, the heires of Musick; and then a Regiment of Factors, Scriveners, Usurers, Vintners, Tapsters, Cookes, Writing-Masters, Almanack-makers, Fortune-tellers, Surveyours, Brewers Clerks, Bakers, and all Tally-men, marching under the account of Arithmetick. To these they joyne Historians, Poets, School-Masters, Divines, Advocates, Attourneys, and Solicitours, Book-sellers, Printers, all of them are most dependant upon *Grammar, Rhetorick* and *Logick*, so that by their good wils, they will not leave a man for Armes, unlesse he be a Porter, a Vagrant, or a decayd Gentleman, Bankrupt, a Waterman, or journey men Taylors; who yet contend mightily to be under some of the seven *Sciences*, though not as they are *liberall*: Shoemakers pretend to a *Gentle Craft* too, but honest *kill-Cow*, he is ours: The Butchers are not deny'd us, though they are not allow'd to be *de Jure Pacis*, they are *de Jure Belli*. This one profession is enough for our worke, to cleave such a company of Calves-heads, as they have musterd up together. Another thing they object, that their paines exceed those of the Souldier; by how much spirituall or mentall paines transcend corporall. Indeede the School-Masters paines is somewhat, and the scholars under him more, but that is all corporall.

Huc ades, hæc animo concipe dicta tuo.

A very faire invitation to a poor Commons, which ends most commonly in *lachryme*; or a

Parce precor, Post hæc æternum versificabor.

Is that *animo concipere*? Truly the School-Masters and Tutors (whether at the Universities or at home) are most necessary instruments in a Common wealth; for without the seeds of knowledge, reading and writing, understanding the principles of learning, the rule and direction to higher matters, (whether in Armes, Law, Physick, or Divinity) no man could serve his Prince, or be usefull to the places where he was bred. These men that thus discipline, and traine up our youth in civill behaviour, decency, good manners and knowledge, are men worthy of double honours, that is, stipend and reward, yet you need not be at two charges for it, of a *Ruling School-Master*, and a *Teaching School-Master*, is all being the excellency of

of one man. The Government and discipline of the School, infills as much as the Masters presence and instruction: And it were to be wish'd, that Parents, Guardians, and others whom it concerns, would reflect upon the men of this condition, with as good an eye of favour, as on those especiall Officers of the Hawkes and Hounds, which appurtenances to great Families, commonly are gratified in a better sort, *per annum*, for the training of a whelp, or making a Hawke, then the other professors are for educating a son, and fitting him for the World. A decrepit Huntsman or Falconer may have a *quietus*, and goe with a Coppy-hold, or some small annuity, when after the polishing and preferring of a hundred Scholars successively, a School-Master shall have only his punctuall *Minervall*, and so leave him to his *Mill*, to weary out his life like a Horse with continuall exercise, forgot alike, by Parents and Scholars, unlesse it be a *Seneca* or an *Aristotle*, whose scholars were very able men and Souldiers, *Alexander* and *Nero*: Yet this latter wish'd a *Necessitæ Literas*, the knowledge of Armes being more sutable to a Prince then books. And *Alexander* lov'd *Aristotle*, and admitt'd him, but followed the Camp, and left him to his *Parva naturalia*. *Cæsar* also was a great Souldier and Scholar, and I only wish my selfe more learned then I am, for the commendations given of him; he wrote with the same *Genius* that he fought. Now were *Don Quixot* so enabled, what Comments would the World have of his adventures, and how plausible? The *Arcadia* would be laid by, *Poleander* set aside, and only *Don Quixot* would be the study and delight, and taking Legend, with all that love Armes, or to Arme Ladies. And for this very end only, I can admit of some small familiarity with learning, for it did highly inflame me to read, well worded, and in expressions answerable to their actions, the Famous Wars of *King Pippin*, the *Gyants*, and the *Gods*, and *Hercules*, besides *Flextmarks*, *Don Guter* and *D'Amadis*, which I have at my fingers ends. But otherwise for Learning, it is a meer cheat, and the grand Professours like Sooth-sayers, laugh one at another. The *Grand Signior* and *Souldier* of the World; allows of no Learning. *Plato* banish'd Poets out of his Common-Wealth; and how many nowadaies run up and downe the World, having all things in their heads, but bread. It had been better to know nothing, then to know want; yet they will answer him in some stoicall sentence, 'tis better to know how to want, then want knowledge. Enjoy the Paradox good Pincht-Belly, while I shew the men of the times, men of the first times in these last; men of gold, who came not into the World to be serv'd last, or starv'd at last.

Arma tenenti

Omnia dat, qui just a negat.

He that a sword hath got,

Commands the Pottage pot.

Vivitur ex rapto.

He that can catch and hold,

He is the man of Gold.

And so I leave the Scholar, rather pittying, then triumphing over him.

Of Armes.

Most illustrious Queen, and by your residence, glories, presence, and derivative rayes, eminent and conspicuous Confeffours. I know full well, that the Tree of Knowledge, was the most glorious pleasant stock of *Paradise*, but yet forbidden, the bold attempting to know above what they should, dispossess the aspirers of that beautifull Garden, and gave the first occasion for Armes in the world; a flaming sword being set for an eternall barre upon the passe, that they should not re-enter. A long time it was before warrs came in, (though a fourth part of the world was murder'd by his brother) as the generations of men multiplyed, then societies, Kingdomes and Governments were created in severall places, and good and wholesome Lawes invented for the security of *Meum* and *Tuum*, every man's right; the Vindex of which lawes, (if they were infring'd) was the publick Magistrate; but sometimes the multitude offending, the Delegated Power could not restrain 'um; wherefore he was enforc'd to call in help, and friends, to set all right at home. And to prevent future insurrections, they rais'd a Military Power, which stood for the defence of the Magistrate, against contempt and violence, so that the same strength serv'd against civill Commotions, and forraign invasions. At home the souldiers life was easie and gratefull; But when he was commanded to draw forth, to avenge the injuries offered to the Prince, then his life is worth taking notice of; what long Marches? what tedious Sieges? what short allowance? what thin accoutrements? what dangerous duties? and what gallant ends? VVell said our Poet,

Mulum ille, & terris jactatus & alto.

There's tossing for you, Scholars, a little more troublesome then ratling chaines in a Library, and tumbling old musty Authors from morning till night, nor a line there hurts you, but from one of our *Lines*, perchance a hundred commanded men, may have their *ultima linea rerum*. This is our *Rubrick*, (the Scholars) the letter which doth immortalize, or rather *Canonize* us. A vengeance take all Gunnes, Bullets, Powder, and the Authors of them. Printing and they were about an age, and the Devill knows which is the worst. They were made for dispatches, very right, the one makes the quarrell, and the other defends it, and both sides rue it. And yet you Scholars say, that the Sword was more destructive then the Ordnance, Herquebuzze, or any Powder Engine. The noise forsooth, the terrour, the suddaine dispatch of a party, slaves the rest of an Army sometimes, and induces a summons to a Treaty; as King *Henry* with his letherne guns obtain'd it before *Bulloigne*, whereas, when the matter was disputed by the Sword and Javelin, a major part must be slaine, before the Generals could tell which side had the better: No, Sophister, no such matter, the businesse was effected with lesse blood, or at least, blood of lesse moment. In the ancient wars, before these Bombards, Blunderbushes, Petars, or salt Peter, (the Devils Ale-Tubs were ever tapt.) The very name of *Cæsar*, *Hæber*, or any famous Officer, routed a wing, a Legion, as soon as it was heard they were in the Field: And therefore contend no more for your two black coats, the *Monke* and the *Devill*, who were the contrivers of these

these murderous Engines, whereby an *Alexander*, an *Achilles*, a *Solyman* or a *Solomon* either; the wise man and the valiant fall undistinguish'd without knowing their enemy, or shewing any experiment of their undoubted strength, or subtle stratagems in war; so it may befall our selfe (*dread Queen*), at the siege of the chiefe Castle, that some disguised Buller (which Heaven forefend) may deprive you of the man, who slew indeed the *Gyant*, and laid all wast before him, conquering by his high fame, as much as his known prowess, and yet behold the *Heros*, how he lyes, the Triumph, and the spoile of a piece of Lead!

I have a whole Field to expatiate in the praise of this Ancient and Honourable profession, which throughout the world is formidable; what Land can you come into, but you shall finde the Monuments of some great Battels surviving in Stones, Cuts, and works in the ground, Pillars, Coynes, Inscriptions, Arms with Bodies, of an incredible weight and stature buried, and commonly found? What hath set your braines on worke more, then the Histories of fighting Princes, the Greeks and Trojan war, the Field of *Pharsalia* enobled by our Country man *Lucan*, and the like; when all the stock of wit was vented, in flattering the victorious side, although in your affections, you were for the beaten party. *Pro Verre*, or *contra Verrem*; 'tis all alike to you, you turne as round as a Pigg, in all disturbances for the successe: We fight it, you enjoy the profits of it. It were good policy, in my Imagination, to change and shift callings, and sometimes the Souldier should spend a yeare or two in a Gowne, enjoy a Government, a fellowship, and others, while the Scholar doth lead a Company, traile a Pike, that they may experimentally and judiciously discourse of the severall excellencies, pains, and labours of both these professions. How many bloody rounds are there to be clim'd in the scale of military honour, before you are at the top of preferment? and how many brave soules perish in the getting up, every step being under-watch'd with Dragons, Lyons, Tygers and old *Mors* himselfe. If a Scholar obtain not his desires, it is his own fault, very few miscarry, if they will make themselves able, and apply to the right way; study, and be thrifty, take heed of *Alla To*: and especially have a care, when they are young students, not to intoxicate their noddles with hot loaves and butter, pudding Pies, and penny Custards, which make dunces, and clotpates. And thus I have discharg'd this undertaking of the preeminency of Arts and Armes, which later doth as much exceed the other, as a sword doth a Penne knife, or a Campania, a Brown studdy.

Dixit;

Quid vocis precium? sicus petasunculus, aut vas Pelamidum?

A dish of *Plais*, or Spanish Bacon, had been meat for a better Rhetorician, but it falls out otherwise.

*Armes great Defender, and of Truncheons,
Prates himselfe out of's after-noons Luncheons.*

The Curate applauded his discourse, affirming, that he had very good reason for what he spoke in favour of Armes, and that he himselfe was of his opinion. An applause obtained like that of a Play, most ridiculously penn'd and acted, where the Auditors (who notwithstanding, convinced in judgement to the contrary) durst dislike nothing, but gave great Plaudits to most things that were to be hiss'd off the Stage with the Speakers; but the exhibitors of

that shew politiquely had plac'd Whiffers arm'd and link'd through the Hall, that it was the spoyle of a Beaver hat, the firing a Gown, beside many a shrewd Bastinado, to looke with a condemning face upon any solacisme, either in action or language. Mr Curate was therefore well advis'd, who allayed his spirit of contradiction, and submitted to the Whiffing *Knight-Errant*, with the *Ill-favour'd face*.

Don Ferdinand *intreated the Captive, to recount unto him the History of his life.* And here indeed follows a story, will captivate the hearer, it being full of fine changes of misfortunes, and as sweet and pleasing conclusion; for *Philida* hath her *Corydon*, and *Corydon* hath his *Philida*. It is (*præter institutum*) not my intention to undertake these serious stories, but as before, with an exchange, which will be no robbery; only the Argument I shall present unto you, of the 12 13 and 14 Chapters, and so proceed to the Barter; like some simple *Concionator*, who naming his Text in a Country Auditory, shut the book, and took leave of it, for the whole houre, as if it had been a dangerous thing, and not to be handled.

CHAP. XII, XIII, XIII.

Old Perez of Viedma, ont of Lyon,
Sent forth three sonnes, which the whole world had eye on;
The Father squar'd his state quadri-partite,
And left himselfe, but a child's portion right.
Three way's his old Mercuriall fingers shew'd,
And each one was to honor'd ends a roade;
The Church, the Seas, the Court; high waies all three,
By three made good, Wit, Valour, Industry.
Each sonne took's severall track: But Ruy Perez,
The craggy path, where Honour linck'd with feare is.
Our Captiv's for the Wars, and his first tryall
was fiery, but of engagement royall.
Have you not heard of that great Navall fight,
Sped' fore Lepanto? when the Turks Moon light
was so eclips'd, that the proud * Ottoman
Resign'd his title to the Ocean:
Thinking his Prophet false, and Christs command
was o'r the Seas, but Mahomet on the Land.
But the next yeare, Don John of Austria
Prov'd Mahomet a Liar every way;
And by the losse of Tunez the Turks found,
Their Prophet could secure, nor Seas nor ground.

The halfe moon is the grand Signior's Ensign and Badge.
* Sellim, Empe-
rour of the
Turks.

* King of Ar-
giers, & after-
wards made
admiral of the
Turks whole
Fleet by sel-
mu.

In those brave services our Captiv's lot
was to be ta'n, while others Lawrell got.
Not basely ta'n for John Andreas Gally,
Sail'd to the succour 'gainst the proud * Uchally)

of

Of Malta's Admirall distress'd; there he
was Captaine, there he shew'd his company
A piece of Valour; and alone did leap
Unseconded, upon a Barbarous heap
Of Turks, who feareing our supplies, away
Sail'd from the assault, proud of this single prey.
Honour'd Viedma (glorious in thy chaines,
Tugging at the Oare, a most ignoble paines!)
Doth not disturle thy worthy soule, prepar'd
For any thing, that's high and also hard.
But the Goleta, and the Fort, * Don John
Built for a stop to th' Turks ambition,
Lost in thy fight, and Christian blood
Flowing about the Trenches where it stood.
Thy Countrymen like dogs interr'd, and those
Hardy Commanders did their lives expose;
Don Pedro De Puerto Generall,
And learn'd and stout Don Pedro o' Argivall:
Both taken, both the glory of thy Spaine,
Thy heart broke them, to see those in a chaine.
Then slavery was slavish, and their Oares
More wound thee, then the strokes of Turks and Moors.
Uchali Fertax the scall'd Runnagate,
(So was he nick-nam'd by the Turkish state)
Dy'd after this defeat, and a third part
Of all his wealth and slaves, (an Ottoman Art
Practis'd along by th' Roman Emperors)
Went to the Turk, his succ' inheritor.
In that division * Azanaga got
A thous'nd slaves, and he was of his lot.
The Kingdome of Argiers the Turk bestow'd
Vpon this runnagat; thus honours flow'd
Vpon a Catamite, Porus to his Prince,
A Ship-boy first, and now his Eminence.
In our new chaines and caps, Him and his Peeres
We row'd with merry looks unto Argeirs;
Not for his greatnesse joy'd, but 'cause that Spaine
was neere, and might once more be seen again.
which Heaven procur'd for unsuccessful we,
'Said often to escape, but 'would not be.
But this was providence indeed; a Moor
Of great account, and of excessive store,
Liv'd next the Baths, a place for their best slaves,
Where hopes of ransom, the poor captive saves
Amidst these Baths, as at Betheldas Pool,
An Angell did refresh our fainting soule.
Vpon the Prison Battlements, we us'd
To walk, and thence our sighs and Prayers transfus'd

* Don John of
Austria King
Philip's Brother
built it.

* Azanaga was
a Runnagate
from Venice,
taken prisoner
by Venis, then
Fyrat, was af-
ter his death
made King of
Argiers.

To th'

Totb' Powers above, olser'd it seems we were
From the Moores windows, whence there did appear
A Cane with something to'. The Cane did play
Full upon us, and pointed to our way:
One of our company did step aside,
And to our waving Meteor neer applied;
At his approach the blest Phenomenon
Drew in its selfe, as if it would be gone.
As he retreated, it again shot forth;
Then went a Gentleman of noble worth,
With like success; And so the third; the Cane
Wav'd off, and made their hopes and profers vaine.
Our Captive was the last; who knows (said he)
Whether this Omen be reserv'd for me?
Or whether fortune hath a proud intent,
To play upon us by some instrument?
He tri'd his luck, and the descending Lint
Fell from the Cape, with ten Lianys * in't.

* Certain pieces of base gold us'd among the Moors, and are worth each of them ten Rials of Spanish money.

A crosse of Canes was then put out; which sign
Made us of Christian Captive there divine;
Who pitying our estate, lent these supplies,
Wishing her selfe and us quick liberties;
And after it a glorious band appears
So white, that it dismiss'd all jealous feares.
Then in the Turkish manner we inclin'd
Our heads, in token of a thankfull minde.
This for a time cheer'd up our hearts, and we
Nothing omitted of discovery,
To know the place, from whence our Golden shower
Descended, but alas it rain'd no more!
A noble Moor Arguimorato call'd,
(And Constable of Pata late install'd)
Liv'd there, and that was all which we could learn,
Nor hand, nor Cane, nor Crosse could long discern.
At last our Phosphorus restor'd the day;
And chas'd dull thoughts from our sad hearts away;
The Cane like to a blazing Starre Crinire
Greater appear'd, (but yet did not affright)
We try'd, as once before, whose it might be;
But it prov'd only falling starre to me.
I gather'd up the Deodate good Gold,
And a white paper did our blisse infold,
Wrote in Arabian tongue, (not understood
By any of us) so we only shew'd
Signes that we'd read it, and the Crosse was kiss'd
Before her eyes, and that the hand dismiss'd.
O now for a secure Interpreter,
Who might our mystick happinesse transferre!

A Murcian Runnagate, one of sure trust,
And long experience, this unravell must:
The fellow vow'd all faith and secrecy,
And render'd it in Spanish presently.
The joy'd contents declar'd that the white hand
A Christians was, and long'd for Christian land.
Daughter unto the Moor, train'd up by one
(A Christian Captive) in Religion;
And since her death (for twice shee had appear'd)
Shee charg'd me by Lela-Mariens steer'd,
And shee would bring me to her sonnes the God
That came from Heaven, and there makes his abode.
Shee would direct me; she a Husband give,
With whom I should in shining Goshen live:
And thou brave Christian, above all the rest,
Hast made a Conquest of my Virgin breast;
Thy manly gate, thy presence in thy chaines,
Shunning the blushing Shackles and the traines
Of Captive gallants pacing in thy tread,
Shews thee a Leader, and no common head;
Besides thy high erected looks and eyes
Lift up so oft to Lela Mariens skies,
Render thee sprung from thence, no humane race;
Blame me not (Sir) to covet so much grace.
If thou be free, I like thee of all men,
Take me, and blasse us Lela Marien:
And for thy chaines, and fellows, soon as they
Can know the ransom, ready is the Pay:
Be wise and secret (Dear) contrive it so,
No Creatures but our selves the plot may know.
Arguimorato, if he should descry,
(As he is made of nought but jealousy)
We'r ruin'd all; be valiant, close and bold,
I'll worke thy way, though step by step in gold.
Ala defend thee, and this Holy Crosse
Keep us, our friends, and our good Ship from losse.
All fortun'd well, but 'till the very day,
When they prepar'd to steale Zoraida.
(So was this glorious Convert call'd) the Moor
Came to the God-speed, ere they'd had shipp'd her o'r,
Who crying in most hideous manner Thieves,
They gag'd him strait, and hinder'd his relieves.
Father and Daughter now on ship-board are,
And he unbound and free, did strangely stare,
Demanding of Zoraida, what this meant,
Whether the Ship, these men, and she were lent?
The Lady said (Sir) I am Christian turn'd,
'Twere better farre, thon wert here present burn'd,

(Re-)

(Replied the Pagan) and o'th' sudden leaps
 Into the sea, bulg'd o'r in wai'ry deeps.
 At her request, they haste him up who wou'd
 Have rather persist in the briny floud.
 Not cleaner for his washing, his black skin
 Chang'd not the hue, nor his foule heart within;
 But on himselfe, his daughter, and us all,
 A thousand curses pleniously let fall:
 And did attempt againe the sea; then shee
 Desir'd us, (for shee thought it impiety
 To see his ruine) and did all implore,
 To land him on the next convenient shoar.
 We did so, and he blest our Ship with gales,
 Like witches, hir'd to furl up flying sailes:
 A thousand Garbs he us'd to Heaven to Hell,
 And tore his haire; and on the earth then fell;
 Then rose, and raging, threw into the aire
 Curses and stones, and his torne grizly haire.
 It prov'd unlucky to our Barke, for straight,
 A Pyrate of the French surpriz'd our freight,
 And robb'd us all; my bright Zoraida
 Lost all her Jewels, yet was then most gay:
 We fear'd our lives, for which there's no man car'd,
 If that Zoraidas might be but spar'd.
 Now more remisse, a Cockboat they will give,
 And charge us straight for Spaine, if we will live;
 For the rich booty made them feare; but we
 Had wealth enough in our gain'd libertie,
 And the faire purchaser: Who smiling, said,
 (Love) Lela Marien still protectis a Maid;
 And holy men, that goe on honest ends,
 Ala, and all the power above defends.
 Th' Interpreter made known her mind, which struck
 Such courage in the men, they stoutly pluck
 Their beaten Hoys, and in an happy houre
 They all enjoy the long long wish'd for shoar.

CHAP.

CHAP. XV.

So many Ladies, and so many Chances;
 Blow up our Don, and fortifie his fancies.
 Gyant Borachio (or the slaine wine bags
 Not paid for yet) augment Don Quixot's brags;
 No longer is mine Host mine Host; he's paid
 In titles, and with offices defraid.
 The house is chang'd, the Inne a Castle is;
 Mine Host is Constable, and takes no fees:
 The Don's Controulour of the place; but here
 He deignes to play the rusty Harbinger,
 And entertaines a Justice of grave carriage;
 (But not advanc'd unto the power of marriage)
 Perswading the Long-Robe-Man, and his daughter,
 (Whom in a Lackeys habit followed after
 Enamour'd Lewis) how the Inne was chang'd,
 And nothing there but Courtly persons rang'd.
 Had he been absent with his face uncouth,
 The Justice might have well thought it a truth:
 For the grand beauties which at that time met
 Might with the glories of Madrid beset,
 And farre out-shine; But all to Donna Clara
 The judges daughter yields, shee's Avis rara.
 But these great persons and their ladies faire,
 Were not unto the Justice things so rare
 As Mr Curats story; which discovers
 Two Brothers to each other, greater lovers
 Then those o'th' place: What joy? what hugs? what teares,
 When that the Captive to be such appears?
 A happy sight! rarely doe buffe and budge
 Embrace, as doe our Souldier and the Judge.

TEXT.



ET must there be a place found for Mr Justice, who comes in his Coach, &c.] The Spanish Justices were not so far as Maibo, who was himselfe a Coachfull; Donna Clara his daughter might sit with him and room enough beside, although riding in his long Gowne, and his wide sleeves, he might bur-nish and swell out beyond the dimensions of a single man. These are the formalities and habits, which gaine credit to the persons that weare them, terrify the Country people, and wring out Reverence, Legs, Caps and Cap-pens from them: Take away these embellishments, accoutrements, and in-ve-

K k

fitures,

figures, from any order of men, and you leave them as contemptible, poor and naked, as the Crow, or Chaugh despoil'd of his borrowed Feathers.

Ex humeris Aulea Toga.

Keep the cloth, your Liveries, and your Ceremonies, and they will keep you from vulgar insolencies; Round Caps, and obedience to masters went out about a time. *Square Caps* and *Logick, Wigs* and *Lam, wing'd Gownes* and *good Divinity*, like *Astrea*, (Mr Justices pretended mistress) flew away together. Worthy was the Policy of the *Roman Senators*, who being vanquish'd by the *Galli Senones*, fled to the Capitol, and there sat in their *Patrician Robes*, full of gravity and majesty, which struck more awe into the Barbarous Souldiers, then their Ensignes, or their Engines: Inſomuch, that they took them for gods at first, untill their officers made them plunder them like men. What regard would be given to a *Praetor* without his trapping'd horse, the *Gold Chain*, and the *Cap* of maintenance? Even the *Bedel* of the beggars without his *blew Jump*, and *silver head* tipstaffe, loses reputation among the boyes and vagrants. Upon this very reason it was, that *Philosophers* of old, and our *Moderne Divines* nourish'd Beards, (like wandering Greeks or Jews) not that they were a jot the wiser for the Bush, but it gain'd an estimate and reverence. The *Spaniards* depart not from distinctions of Orders, Garbs, Habits, *Punctilios*, Ceremonies, Circumstances, and have the reputation of the wisest men in the world. If Mr Justice had come in *Querpo*, mine Hostesse would ne'r have left her lodging for his sake; but now she doth Idolize his broad sleeves; and resigns her owne chamber to the long robe, which had not been so well swept in a yeare as it was with the trailing of his Worthips train.

To all which the Judge was so attentive, as in all his life, he never listned to any cause so attentively as then. What, not at the *Affize Sermon* from which most commonly your Spanish Judges take most of their Charge, and are as much beholding to Mr Curates adviſo's from the Pulpit, as he was before to *Fonssecas Poſtils*; but here Mr Licentiat shewed his art and bath so curtly, succinctly, and concisely *Anacephalyz'd*, *Analyz'd* and *Epitomiz'd* the long story of the Captive, that if his afternoon Repetitions were with halfe that paines and method summ'd up ad *populum*, they would keep waking the best part of his Auditory after a full meale. 'Tis a good character of a Judge to be attentive to heare *ambabus auribus*, on both sides, and both sides, (as they say) without interposing or troubling witnesses, or suffering the Council to doe it, and so in his instructions to the Jury, to lay open the Law, not his affections to them, which is the cause many times, that those honest men and true, swai'd by hints and girds to the part, that his Lordship is offended at, often brings very false and partiall verdicts, for which they ought to incur the penalty of fasting, after their delivery up of their opinions, rather then before.

The Curate took him fast by the other hand, and marched over with both them unto the Justice. Had this been in England now, it had been a wedding; but the Spanish Curates will not easily part with so beneficiall a Sacrament, as Marrimony to Lay-Hucksters; Marriage and flesh (being Quadragesimal prohibitions, and forbidden in the time of Lent) cum dispensations, & licentiâ, were very gratefull accessaries to a slender Vicaridge. Double fees, besides eggs and Alicant, with many a Joviall entertainment, are more

more considerable then petty Tithes, and made the Curate more blith and bonny, then an Arch-Deacons visitation, where beside the danger of information, he paid for his owne dinner, and his visitors. If all hits right, and that this learned contrivance of Mr Curates could worke in *Zoradas Inchristianation*, with the solemnity and rights belonging to it; and the *gaudia magna* of her after-marriage with the Captive, to be the reward of this service, (as it deserv'd it) how soone might he expect a change of his small Vicaridge, for *ulterius beneficium*? and admire himselfe in his long Cassock, broad Hat, and divinity Belt, the advanc'd creature of the times; nothing being a surer step to preferment, then the joyning great persons together in Matrimony, or the Nulling.

Don Quixot offer'd himselfe to watch and guard the Castle, while they slept. How proper physick he finds out for a mad man? watching being the only meanes to tame frenzy, had it been confin'd to a close room; but this new humor of being grand round to the Castle, makes him more wild then before, and subjects him totally to the cold influences of the Moon, which was the Predominant Planet in his *Pericranium*. Could he not remember what befell him, when upon the entrance of his adventures this vertigo of *noctivagation*, and watching his Armes, seiz'd him: How dismall was that nights Guardian-ship, wherein was more want of discretion, then sleep, when the Carriers had almost laid him stone dead; and yet the bold and hardy Knight, alone, nor as in other adventures attended by *Sancho Pancha*, (witness and partner of his sufferings) he will react this solitary encounter. Having nothing but the spangled Coverlid of Heaven over him, and poor *Rosinant* under, whose paines and *Tantalizations* in this nights round, were more irksome to the beast, then all his other out-ridings, which were ever (though somewhat long first) gratified with the welcome rest of an Inne; but now he is dizzed with the continuall circuits of the Stables, which are ever approached, and never enter'd, beside the unsupportable torment of feeding horses, the noise of grinding the beloved Corne, the smell of hay and litter, (and nothing but the smell and noise of it) which made *Rosinant* thinke (if ever his imagination was discovered) that he was in *Limbo Equorum*, and condemn'd with *Tantalus* Horses to the same flying Provender, and deluding dainties, which should never come nerer then his ears, or eyes.

CHAP. XVI.

*Dark night invades the Inne, and pleasing sleep,
With woollen feet on every head doth creep;
Only our vigilant Don, and young Don Lewis,
Yield not to Morpheus wand, that braines bedewes;
Transform'd into a Lackey, by loves powers,
Like a wing'd Cupid, (hid in various flowers.
His parricolour'd sute) he silent flutters
About his Claras Coach; 'till night he utters*

Kk 2

His

*His sad complaints in songs and piteous aires
And tels how love no sexes, no person spares,
whilest other musick (not so soft nor sweet)
Don Quixot raiseth, playing on his feet,
Strung up too high; but yet the cord won't break,
which puts the screech-Owl to a dismall skreak.
Come see the Don of more then common hope,
Not Errant now, but pendent in a rope.*

TEXT.

Am a Mariner to love.]



Don Lewis first Sonnet.

1.
Runne nimble tongue by night;
And fill her with delight;
That her deceived cares,
May think th' obsequious spheares;
And sweet intelligences,
Striving to court her senses.

2.
Raife thy cleer notes so high,
That labouring birds may die,
And vanquish'd *Philomel*,
Warble her owne last knell;
Whilest their vaine *Thrillos* hope,
VVith my love-tunes to cope.

3.
If that my *Clara* sleep,
A pretty murmuring keep,
In low and solemn straines,
So lullaby her braines;
That shee may trembling dreame,
Her head's in some soft streame.

4.
But when shee wakes, and findes
The error of her mind,
Let such an echo strike
Her care, that it may like
The rows'd Tarantula,
Take life from the high key.

5.
Having got audience,
Monopolize her fence;
And let thy ditties be
In praise of her and me.
Untill (poor soule) shee long,
To yield up for a song.

He is no Horse-boy (quoth Clara) but a Lord of many Townes. Here were a note now to enlarge upon the power of love; but we have had many examples already, and *unum pro cunctis sama loquatur opus*. In any transformation feigned or true, more could not be seen, then in this gentlemans metamorphosis; who for pure love, was a *Spaniell* by day, and a *Nightingall* by night. That his feet run was no small pain to him, but the running of his tongue was no small pleasure to those that heard it, as will appeare in his second Sonnet.

Don Lewis second Sonnet.

1.
Though that thy Coach out-runne
The stages of the *Sunne*,
And through more dreadfull signes,
Thy Charioter inclines:
I follow will alone,
Through cold and torrid Zone.

2.
It is no shame for me,
Thy lackey for to be;
The *Sunne* himselte did run,
A mistresse to have won.
To runne, and speed is praise;
He lost, yet got the Bayes.

3.
But if like *Daphne* thou
Of changes dost allow,
Let me transformed be,
Into thy Axle-tree,
Thy Charret I will runne,
So thou be in't my *Sunne*

4.
He doth but lackey is too;
Who in a Coach doth wooe;
And must bare-headed ride
By his proud Ladies side;
His paines is not so great,
Only he waits in state.

5.
Those, who upon command
Of Ladies, leave the land,
And doe strange services
Their scornfull dames to please,
Doe runne lesse pleas'd then I,
They from the mark, I by;

6.
Some thinke the *Starres* stand still,
And that the earth doth wheel:

Others, th' Heavens run round,
And fixed is the ground.
If the world passant be,
It is no shame for me.

7.

Copernicus come try,
And learned Ptolomy,
Me and my *Clara* view,
And you will prove both true:
Shee like the spears and starres,
I runne like Mines, and Quarres.

For I know not whence with a vengeance, or by what way this affection which I bear him, got into me.] What the originals of love are, is a hard matter to finde, that which first makes impression in the heart or fancy, that's the puzzling quare: Whether it be the eye, the nose, the speech, the wit, the common voice, or report, that is the first mover? For some love by the care, and affect by story, others by the eye--

vis amque cupit, potiturque cupit.

See and like, like and lig: some complaine (deceived in their augury) of the nose, as the maiden in the song, others of the eyes; *nescio quis teneros oculus*, &c. I would I had never seen the face of him! those eyes, those amatory muscles; *there's the vengeance on't*. O his heart-beakers cries another! O that tongue, that beguiling, deluding, enchanting tongue! O that maske! it was there I first fancied his high capering, his nimble footing it, his amorous motions; *there was the vengeance on't*.

In short, as matter is inclin'd to receive formes, wax impression, the aire, the light, so naturally, doth the feminine appetite require the Male: But how the — *solus hic inflexibilis sensu*.

How with a vengeance, one particular person more then any other, amongst choice and variety, should only wound and subdue affections, and Dido too; there is the scruple still; *there's the vengeance on't*. Goe to *Lilly*, and he will tell you, 'tis in your stars, *there's the vengeance on't*. But he doth not prove so true in hearts, as colds; and is as much out in the *Eclipses* vengeance, as that of the Sunne; and though it be possible, he may prove a sure Directory to a Husband, yet not the stars, but her perswasion in his stars, was the cause of it. Another will have it in the Amatory *Names*, and *there's the vengeance on't*. The little tiny fiery rarities, when they sympathize in two distinct persons, *there's the conjunction; there's the vengeance on't*. But the truth is — *hæremus sicut ille ad refluxum maris*.

The true cause of the ebbs and tides of our affections are not known to our selves, and we find out false causes, and attribute to them, what is not theirs, and *that's the vengeance on't*.

To this point arrived Don Quixot, when the Innkeepers daughter began to call him softly unto her, and said, Sr Knight, &c.] Our Don is now at the hole in the wall; one of the most unfortunate adventures, that ever he undertook upon such presumptuous hopes; where his miscarriage is the more infamous and scandalous; inso much, as that he is chaus'd by two spicket-wench.

Dux

Dux sœmina fasti.

Maritornes and her young Mistresse, the matts of the house, and laine upon by all commers, are supposed Ladies of the Castle, and play upon our transported Don; who enchanted with his owne fancies, is brought into such a nooze, that never Knight was to be hung out against a wall, (not in effigie, which had been disgrace enough) but in person, corporally expos'd to the view of all people. *Tom Coriat* upon the barrell at *Hiddleberg*, with his Rummer in his hand was a glorious sight to this, and no way tending to his dishonour; who ever beholding this figure, will not call to mind the story of the abused Judge, whose patient Mule was better then his book to him, and sav'd him from hanging, by not stirring from the Gallows.

In the mean time it happened, that one of the Horses whereon they rode drew neer to smell *Rosinante*, &c. and scarce had he stirr'd but a thought from thence, when Don Quixot's feet slipt asunder.] The Inchantment's over, and the dreame of remaining manic'd to the window, vanished into a hideous swing, (upon the motions of *Rosinante*) and new torment. Poor Knight unhors'd, but not alighted, how he hangs, paine and torture, as from *Phalaris* Bull! Expreffe noise and out-cries from him, more then humane; his voice is all he can trust to now; if his Lungs faile him, the rope will not, which he hop'd would sooner break then his voice: had he been rotten, it had been but an arme lost; but fighting hardened his flesh, and kept his parts compact together; so that this firmness of body was the increase of his torment. How happy might he have now been, if he had any the least skill in dancing of the ropes, or could have throwne himselfe heels over head, or cast himselfe into a hoope, or into the hole whence his Ladiships bracelet, and the glorious chaine was bestowed upon him? But he cannot vault nor skip, nor mount, nor doe any thing but raise a note or two higher, which wak'd the Dogs, which wak'd the Maids, who sensible of their roguish cruelty, relent, and at last relaxe the rope, whereby the Don is once more a Knight of this world; into which

he is no sooner dropt, but fresh adventures bury the remembrance of the old ones, and remounted upon *Rosinante*, he defies all dangers; which were as sure to leize him, as he was sure to provoke them.

*Nothing can hold him now the rope is broke,
He will subdue, who late was under yoke.*

CHAP.

CHAP. XVII

*The disguis'd lackey is found out a Don,
And by foure servants is attended on:
Discover'd, he discovers to his love,
Unto the Judge, and doth so strongly move
With importunacy and teares, that he
(Though his deserts plead high) could not deny
His daughter to his suit, whiles these in love
Make up the scene; the Don doth tragick prove
And Sancho untill now not understood
To be so valiant, bath'd the teeth in blood
Of sawy Barber, who with head full addle,
Would unconvert his Pannell from a Saddle,
And with a face most impudent and brazen
Will sweare Mambrinos Helmet is his Basen;
And all before the Judge in his great sleeves,
As if that Sancho and the Don were Thieves;
But they doe prove them prize, (the matter scann'd)
Taken by strength, and not by sight of hand.*

TEXT.



Whoever shall dare to asseme that I have not been with just title enchanted, I say that he lyes.] A bold provocation to four men; and twas foure to one but he had paid for his challenge, but the men were in pursuit of another *Don Errant*, which made them not heed his extravagant words. 'Tis some mens only security, that their tongues are countred no slander. Fooles and Mad men, and male-contents, are priviledged talkers, and the worst of their language, is either pittied or laughed at. At this time our Knight under one of those notions, gives the lye (which in *Spaine*, is the word of death) without any check or controule; which was a great adventure, and it is therefore noted, that of all his adventures, he came safest off in this, without any reply made, or the words beaten downe his throat again.

Don Quixot was ready to burst with wrath, &c.] *Id* triumphs in this bloodlesse victory, over a *Quadrivivante* of *Mummers*, (as he takes them to be) is not concluded with any *Epithalamiums*, or songs of joy, but contrary, his Bonfires are within, and his bells ring backward; the *Don* is inflam'd, that he can shew no spoiles, no luggage for *Sancho*, nor a Waller nor a Pannell to be seen, whereby the monumentall Ensignes of so great a daring, (for it cannot well be called a defeat) should be published to the world. In strange disputes with himselfe our Knight was; what should be done to an enemy that would doe nothing? what said to a silent foe? language was unfit for mutes, and action for men of no spirit: Never was *Heros* so becalm'd. The businesse (the challenge once over) was a dumbe shew, where

where the *Don* twels, looks big, menaces with hand and shaken Javelin, disdaines fides noses, claps his owne hands, and bounds with *Rosinante*; the other part shrug, sneeze and blurt, neglect, make mouths, and flout in Spanish postures, and so exeunt.

The man drew him by the arme and said: Truly Don Lewis, the habit that you were in, answers very well your calling.] It had been more modest (Signior *Servitore*) to have drawn off your young *Don's* undecent Habits, and accounted him with better; but you cannot see the Lord for the Lackey. Great Personages lose their reverence with their apparell amongst those, who only esteem their Masters by their ambitious outfides. The Yeoman of the Bottles turnes privy counsellor, and is as sage as *Seneca* adviser, beyond any *Savill*, and will turne Master of the Horse, (if the young Lord doe not returne to himselfe) and carry him home like a Cloak-bag. But his insolence is suddenly check'd, and the slave submits at the sight of the brandisht whippe; one authoritative word stopes him into the cellar, (the Alembick of his spirits) where he only properly commands and draws.

To this Don Quixot answered very leisurely, and with great gravity. Beautiful Damzells, your Petition cannot prevale at this time.] What, in the negative to a quarrell? the Adventure-seeker refuse adventures, and incited to it by a Lady, for her Fathers rescue, the Constable of the Castle! oppressed by number two; and in a just cause, the maintenance of his Castle! O *Jupiter Hospitalis*! can this apology of the *Dons*, smell of lesse then *Puffinamity*? is our *Hercules*, that just now assaulted foure, not able *contra duos*? or what is the cause? doth Valour ebb and flow in valiant breasts? and are they more daring at the ebullition of the blood, or at the circular refluxion? or doth the last cowardize react upon the Challenger? will he be fullen, and not fight the humorous Lievtenant? Is it a drinking day, or a Courting day, and no day of Turnament? none of these; it cannot be. He is engag'd, not in *actuall* combat, but *potentiall*. His word is his blow; no enemy (till the Gyant of *Micomicon* be incountred) must be admitted; and so mine Host is like to be paid, and have his scores in *Capite*.

The Princeesse did grant him leave very willingly.] Now he is once more *licentiatu ad preliandum & capulandum per totam Hispaniam*. What's the matter now? he hath a quarrell, but it is, that they are not Knights, for whom this uproar is, and so inrailes the adventure upon his Squire, *pares cum paribus*. O *Don*! how might't thou by this *esugium* have sav'd all thy misfortunes? The *Tanquesian* Carriers, the Goat-heards were no Knights, the Windmill and the fulling-mills were not dubb'd, and yet thou didst condescend to a beating with some, or all of these: Eare-beaten by the Fulling maces, beaten out of wind by the Windmills, beaten and re-beaten by the Carriers; and why now so stance? To what purpose didst thou kneel for a Licence, if thou wilt not take the liberty to fight? Certainly (though *Cyd Hameti Benengeli* doth not discover the reason of this *Microscachy* of the *Don*) it is easily to be conjectur'd; for the cause of quarrelling, was non payment of the reckoning; a thing which the *Don* stood to maintaine, and so could not without wounding his owne Conscience, and breach of practise, be of mine Hosts part; so he prudently stood a *neuter*, and would have shifted off the businesse to *Sancho Pancha*, who for feare of the blanket-counter,

counter, perchance might have ingag'd as farre as a douze or two in the businessse.

The Barber presently set upon Sancho, saying, *ah sir Thiefe, have I found you there, with all the furniture, &c.* These are scurvy salutes (Sancho, and inconsistent with the man, that was in more then hopes of the government of an Island; but Sancho out of hand confutes him, and makes him wash his mouth in blood for his foule aspersions; wishing him hereafter to keep his chops as cleane as his fingers, and save him the labour of opening a veine for the matter. Sancho hop'd by this meanes, to have traversed an inditement, with an action of battery; but the Barber being blooded in the mouth, was freed from the staggers, and stood stoutly to the claime of the Pannell, and makes bloody hus and cry after him. Inasomuch, that Sancho is forc'd to appeal to the Don; who, finding that his Squire had plaid the man so notoriously, was more ready to make a Knight of him, then an honest man, and dignifie him more then justifie him; Which both were equally in his power.

The very day they robb'd me of a new Bason, which was never us'd, which cost me a crowne. Here Don Quixot could not containe.] Like master, like man; the Barber charges both, and now the Court is late; what will be said in the businessse, (for Councill there is none allow'd in point of Felony) was the expectation of every one. Here is *evidentia facti*, the very Pannell and the Bason, *Coram iudice*. The Barber (*pro rege*) sweares, they were his, and now the two at the Barre will speake for themselves.

Don Quixot for the Helmet.

*Thou simple animall, thou Iobbernole;
Thy Basons, when that once they hang on Pole,
Are Helmes strait & true, under chinne they are
Basons indeed, and serve to wash us faire;
But to the Pole annex your Brasen Bason,
'Tis not to smug one then, but to amaze one.
The property is chang'd; and this brave cover
No longer is to snap your fingers over.
For though like Brass it look, 'tis true as Steel;
Things are not as they seem; but as they feel.
Didst thou not lose it fairly in the Field?
When did Campania e'r a Bason yield?
But 'cause thou wert ignoble, (as I spee now,)
I did create it Helmet of Mambrino.*

Sancho for the Pannell.

*If e'r I joy'd my wife in smock of Flannell,
Then this a Saddle is, and not a Pannell.
Have Pannells any pummels? when you came
To challenge 'e, you were pummel'd for the same.
Twice won; by my Lord once, and once by me,
(Had it been so) it can't a Pannell be.*

Appeale

*Appeale unto the Iudges, let 't be try'd here,
If is a Pannell be, 'twill shame the Rider;
May when a Jury shall empanell'd be,
Both Iudge and Jury 'l give it unto me.*

CHAP. XV III.

*'Tis put to votes, and as they use to goe,
Saddle and Pannell have both I and No.
The major part for Saddle did appeare,
And Helmet contra Bason got it cleer.
Whereat a Souldier (though it were the sence
O'ib' house, not his) took villanous offence,
To see men iudge so strangely: But Don Quizzot
Flew on the man, and soundly curried his coat.
Then unto sides they fell, in this curst riot,
Untill the Don that made the warr, made quiet.
By a pretended fight of Agramantis,
Translated to the Inne, be dis-inchants
The present tumult; his feigned relation
Of higher madnesse, allais true passion.
But when the Trooper serv'd him with his writ,
For rescuing slaves, it was not then his wit
Would serve the turne; alas in sober sadnesse,
His plea unto the scroll was reall madnesse.*

TEXT.



OUR Barber speaking to the other Barber; said, *Sr Barber, &c.* It is not only not a Barbers Bason, but so farre from being one, as white from black.] How easily doth a brother rooke a brother, I mean the craftie brother the weaker? it is possible to perswade a credulous cock-combe (having an opinion first of the brothers fidelity) out of his very faith, sence and reason, and create a beliefe in him, that black is white, and white black; all his understanding being resign'd to his opinion and conceit of his confident, he sees with his eyes, heares with his eares, and speaks with his tongue: what blowes, arguments, convictions cannot doe, that captivated affection presently yields to, and a strong presumption, that such and such were no cheats, hath cozened all that presum'd them so. *Aruspex aruspicem, dum videt ridet*, is true of subtle firs, long practisers in the art, who make themselves sport at others follies and their own delusions: But our Barber on the place is chiaz'd, a very Pigeon, a younger brother, and is caught like a young Jack Daw, which way soever his Senior in the profession led him.

L 1 2

Fratrum

*Fratrium quoque gratia rara est.
One Barber wipes anothers noses
'Tis true, let it be rime or prose.*

All of them laugh'd very heartily, to see Don Ferdinand goe up and downe gathering of suffrages.] It seems the votes were not *circâ voce*, but in *aurem*; so that the Collector not being sworn, it was possible, the matter went as it pleas'd his Lordship. And in most popular assemblies, the businesse is much carryed on, like this of the Pannell and the Bafon; where the most potent and affected persons, whisper their owne votes into others eares, rather then take or aske theirs. So that the proposition is not at a *placet*, doth it seem good so? but *Placetis*, it shall be so.

*Get thee a gracious and a popular man,
Thy cause shall prosper, be it what it can.*

Let me never enjoy a place in Heaven (quoth the Barber.) The Barbers protestation will not be receiv'd, though he desires the forfeiture of Heaven, (a small matter in comparison of a Pannell) upon the failer of it. But certainly he would not have made such an imprecation, if he beleev'd there were any other Poles, then those his Bafons hung on, or that the teeth on his strings should ever returne to the heads againe, from whence he pull'd them. But his protestation is plaine in *Foro soli*, that he is cozen'd of his Bafon, which will never come to his *Forum Poli*; whereby he gives a *vale* to the Law, as if the Law were in fault, when he should have been angry with the suffragants, or at least hired them each man a dog and a bell to lead 'um home, whose eyes were so bad, they could not distinguish a Bafon from a Helmet, or a Pannell from a Saddle.

Don Quixot spoke in this manner. *Here is now no more to be done; let every one take up his owne goods, &c.]* Those he meanes, which his friends had voted him, and so *omnia bene*: He is satisfied, they are his own, though he knew he stole them. How gratefull, and how pious, and above all, how carefull he is, against any review of the verdict, desiring *Peters* blessing, though he had but newly robb'd *Paul*. So cunningly, or prophandy rather, he attributes all his successes to Heaven, though he went to the Devill for the purchase. On the other side, the male-content Barber, goes grumbling away, with his Might overcomes Right, cries out of bribery, partiality, and friends in Court. Both calling upon *Peter*, the one for a vengeance, the other for a benediction.

In the midst of this Chaos and confusion of things Don Quixot began to imagine that he was plunged in the discord of Knight Agramants Campe.]

Facilis extinguis facies.

He holds the Sunne to the Candle, cries fire, fire, and fetches all the company from a Bonfire; sounds a Trumpet, and brings all the people out of the Church. Some new, high, and unheard of lye, presently silenceth a known truth, as a Romance a true story. The news of a great Gyant, the talk of Taxes, a report of foreign warre, all differences at home. The trick of amuzing, is none of the worst in the pack: The Don's Policy is not to be slighted, who to avoid his owne, and his friends instant confusion, proclaimes a worse comming; which while every one desires to heare, and feares will ensue, the private constellation fals, and every one is providing against the publick; nor a Cobler nor a weaver, but upon such an alarum, shall be as wile as *Agramant* and *Sobriño*.

But

But the enemy of concords and adversary of peace, &c.] Here the Don is worse put to it, (who may justifie his suppos'd Inchantments to be true) if the Devill were his enemy, as the Text hints. But as our english Proverbe hath it, the Devill on'd him a shame, and though his *Ill-favour'd* face was not easily to be intincted with a blush, whereby the Officer might have discovered his guilt, yet the description in his paper agreeing to those of his favour, brought him very neer within the compasse of another English Proverbe. VVhat evasion will he find against this warrant, for rescuing the slaves? This is the worst enchantment that came yet.

For the King and the holy Brotherhood, They two together are too strong for a *Knight-Errant* I fear.

Don Quixot laugh'd to hear them speak so idle, &c.]

servetur ad Imum

Quod pede processit. It was high time to speak idler then they, or they had done their businesse. He doth now more then act *Jeronymo*; 'tis the best way to be out of his wits, stark mad, be a Bodlam, rather then a *Bandetti*, be above or below the Law, that he may not come under the lash. He tels them therefore, their *VVrit* is false, 'tis *error persone*, not directed to attach a *Knight-Errant*, or had it been so, 'twas *error Legis* or *Judicis*, who knew not that *generalia non includunt privilegatos*. *VVarrants* for Vagrants are not extendable to *Knight-Errants*, who ever demand an *exeat Regno*, but have and hold by *desforresta Charta*, of their own; doe as they list, live as they list, pay what they list, and say what they list: They are only men of the lists. By these and other evident demonstrations, the Officer was satisfied of his frenzy, which was a *super sedes* to the *VVrit*, and a discharge for his fees.

CHAP. XIX.

*Here's peace indeed; what spoiles and warre-tane prizes
Brought to a Jury, and to stand the Assizes?
Look on the Articles, if there be found
A title of that crabbed word, Compound.
Had it been try'd at Barber Chirurgians Hall,
(No losse of blood prov'd) we had had it all.
Poxe of that filthy fellow Cicero,
His unjust peace is still preserved so.
Sancho for quietnesse doth straight resund;
Exchanging Pannels, be the robbery humn'd.
And Ryals eight being numbred, in good reason,
The Barber must make livery and seisin
Of his crackt Bafon, to the crack brasn'd Knight;
who by the flaw, might challenge it his right.
Once more 'tis peace; and now the Don renews
His sute unto the Queens, that shee would loose*

No

No longer time, but forthwith come and mount her,
 And post away to her owne encounter.
 Sancho the peaking rogue, here and their peeping,
 Had spied Don Ferdinand and the Queen clipping;
 And tels Don Quixot all before their faces,
 (But they nothing asham'd of those disgraces)
 Baffle out Sancho's frivolous surmises,
 And salve it all with a deceptio vilis.
 But now the plot, (whatsoever forth is given)
 How to get Quixot to his home is driven:
 And driven it was, for with a Team of Oxen,
 And in a Cage with bars and double locks on,
 The Knight that thought the world to have wandred over,
 Is whistled home by a Manchegan Drover.

TEXT.



Finally, they (as the Officers of Justice) did mediate the cause.]

The Souldier hath it now; and his word is a statute:
 Or change Pannels Sancho, or the Troopers will make
 great Saddles of them both. What, can't you agree
 without calling in the Lyon to decide the difference? Be-
 ware of the Kite, chicken. What though the Don without
 wits or money escape? 'twill not be so here, where any
 thing is to be had; either agree quickly and lovingly, or
 both titles are lost. They doe understand the necessity of compli-
 ance, and wisely submit to the Snaphances and Swords, which are the nimblest Ar-
 bitrators that can be, and in an instant evidence the right. There's no de-
 murs here, nor Writs of error, but sodaine wit is best; save somewhat if
 you will, or be sure to lose all.

All was quietly ended by the Curate, and Don Ferdinand paid the whole sum.]
 Here began Don Quixot's and Sancho's Jubile, untill the word *Al's* paid was
 past, the greatest adventure was how to get away; talke what they would
 of Giants and Castles, the reckoning was the chiefe danger of them, where-
 in *Rosinante* and the Ass lay by it; the perpetuall baile and security for
 their Masters; which put Sancho no doubt to many foot-adventures, and
 finger-tryals, for leaves from hedges, and Kitching Physick, brasse pots and
 shirts, to cure the swelling of his Asses head: But now *salva res est*. The
 Golden Age is return'd, Don Ferdinand raines Gold and silver together, and
 in sight of the Poet,

hospes ab Hospite Tutus.

They desie their Landlord, and his assistants, the Brotherhood; what they
 drank in feare, is digested in joy.

unde habeat quarat nemo, sed oportet habere.

The poor must eat, and pray for Benefactors. But at this time, the best
 company was best cheap, and fortune threw the Knight and his Squire
 into the society of Lords and Ladies, and not among Carriers, where he
 had alwaies sowe sauce to his sweet meats, if they were so.

It is a common Proverbe, (beautifull Lady) that Diligence is the mother of
 good hap.] Secure of the Inne-keeper, the Knight is forthwith for another
 Cattle and Seonces which he built, nor raz'd. In *Andalusia*, he is famous e-
 nough, and too well known; He will instantly remove his quarters to
Micomicona, which being an *Egyptian* Country, he and his Squire might
 Plunder in *insinitum*. Diligence is the mother of good hap, was his Motto,
 and very necessary for one of that profession. VVhich Proverbe in all his
 and his Squires actions was closely followed. Sodaine, quick and nimble
 motions did alwaies prove beneficiall to them. The Bafon, Pannell, Port-
 mante, all of them the fruits of activity, got by surprizall, and kept by
 retreats and retirings into the inaccessible parts of *Morena*. In just fights he
 never lost more then in fallies; his eare and check-tooth (wheresoever they
 are) are the monuments of his ill successe in fet battels: wherefore now he
 wisely incites the Queen to set upon the Gyant, and fall into his quarters, be-
 fore he makes an irresistibile preparation.

Dorothea blusht at Sancho's words, for it was true indeed, &c.] VVhat an
 Infidell is this Sancho; a sworne servant to the Queen, and betrays her; re-
 veales the secrets of the house, tels tales out of doers; and all for a kisse of
 a young Lord, and that her husband too. (Rude Rogue) and very unfit to
 be admitted amongst great ones, who cannot keep his tongue in his head;
 had it been worse, it should have out. But the innocent Lady blusht, that
 forgetting the part of a Queen, shee should be discovered playing the wife;
 a thing more justifiable then us'd, for it is out of fashion, and Country
 like, to own a wife in publike, or shew any glances of affections, for feare
 of being accounted amorous and uxorious, which is more matter for a blush
 then this in the Text.

Therefore we must believe (Sr Knight of the sad face) all things are represen-
 ted, and succeed by way of Inchantments.]

Argumentum ad hominem.

VVhen *Maritornes* and his Errant-ship were imbracing, untill the disap-
 pointed Carrier uncoupled them, 'twas an Inchantment. So Sancho like-
 wise, (however uncharitable in his censure now, or not sensible of the
 witch-craft) was no doubt, under the power of a charme, when the fore-
 said *Maritornes* laid her *Posterior* to his *Priors*, hoping to have rais'd a *No-
 tum Organum* from the Conjunction. Nothing more frequent, then this sort
 of Inchantments, which if the discoverers should take for reall matters, it
 were enough to set people together by the eares. Visions therefore and ap-
 pearances, let those things be, which seen, should not have been seen, *deprendi
 miserum est*. Spies and Centries, as they see sometimes too little, sometimes
 may see too much, and full of the fancie and hopes for which they are set,
 may dream they find that which they wish to find. 'Tis better to say there is
 fallacy and uncertainty in the object, then prove our selves deceiv'd, by re-
 porting what we cannot justify, or must nor. So unfortunate was this disco-
 very of Sancho, that he is forc'd to renounce his owne eyes, and to acknow-
 ledge himselfe only *compos mentis* in the adventure of the Blanket.

They made a thing like a Cage, so big, as that Don Quixot might sit, or lie at
 his ease, and presently, &c.] This is the last inchantment of this Castle, and
 though it be a wooden one, yet it holds and serves their designe, as well as
 the Trojan Horse. By this they enter the *Mancha*, and bring home the
 long

long-look'd for Lord of the place to his ancient house and seat, nor need it be accounted a dishonourable lodge, it being the legall house of entertainment for all *Knight-Errants*, who having no manners of their owne, and alwaies in a moving condition, are provided for in all Corporations, Tithings, and VVapentakes, according to the exigent of their travels, in these moveable receptacles, for a night or two at the publike charge.

They presently mount him upon their shoulders, and as they issued out of the chamber door, they heard a dreadfull voice.]

The Barbers speech.

Let it not grieve our Knight, nor let him rage
Like Bajazet, to see himselfe in Cage;
Or e'r attempt to dash his slender braines
Against the bars, for he will lose his paines:
Reserv'd in this, not mockt nor made a shew,
The fates secure thee from a greater blow.
Thinke not (grim Sr) your close condition worse
Then those bold Greeks, in garrison'd in a horse;
Whatso'e'r you thinke of it, your riding now
Lookes like Ulysses in his state at Plough:
And when your Sinon shall unpinne the bars,
You shall returne, first to love, then wars.
Let thy Dulcinea see thee in this pickle,
And shee will sweare, thou'rt stable now, not sickle.
Were shee the Queen of Egypt, as her shape is
Egyptian right, shee'd take thee for her Apis.
Let thy Manchegan friends about thee dance,
Wondring to see thee in such state advance.
Slowly proceed, and this grand luggage carry
In pomp, to his Tobosian Dromedary;
That those that love hath join'd, be never parted,
Let him the Cage enjoy, let her be Carted.

Don Quixot to the disguis'd Barber.

O thou unrivaler of my mystick Fates!
(Which rubb'st the sence into my musie pate,
Of future passages) when I shall see
The great effects of this deep Prophecie:
In honour of thy high Auguriall art,
To thee I'll dedicate this Cage, this Cart.
Sooth-sayers we have store, but sooth to say,
None doe reward them, as I mean to pay.
In this you shall of flight, of birds divine,
(The birds will fly about thee when 'tis thine.)
And as unto an Altar on this Cart,
We'll offer up Beasts liver, and Beasts heart.

But

But if Lucina my Dulcinea helps,
I have design'd for thee, one of her whelps,
Who following thy advise, (though silly
At first) in time may prove a whelp of Lilly.
Nor am I troubled at my strange abode,
The Woods have deities; Woden's a god;
Forrests were my delights; this but a shop is,
I have exchang'd a Forrest for a Coppice.
Say, that the stout Manchegan Lyon, when
H' had prey'd upon the world, coucht in this den:
And thou (good Squire) admirer of my Cave,
Thinke not I'll lay bones here, as a grave;
Or that I goe to th' fields Elysian,
The beere or bearers (man) are wison.
Be not thou wood too, nor a jot enraged,
It is enough that one of us 's incaged:
Nor are we now lesse then ever warriors,
Emboild as heretofore 'mongst Carriers.

CHAP. XX.

Our Don's unsatisfied, it seems i'th' cage,
Untill he heard it was the wooden Age,
Where all things are debas'd; as when the Logs
By Jove were sent, to Lord it over Frogs:
Cudgels instead of swords; and basket hilts
Are now in use; and Castles scal'd with stilts.
Inchantments are enchanted; Belzebub
Ails not as heretofore, but in a tub.
Coopers are Nigromancers, spirits sloop;
Content to be incircled in a hoop;
Nay, Cerberus, that direfull Stygian dog,
Tamely submits unto a wooden clog.
Why then drive on saies Don; Let Orpheus play,
And make our Teem goe merrily on the way.
It moves, it moves, the Carre with Oxen fix,
And in't the Cage, i'th' Cage, the great Don Quix:
On each side Troupers two, as if they did
Convoy the Indian Plate unto Madrid.
Behind dispannell'd Sancho rode, alas!
Sad at the sight, and only joy'd in's Ass.
And in his hands, now master of the horse,
(As if 't had been attending on a Coarse)
He led, with Target trickt, and Bason daunt
On each side of his Saddle, Rolante.

M m

The

*The Country all came forth, men, women kinde;
And as he was of a most courteous mind,
The Don war'd to and fro his filthy face;
'Twas all the Favour he could shew i'th' place.
Had amongst us been acted this prime jest,
We should have sworn in troth, we had seen the Beast.*

TEXT.



D I never read, saw, nor heard, that they were wont to carry Knights-Errant enchanted after this manner.] Indeed it was something barbarous, and below the condition of so meritorious a Knight; and but that fortune had an intent to example him as much for his sufferings, as his acting great things, this wooden entertainment must needs have appeared very dishonourable: But he reflected upon the times, (when he undertook to raise up the almost-perished name of Chivalry) which were turn'd topsie turvy; all gallantry (except what was happily reserv'd in his noble breast) extinct, and vanished. Wise men, Magicians, and the like very poor, men of Honour, and such as us'd to cherish great undertakers, vilipended, and almost brought to naught. Courts, Pallaces, and great seats, stages, (where actions of this Nature were celebrated) all demolish'd, and turn'd into Tenements. All things reduc'd unto so sad and miserable condition, that the *Laplanders* let winds upon *Tick*, Fortune tellers and *Gypsies* expound for bread and cheese; *Mathematicians* and *Almanack-makers*, are forc'd to eat their owne prognosticks; and the *Devill* himselfe lend at six and six moneths time, without interest. *VVitches* are confin'd in their night rambles, to egge shells; and *Hell* affords nothing but an *Ignis Fatuus*, an exhalation, and *Gillion* a burnt taile, or *Will with the wisp*e. Nor a *Dragon*, nor a flying Horse, nor a fiery Chariot, nothing high and wonderful, comes out in these levelling times. It is well that a wooden Inchantment may be had, so great have the waits of late been, that the *Gallows* complains for want of reparation; and *Charta de Forresta* humbly shews, that her depopulations are so vast, that they will leave her neither root nor branch.

One may feele halfe a league off the Amber this *Devill* smells of.] *Sancho* had found out an incarnate *Devill* amongst these disguis'd Porters of the *Don*, and as the *Don* in place where found out by the infallible smell, that *Sancho* was a man; so here he might have by his nose discovered *Lord Ferdinand* to be no *Devill*; the *Devill* is said to be the Prince of the aire, but of the worst, that is, his usuall cheats being by fogs, mists, and filthy vapours, shew very well that he is no friend to the *Millener*, and loves no powder, but that of the *Gunn*.

To whom *Don Quixot* said, good Ladies doe not weep.] It was a needlesse prohibition; for they did but say they wept; teares of laughter they had shed many upon him, and now (if any were visible) they proceeded from the same cause. Nay two of these mourners, when the *Don* roar'd and made out-cries, able to have pierc'd the heart of a *Savage*, were at laugh and lye downe, and made sport with his miseries. *Plorat lachrymis amissa pecunia*

pecunia veris. Had the Knight made an escape, and avoided the score, then they would have out-houled an Irish *VVoolfe*; but secure of the reckoning, the joyfull departure of their suspected guest, rais'd this merry showe in their eyes. His happy journey from them 'tis believed they heartily wish'd, but not a Bead dropt for his returne. *Goe and welcome*, a Spanish Proverbe, for an indigent Traveller, and we have as good; *Your room is better then your company*. The *Don* was (though many times insolvent) alwaies thankfull, and would know the house againe; a Complement that might have been spar'd, unless he came with his temporall and spirituall stewards, the *Lord Ferdinand* and the *Curate*.

The *Inne-keeper* came also, and gave the *Curate* certaine Papers.] The drawers curtesie to the Prince was more gentile, though it were but a paper of Sugar; but if mine Host were hide-bound, it was excusable; for since *Don Quixot* frequented the house, he was never without swaths, fillers, plaisters, and armestals; so that he lookt more like a brother of some Hospitall, then the keeper of an *Inne*. It was no doubt no small comfort to him, to see the Author of his manifold misfortunes thus ingloriously riding from his house, and to hamper'd that it was impossible for him to play any more mad pranks: The *Blanket* and the *Cage* being the sweet revenges for *Sancho's* and his masters injuries.

Truly brother, I am better acquainted with books of Chivalry, then *Villapanda's Logick*.] This *Canon* of *Toledo*, was rather for *Toledo* blades, and the *Canon* of the Field, then Church; without question prefer'd for writing or reading *Romances* rather then *Poissis* to the Countesse his Patronesse; which services find sooner rewards, then those of the Service-Book. This fellow was never counted a meer scholar, never so bookish, as to break his rest, or his braines about his study. Pleasant discourses pleas'd better then school divinity, and a Legend, then a Homily, he hath attain'd to the top of his desires, and scarce saluted *Jack Seton* or *Ramus*, nor his owne *Villapanda*; *Swares* and *Vasquez* are names he never heard of. He leap'd over *Logick*, and the *Metaphysicks* he never came neer, however it was his good chance that he prov'd a Preacher, though no Scholar, yet for the books he was most conversant in, his accounts are very good, and argues a great proficiency, having proceeded from *Garagantua* to *Gusman*, and now as the crowne of all ending in *Quixot*.

Mr Barber, you should take heed how you speak; for all consists not in trimming of Beards, &c.] *Sancho* begins to be undeceived, and the imposturage will no longer last, nothing is more violent then abus'd simplicity, when it once discovers the cheat; True *Sancho*, Beards are but bushes, and good wine needs none; coseners goe, mask'd and in Visards: But old time will pluck off those disguises, and render every thing in its own likeness. He is very pressing upon Mr *Curate* also, who had a main hand in these perfections, and by whose authority and credit, the whole design was brought about, and leaves the matter to his Conscience, which he hopes will perplex him one day, as much as his delusions have confounded them; and for his confederate the Barber, the forge of this Inchantment, he wishes the next generation may be *Eunuchs*; that there may not be a Beard to turne up, or a good face to wash, as long as the world stood. So indignely did *Sancho* take these affronts, that in despite to the *Curate*, he was re-

sol'd to splay his sows at his return, that he might never have title in kind any more.

Verily Mr Curate, I doe find by experience, that lookes of Chivalry are very prejudiciall to well govern'd Common-wealths.] Mr Canon in this discourse seems to weaken the credit and use of writings of this nature, and to preter and commend *Aesops Fables*, and *Alciars Emblems*, wherein the Morall may be for instruction; though the story be of a Cock and a Bull; but it is not unknown that this age hath more abounded with Romances then any other, upon what reason is not hard to conjecture; and yet no man dare say, but here is a well govern'd Common-wealth; but what prejudice I pray, when the subjects are known to be fabulous and figments? no man's faith is beguiled, nor any perswaded to believe them as a truth; rather on the contrary, where the minds of the vulgar are not busied in some such pleasant arguments, they fall upon matters which lesse concerne them, and become troublesome Judges of the State and Church wherein they live; wherefore it hath been accounted great policy to divert those mens fancies, by licensing Plaies, sports, and divers recreations from businesses above their capacity, and not of common ventilation. For want of these *chimera's*, (which had no more harm in them, then their impossibility) reall phantasmes, and strong delusions have succeeded and possessed not a few, who transported with their owne imaginations, doe not write Romances, but act them, and fill the world with substantiall Tragedies.

CHAP. XXI.

*The Canon and the Curate find out waies;
To make Romances good, and write good plaies,
Such as may edifie; such I have seen
Of holy subjects, and with Psalmes between
The Acts of Dives and of Lazarus;
Of Hester good, and great Abasheverus:
Which now, through Poets vanity and sloth,
Are seen in Puppet plaies, or painted cloth;
The stage reform'd (as they say 'tis thought on)
Time may be spent there well, as reading Broughton.
No foolles with Harry Codpieces appeare,
Nor Souldiers suffered in their parts to weare:
No Lady visitied o'th' stage before us,
But let Sulanna's bathing be by Chorus;
And so alike for bookes, let nought be written,
That may give scandall, and is unbefitting.
But as she Sancho politiquely found
It is matter to be loose i'th' hilts, (though bound)
So let the matter of the books and stage,
Be cleanly kept, as was Don Quixot's Cage.*

Text

TEXT.



On the Authors that compose them, and Actors that represent them, must be such as they be, for to please the peoples humours.] It was an old one, and before this criticall observation said,

Populo ut placerent, quas fecisset fabulas.

Nay in their *Amphitheatricall* gladiatures, the lives of captives lay at the mercy of the Vulgar.

Et verso pollice vulgi,

Quemlibet occidunt populariter.

And although the only *Laureat* of our stage (having compos'd a Play of excellent worth, but not of equall applause) fell downe upon his knees, and gave thanks, that he had transcended the capacity of the vulgar; yet his protestation against their ignorance, was not sufficient to vindicate the misapplication of the argument; for the judicious part of that Auditory condemn'd it equally with those that did not understand it, and though the Comædy wanted not its

prodesse, & delectare,

Had it been exhibited to a scholastick confluence; yet men come not to study at a Play-house, but love such expressions and passages, which with ease insinuate themselves into their capacities. *Lingua*, that learned Comædy of the contention betwixt the five senses for the superiority, is not to be prostituted to the common stage, but is only proper for an *Academy*; to them bring *Jack Drumm's* entertainment, *Greens tu quoque*, the *Devill of Edmuntion*, and the like; or if it be on Holy dayes, when *Saylers*, *Water-men*, *Shoomakers*, *Butchers* and *Apprentices* are at leisure, then it is good policy to amaze those violent spirits, with some tearing Tragedy full of fights and skirmishes: As the *Guelphs* and *Guilins*, *Greeks* and *Trojans*, or the three *London Apprentises*, which commonly ends in six acts, the spectators frequently mounting the stage, and making a more bloody Catastrophe amongst themselves, then the Players did. I have known upon one of these *Festivals*, but especially at *Shroove-tide*, where the Players have been appointed, notwithstanding their bills to the contrary, to act what the major part of the company had a mind to; sometimes *Tamerlane*, sometimes *Jagurth*, sometimes the Jew of *Malta*, and sometimes parts of all these, and at last, none of the three taking, they were forc'd to undresse and put off their Tragick habits, and conclude the day with the merry milk-maides. And unlesse this were done, and the popular humour satisfied, as sometimes is so fortun'd, that the Players were refractory; the Benches, the tiles, the laths, the stones, Oranges, Apples, Nuts, flew about most liberally, and as there were Mechanicks of all professions, who sell every one to his owne trade, and dissolved a house in an instant, and made a ruine of a stately Fabrick. It was not then the most mimick nor fighting man, *Fowler*, nor *Andrew Cane* could pacifie; Prologues nor Epilogues would prevaile; the Devill and the fool were quite out of favour. Nothing but noise and tumult fills the house, untill a cogg take 'um, and then to the Bawdy houses, and reforme them; and instantly to the Banks side, where the poor Beares must conclude the riot, and fight twenty dogs at a time beside the Butchers,

which

which sometimes fell into the service; this perform'd, and the Horle and Jack-an-Apes for a jigge, they had sport enough that day for nothing.

Those that are now exhibited, are mirrors of vanity, patternes of folly, and Images of voluptuousnesse.] The Spanish stage indeed, as well as the French and English, have been much corrupted, partly through the effeminacy of the times, but chiefly by unskillfull Authors; for, the French are so ob-scene, that *Aretines* pictures may be represented without any offence; beside their loose and apish gestures render them very ridiculous; and the permission of women, personally to act, doth very much enervate the Auditory, and teacheth lust, while they would but feigne it. The Spanish scene is much of it Legend, or some fictions upon Hereticks, and as they did render their persons and visages to be most horrid, odious, and inhumane, to the People of their Countrey, so they never bring any of these sects upon the stage, but they have a Hell, torments, and strange torments proposed for them. But it fell out once, that at the representation of such a Tragi-Comedy before some strangers, not Roman Catholics, the Judiciary of Cardinals, Fryars and Jesuites, (who were to condemn the Heretick party to *Tophet*) being very burthensome, broke the judgement seat, and fell all into Hell before they had arraign'd the schismaticks, as they call them, which caus'd such a laughter amongst the Gentlemen of the contrary opinion, that their mirth prov'd almost matter for the Inquisition; nor are the incongruities and absurdities of our owne stage any lesse or more excusable, it being a long time us'd to historickall arguments, which could not be dispatched but by *Chorus*, or the descending of some god, or a Magitian: As in the playes of *Bungy*, *Bacon*, and *Vandarmast*, the three great Negromancers, Dr *Faustus*, *Chinon* of England, and the like. Every act being supported by some long narrative, which was the Apology for the solocificall appearances of children, and great Commanders: instant, within the space of two musicks, infants, and great Commanders: and sometimes without any regard to the credit of their Historicks) as in the play of *Adam* and *Eve*) the good grandam is brought in with two or three waiting maides attending her, and in Paradise too, when there were but two in all the world. So at *Madrid* in the divine Comedies; *Saint John* the Baptist is presented with a Crosse triumphant in his hand, before his Masters passion, many a yeare. And in the Tragedy of *Babel*, an interpreter of the severall confusions of tongues, when one man could not tell what another said. And so in their shewes of the lives of Saints, *St Francis* is brought in pulling the Devill by the nose, which was the miracle of *St Dunstons* tongs; and the Lady *Mary* is robb'd of many of her owne actions, which now are celebrated for the Lady of *Loretos*, *St Winn*, *St Bridget*, and the Virgin Martyr.

All which inconveniences might be redressed, if there were some understanding and discreet person ordain'd at Court.] An *Inigo Jones* for scenes, and a *Ben Johnson* for Playes, would have wrought great cures upon the stage, and it was so well reform'd in England, and growne to that height of Language, and gravity of stile, dependency of parts, possibility of plot, compasse of time, and fulnesse of wit, that it was not any where to be equall'd; nor are the contrivers ashamed to permit their playes (as they were acted) to

the publick censure, where they stand firme, and are read with as much satisfaction, as when presented on the stage, they were with applause and honour. Indeed their names now may very well be chang'd & call'd the works not Playes of *Johnson*, *Baumont* and *Fletcher*, *Cartwright*; and the rest, which are survivors of the stage; that having falln, not into Court-Reformers, but more severe correctors, who knowing not how to amend or repair, have pluckt all downe, and left themselves the only spectacle of their times.

Have you not had a desire to doe that which cannot be done?] *Sancho* is turn'd Pisse-Propheet, and will prove his Master not Inchant'd by his Urine, not from the colour, but emission; and no doubt he was askilful in the other excrement, but his argument doth not hold as to madnesse and incantations, in which the naturall operations doe not cease, but the rationall and voluntary; as may appeare by the scents of *Bedlam*, and the receptacles of distracted people; whither I referre the unsatisfied in this point. Ingestions and egestions, more or lesse, are common to all people, and as for the *Don*, it was impossible but he must have had many motions, (before the starting of this question) by reason of the continuall joggings of the Cart, which is very provoking, both to Urine and siege, and happily *Sancho* following close to the Cage, must smell out the condition his master was in, and therefore cunningly puts the question in the *Diureticall* instance, which was not so evident, and so bewraies all the whole businesse. And though hence he cannot enfeeble the *Don's* reason for his Inchantment, yet he doth absolutely conclude, that he is in a wofull pickle, and it necessarily followed, that the Cage must be undone, or the *Don*.

CHAP. XXII.

*Iust as imprison'd windes, when once broke forth,
One against the other raiseth, East, West, North,
And dripping South: So doth the Don let loose
His prisoners, which too long had been kept close.
The whistling, rattling thundering and bombizing,
All at intestine wars, in one Horizon;
(Which vexed the Knight unto the guts) till set
At liberty, they poison all they met.
Another purge the Canon administrators,
Hoping by reason, and his learned clysters
To bring those vapours from his head; but reason
Against Romances still was out of season.
'To burne his Library it was in vaine,
'Or carry him to the Mancha back againe,
'Unless you first took out; and wash'd his braine,
'In this past time, now th' moon and he's in vaine.*

TEXT.

B [Those that have a desire to eat meat when they can get it, and drinke when it is given them, &c.] Besides the present necessities the Don lay under, (which by the often drawing in of his breath, twisting his legs, and more ill favour'd faces then ordinary, gave Sancho, to perceive his condition very *misurient*, and *cacaturient*.) He glances at the common wants of the Knights on, which was extreme want of necessaries, unto which the Knights were so accustomed and habituated, that one famine would hardly famish them; (they being most dangerous fellows at a siege, and able to hold out without the ordinary means of sustentation) yet as appears in the Text, not men so obstinate and refractory, that they despised or refused the helps of Nature, and supplies of their preservation, but they were hardy, patient of hunger and thirst, not troubled with *canine* appetites, or the woollie in their stomachs, having no set-meales, nor belly-clock, but eating, and drinking as often as provisions presented themselves, so that dyet was a casual thing, and an accessory to their lives, who were bred in *Parthian* education, and an accessory to their lives, who were bred in *Parthian* education, and had nothing until they could catch it: So that Incarnation could not properly be applied unto them, but a discommuning, and frequent interdiction of the creature.

For if they did not free him, or got further off, he protested that he could not forbear to offend their noses.] Faire warning, *Guarda vovauz*. He summons their olfactive forces before he will storme, and desires them to an honourable surrender, rather then to stand the hazard of so desperate a charge. His ammunition and artillery was ready, Colon mounted, and infinite of small shot provided for execution; which through any of the breaches in the Cage, would fall soule amongst them. Hostages taken, conditions agreed, the Don is disincaged.

The first thing he did, he went toward Rosinante, and twice or thrice striking him on the Buttocks, he said,]

*Although my inward pangs, and deadly gut-croaks,
Solicite the disrobing of my buttocks;
I cannot passe by these (O best reputed
Above Bucephalus) flanks unsaluted.
Idæa of all horses, Modell of comfers.
(Pray Heaven I ne'r am forc'd to stride a worse!)
Nor Cyllarus his starre, nor in the main
Of Charles, or Sunne, is such a horse again.
Nor Persous horse, which people say is flying,
Flies like to this, (if any dangers nigh him.)
Nor any horse under so sure command
As Rosinante; for a constant stand,
Squire let him loose, or leave him to the Carter,
And help to untrusse, I'm sure he is no stander.
Whom if I once bespide againe, I'll on,
Though I come off like sunne-burnt Phaeton.*

He said gentleman, is it possible, that the idle and juxlatory Lecture of books of Knight-hood hath so much distracted your wit, as thus to believe.] It is not Don Quixot's luck alone, to pinne a belief on the credit and authority of other men; for should he have presently replied, upon what grounds or proofs, doe you Mr Canon justify the numerous fardle of your *Legends*, and the strange miracles done in them; when you are not certeine, that ever such persons were in the world? nor are there any witnesses of the wonders said to be performed by them? you fly to an *Implicite faith* in the Church, or authors of them, nor would you willingly have their auditors or convers question the truth of those (otherwise suspected stories) which you have made your selves first believe, and then your disciples; the Catalogue of the saints, farre exceeding the *Ephemerides* of *Knight-Errants*, and their actions are as far incredible, as any of *Amideses* of *Gaul*, or *Greece*; beside the infinite number of reliques, Baptists-heads, pieces of the Crosse, and nailes, to susteine which, not *Joseph* of *Airmathaa*, nor *Ailus* shoulders are sufficient: As for the Crosse, it is believ'd to be but one piece of timber, (nor would the Jewes, who did all in disgrace of the *Blessed Patient*) make it of the best wood; and yet you shall find many crucibles, (which we confide were snattocks of that very Crosse) to be of Cedar some, some of Juniper, some of Cypress, some of *Lignum vite*, the type being *Lignum mortis*. And whereas the nailes were but foure or five, which were first canonized, *Hanibal* had not more rings at the battell of *Canna*, then we can shew nailes of all sorts and sizes, and so many Napkins, that it will require a society of Linnen-draperies to furnish us with the Napery: I desire but faire play, that the Authors of my books, may be believed to be the Authors of what they wrote, as well as yours; which granted, can you imagine that men of their name and antiquity, would spend so much time and study, in composing lyes and putting cheats upon the readers. You, when all's done, can palliat your obtrusions upon the people, with a *Pie fraudes*, or *Apocrypha fabula*, which though they are not fundamentall truths, yet they are *inservient*, *morall*, and *significative* helps to the end you aime at, and all is salv'd.

See what wit is there in the world, that can induce another to believe, that the History of Guy of Burgundy, and the Princesse of Florence was not true.] No doubt as true every tittle, as that of *Guy* of *Warwick* and the Boare, and the great defeats of the Gyant *Colybrand*, whose statues are in brasce, cast in *Swehlands*, and the cuts of them this day to be seen in the books; so likewise men may, if they be dispos'd to be merry, seem to discredit the stories of *Bevis* of *Southampton*, *John a Green*, and *Robin Hood*; but that the Cities wherein these men sometimes were famous in their Halls, and publike meeting places, in painted cloth or frames, present the lively Histories still unto posterity, and the signes of *St George*, in every Towne, almost of *England*, convinces all men of the certainty of such a person, and his famous acts; and since the defeat of that strange Dragon, which was then pregnant, and so was slaine, her and her issue, there hath not a Dragon been heard of in the Country; as there are no spiders in *Ireland*, ever since *St Patrick* caught a Spider upon his face, and anathematiz'd them all into *England*, which furnisht the whole Land with Cobweb-Lawn, untill this day. Nor are the works of *Iaques* of *Spaine* lesse credited, who by his

holy life and prayer effected, that the universall Monarchy should be in times to come, settled in the *Austrian family*, about the dayes; when the *Indians* should be converted to their Religion; and a protuberancy of the lip should be the certaine signe of the true heir to the Crowne; that Oranges, Lemmons, and *Malaga Raisins*, should breed as good blood, as Beefe, Veale or Mutton; and that the *Knight-Errants* of *Iberia*, should be fortified to live without meat or sawce for many dayes. It may as well be denyed, that *Duke D'Alvas* face is not to be seen on Jugge-pots in *Holland*, or *Father Garnets* in straw in *England*, or *Monsieur D'Ancre's* privities in all Tavernes in *France*; whosoever shall goe about to overthrow the verity of these books of Errantry, will find himselfe an endlesse piece of labour, they having so many champions to defend them; the world swarms with men of this profession, who under the notion of relieving the oppressed, advance themselves highly in their times. Pity it is, that Chronologers have taken no more notice of them, which is the chiefe cause, that we can but guesse, and that uncerteinly too, in what age these heroi-call spirits ever flourished. *Plutarch's* lives, *Lucian's* Fables, *Valerius*, *Commines*, *Fox*, *Stow*, *Holingshead*, would be of no account, and scarce bought, if some good Antiquary would but yet make it his businesse, (and it would be worke enough) to derive the History of these gallant men, from the *Knights of the Golden Fleece*, unto the *Knight of the Ill-favour'd Face*.

CHAP. XXIII.

*As we prove Ballads true, Don takes the hint,
And justifies Romances; cause in print.
If it be licenc'd it is true, although
A book may lie cum Privilegio.
'Tis a lie licenc'd, and made fit for sale,
And Caveat Emptor fastned to the tale.
wer'e't not for this, the Knights of errant worth,
(As Don i'th' Cage) could never have got forth.
The Knight o'th' Sun, had found eternall night;
But that an Imprimatur gave him light;
And Capitaine Jones in all his dreadfull dresse,
Had ne'r been known i'th' crowd, but for the Presse.
Wherefore no Knights (unlesse against their wils)
Ever adventur'd on the Paper Mills:
Of other Mills indeed our Don makes brags,
But counts that Sacred which doth grind the rags.*

TEXT.



That were a jest indeed, that bookes which are printed with the King's Licence, and approbation of those, &c.] This is the very life of all books, privilege, and their Licence, it is their guard and security from the mouths of scandalous inventors, who would conclude most things for untruths, but that this warrant doth defend them: What other

other buckler have the many controversies, difference of opinions, then the *Broad Seals* to shelter themselves, or rather lye under? what authority or reason, for the multitude of authors now abroad, but that they are printed? and like children expos'd, are sent forth to seek their fortune with a good frontispiece, (like the *Grecians Table*) to get favour, believe or money, which is better then both.

Sir *John* of famous memory; not he of the *Boares-Head* in *Eastcheap*, desir'd but a broad *Seale*, or *Letters Patent*, for to raise a shilling of every one, that could give no reason why he should refuse; but in case there were any that should deny him, (as there are some covetise, and obstinate natures, that will not part with their money without very good cause why) he desir'd leave to summon those up to *London*, to dispute the case, which rather then they would be at trouble of, 'twas twenty to one, but the money would be paid. Such efficacy have those instruments, that I have heard of a *Reversioner*, that kill'd the present incumbent, with the opening of his Box, as if it had been *Pandora's*, out of which diseases issued.

What greater pleasure can there be, then to behold as one would say, even here before our eyes, &c.] A Topick, à *juvantate*, or rather *jocunditate objecti*. Whereas all things are desirable for some great profit, or delight conceived; or absolutely in them; none hath more then this dream of *Knight-Errantry*: Which though it introduces you into lakes with Serpents, yet it never leaves you without the *Lady of the Lake*. If it brings you into Forests, deserts, and almost inaccessible places, there will an *Ariadne*, some disconsolate Fairy or other appeare, (as if you had come by her owne clue thither) to be your solacer, and she-comforter; as you see by experience in the *Don*, who though enchanted in his Cage, out of which, there was no possibility of getting, but by the power of a higher exaltation, yet at the request of *Madam Cloacina*, who never fail'd him in his necessities, he is let loose.

I dare affirm of my selfe, that since I became a Knight-Errant, I am valiant, courteous, liberall, &c.] This proove a *Tesle seipso*, is not so current as the other, for it was bottom'd upon his owne daring to say it, and 'tis knowne he durst doe much: But the attributes with some qualifications might be very well usurped by him; as that he was valiant, *serendo*, which *passive* fortitude is most *erratick*; liberall, *promittendo*; courteous, *recipiendo*, denying nothing that was given him; generous, but not *generosus*, and that in *generis*, not in *specie*; gentle, and most of all, since his keeping in the Cage; bold, for there he adventur'd to tempt his *Bases*; mild, or rather mellow, and soft, or pappy; patient (*per-force* as they say) an indurer of labours, Imprisonments, and Inchantment, *revera* and *plerunque*: And as of old *Julius Caesar* got *Gallias* dando, accipiendo, ignoscendo: So *Don Quixot*, by giving nothing, forgiving any thing, and taking every thing, would in good time, (if he were capable of it) make *Sancho Pancha* Earle of *Terra incognita*.

I understand not those Philosophers, quoth Sancho; but this I know well, that I would I had as speedily the Earledome, as I could tell how to governe it.] About a season both; though no doubt if he would have applyed his mind to those abandon'd Philosophers, he might sooner have learn'd how to governe, then his Lord got the government for him. The frame of his body much agreeing with sitting and sleeping in Judicature, and that mind, that was

able to informe that body would take informations at leisure. The power and the reward was the thing *Sancho* looks for. The abilities and execution you might goe look. The place should qualifie the man; it was hard to judge by outsidcs: *Æsop* was an ugly fellow, but very witty, and seldomc any naturall defects, but there were great supplies of inward faculties. *Gulba* was very bald on the head, but it was well lin'd within. *Cicero* had a wenne on his nose, but yet smelt out *Catiline's* conspiracy; *Cæsar* had none and could not discover that against himselfe; *Vitellius* had a great Paunch, yet was an Emperor, and became the chaire of State, better then *ſpence* *Otho*. Who then looking upon *Sancho*, but would say, there was enough in him?

Then did the Goat-herd arrive, and laying hold of her, said unto her; *O you wanton Ape, you spotted elfe.* It was very strange, that the *Don* upon these words, was not incited to a rescue, and suppoing the speckled Goat to be a beauty-speckt Lady enchanted, instantly had not started to his Arms: Upon lesse provocation, he assaulted the flock of sheep. How easily might the odour and graine of the creature have been mistook for hers of *Tolose*, surely the Knight was dull after dinner, or else this could not have produced lesse then an adventure, but especially, when in his passionate rebuke, the Goat-herd proceeds to taunt her, with *how can it be other, then that you are a female; and therefore can never be quiet; turne backe, turne backe.* Could the defender of the sex heare this, and not be unmov'd? Of all the quarrels he undertook, there was not so much ground for one, as here; besides, had there been no other reason, but that it was a Goat-Errant, by his order he was to succour her, and have said to her bold pursuer; *Enchanted Lady, (for by this miscreants words, I guesse you to be such) unfold the cause of this your flight, and change. I am not ignorant of the like mutation in your sexe, some being turn'd into Trees, some into Spiders, some into Birds, some into Beasts, some into Streames. I my selfe but lately was enchanted, and I know not how soon returnable unto that condition. Speak quickly, while my Knightly capacity lasts, that I may restore your haire into the silken robes you use to weare; your goodly beard into your fanne; your spots into curious specks; your stately hornes into the Persian Tiara; or the knots wherein you twist your delicate haire; all which shall be effected, if I may have but one word from you, to shew your desire to be relieved by my hand.* How this fancy scap'd him, is almost a miracle, and but that his wooden studdy infus'd no glorious freaks into him, it had been impossible.

I accept mine, quoth Sancho, for I will goe with this Pastie. It is no time of adventuring, but preparing for adventures I perceive: *Knight-Errants* and their Squires, like Ships, must be victuall'd, and *Sancho* was providing for a long voyage. The Cloak-bag in his belly, was of more capacity then that on his Ass; a corner of which, the whole Pye would not well fill. While the *Don* is held by the care, the Squire will be held by the teeth; Mutton is preferr'd with him before Goat, and one single sheep intrench'd and fortified in good crust-work, was a more considerable adventure to him, then sharing the whole flock.

*Sancho for government it will suffice,
Eat Py-crust stoutly, and thou must be wise.*

CHAP.

CHAP. XXIV.

*The Goat-herd, having laid his Goat from skipping;
Under that Embleme tels of maidens tripping;
And would insinuate into our brests,
That there are farre more women-straies, then Beasts.
If the toy take them, like the speckled Goat,
They care not for the spoile of petticoat:
O'r hils, o'r dales, will fond Leandra run,
Vincent o'b' Rose her heart from all hath won.
But the false Souldier lov'd not her, but gold,
And plander'd all, but what was fast toth' hold.
'Vincenti Dabitur, his Motto be,
'The Souldiers leavings be assign'd to me.
But a vix victis le Leandras fee;
List then, while I intooke a muse to cheare us,
With Story of Leandra and her Heros.*

TEXT.



Here is a village.]

There was (say I) a Countrey Village,
Where liv'd a damzell that did pillage
Beauty and hearts; but shee was dainty;
And did affect not one in twenty.

Who could forbear to like and love her?
Shee was as plump as any Plover;
But if that expression's homely,
Take another, shee was comely.
And which gave the whole Town the Itch,
(Of love I mean) both faire and rich.
Anselmo and *Eugenio* (two
Such curious youths no Village knew)
Were smitten both, and they were neighbours
Children to boot, but lost their labours.
Yea though they made their meek addresses
Unto her father (which God blesses)
(Though many suitors have no care on't,
But take a buttock for a warrant)
They did not speed, the worke was green;
(In yeares I meane) but just sixteen;
And why shee lik'd not, you may gather,
They wou'd not her first, but her father:
So by their simple pious fooling,
Both Rivals love-futes lay a cooling.
At last from Italy there comes,
A youth bred up, amongst Fifes and Drums;

The sonne of one, did dayly labour,
 But he as proud as *Beiblem Gabor*,
 In Buffe and Scarfs, full richly clad;
 (Good cloths indeed, wher e'r th' were had.)
 But richer farre in horrid stories
 Of his owne actions, and vaine glories.
 And yet for all his prate and shewes,
 He was poor *Vincent's* sonne o'th' *Rose*.
 A thousand stories he did tell,
 Surpassing Sir *John Mandevill*.
Vincent his name was, (and you know, men
 From such a name may take an *Omen*)
 But he was *Vincent* of the *Rose*,
 And under that lies to purpose.
 To Market when he came, the people
 Rung out the greatest bell i'th' Steeple:
 So that they flockt unto this *Heedor*,
 To heare his tales, as to a Lecture.
 Amongst the rest of lowly ranck,
Leandra spied this Mountebauk;
 Who to his quacking brought a Gitterne,
 (As musicall as any *Bitterne*.)
 Of every thing he had a Poem,
 And 'mongst his Auditors would throw 'em.
Leandra, not so wise as faire,
 Was taken with this pedlars ware:
 His fabulous stories she adores,
 As *Desdemona* did the *Moors*;
 And all his dangers counterfeited
 (Poor fool,) as true, shee did conceit.
 His broken pate with pots and glasses
 She takes for honoured wounds and slashes;
 And for a bullet (strangely shot)
 The ugly *Squinzy* in his throat.
 His pit-hole face with the small pox,
 The dents of *Mars* his powder box.
 He need not feign; her love found out,
 Enough to cozen her no doubt.
 And now (as if the Divell would have it,)
 He askt her will, shee forthwith gave it.
 Fathers consent shee staid not for,
 Surrender is for man of warre.
 Now all the plot and chiefe contrivance,
 Was how to get his spoused wife-hence.
 What ever shee could wrap or wring
 Into her night-bag shee did fling;
 A horse shee stole too from the stables,
 To carry her to famous *Npales*;

Long time before that, *Mas Anello*
 From fisher man was a brave fellow.
 But now her *Vincent* of the *Rose*
 Prov'd not so fragrant in the close;
 For to a Cave he brought the damzell,
 Pretending there to rest her hams well:
 But the entertainment farre and wide is,
 Of *Dido*, and her *Anchisides*.
 For here the storme was in the Cave,
 Tempests of oaths the Villaine gave;
 And charg'd *Leandra* to unstrip her,
 (The Virgin fear'd that he would whip her)
 But he whipt nothing but her cloaths;
 Shee charg'd him by his vowes and oaths;
 Nothing would move *Vincent* o'th' *Rock*,
 But leaves *Leandra* in her smock,
 Without a light or any fewell,
 Despoyl'd of all but her best Jewell.
 But chastity we know of old
 (And without cloths is wondrous cold.
 At last shee heard a noyse of hoopers,
 And peeping out shee finds them Troopers:
 Then did shee cry, thumping her brest,
 Now *Vincent's* serv'd, they have the rest;
 A thousand feares did then surprize her,
 Shee wishtes now shee had been wiser:
 But strait her feares and troubles vanish,
 Shee knew the Troopers to be Spanish;
 And one amongst them was old *Iaquez*,
 Who us'd to carry her to the Cake-house:
Iaquez shee cry'd, come help thy mistress,
 And rid me out of this same distresse.
Iaquez at first was main affrighted,
 But suddenly the Swaine alighted.
 And kneeling said, my pretty *Donna*,
 How is't you have no garments on-a?
 It is the mode of Spanish Ladies
 To goe in smocks o' nights, not a-dayes;
 Now since I see you shrewdly lack it,
 I pray invest you in my Jacket;
 Which would be warmer I believe,
 If there were to is e'r a sleeve.
 But since we can't help that disaster,
 Get up behind, I'll ride the faster:
 Without a Pillion or a Crupper,
 To jolt it thus behind a Trooper,
 Did very much *Leandra* trouble,
 Nor had shee ought for to lay double;

So that shee wept as shee did ride;
 And wisht shee could have sate a-stride:
 But *Jaques* spurr'd and spurr'd, and switch'd,
 Ride softlier *Jaques* shee beseech'd;
 But *Jaques* stints not, till he brought her
 Unto his Master, who then fought her.
 And having got good wives about her,
 In better fashion they did clout her;
 And lest the rumor farre should runne,
 Shee presently became a Nunne;
 And since shee could not married be,
 Vow'd untill death, virginity.
 Which, whether *Vincent of the Rose*
 Had, or had not, yet no man knows:
Anselmo and *Eugenio*,
 Having lost her, lost themselves too.
 And being *Venus* famous dorards,
 One turn'd Shepheard, t'other Goat-heard.
 Comparing women in their notes,
 To wandring Sheep, and capering Goates;
 Whilest they are even with the fools,
 And laugh at them that love by rules.

CHAP. XXV.

A simple Goat-heard will *Leandra* bury
 By's unbelieve in a cold Monastery.
 Here was her *Heros*; here the *Hercules*,
 Conside in *Don*, down goe the Nunneries:
 But he distrusting in our ill fac'd Ops,
 Is multied for his doubting in the chops
 With a good loafe; to gather up the arms
 Came *Sancho* up tro, or revenge *Don's* harmes?
 But come he did, and did most highly ruffle,
 Which made the businesse but a Table-scuffle;
 From which the *Don* retreated, when a Trumpet
 Call'd him to true encounter, and to some feat
 Of desperate valour; what could bound his fancy;
 Who will adventure, though he can't a man see?
 At last appears the blessed virgins statue:
Aravill'd Lady sweares the *Don*, have at you.
 O how he flies about, and hacks and slices
 The poor white Fryars, and their clean sur-plices!
 They sang aloud, good Lord deliver us,
 And suffer not this *Don* to sliver us.

Lit

Let downe the Captive, (quoth the *Don*) don't dare us,
 Nor thinke I'll spare yee, for your good Lord spare us:
 But the great Lady would not see this wrong,
 And shee reveng'd ib' affronter with a prong;
 Which on his heaving shoulder fell full sore,
 And from his horse, threw *Quixot* or and or.
 Loe where the man of Knights profession
 Lies foud by th' adventured of Proceffion;
 Who if he rise againe, to beat any,
 Will never charge for this the Letany.

TEXT.



Ertes (friend Goatherd) if I were at this time able to undertake any adventure.] Being under Inchantment, otherwise there's no time, when a Knight-Errant is not offensive, and defensive; that is, either beating or beaten. It is too much a conscience to be at once, at war with men and Devils: Necromancers, Sorcerers, Witches, Vizards, and the like, being of the traine band of Hell and black guards of *Pluto*, were no small enemies of the *Don's*. No man I think, of that valiant, honourable, but desperate profession was ever oftner or longer, under captivity of the Diabolicall forces: and although some wiser then others, would laugh the opinion out of the world, and maintaine that there are no VVitches nor withcrafts, Inchanters, nor inchantments, spirits or familiars, against the received sentences of Tribunals, the confessions of divers condemned persons, the visible teats and nipples, whereat the young *Incubi* and *Succuba*, were constantly fed: The strange creatures that like Squirrels, Rats, VVeazles, VWhippers, Hares, Mice, Polecats, and innumerable other vermine, haunt and frequent such people, also their owne severall transmutations into the shapes of Horses, Deer, Hares, (in which shapes they have been rid, many hundred, of more then errantick miles) hunted, and sometimes suffer'd; yet they find Patrons to defend the impossibility of such operations, contracts, or Diabolicall disguises, when they cannot deny, but the first practice upon humane nature was by the Devill in *Serpente*, using the instruments of that suble creature, to form a language and discourse, whereby he deluded the most perfect of her generation, and hath so inraill'd that victory upon both sexes, but especially on that, that in the mishaps and claps of women, nothing is more frequent, then to intitle the Devill to his owne work, and to devolve the businesse (if not torally, yet principally) from themselves, when by way of evasion, they say, surely I was bewitch'd, or the Devill was in me, or I was not my selfe, in my right mind, that is, enchanted, as the *Don* was in the Text, from whom action was as inseparable as the nose from his face, (for I cannot say the care from his head (but during this deadly charms efficacy.

Thou art a great villain, said *Don Quixot*, and thou, &c. The Inchantment doth a little abate; and his knightly spirits returne in such abundance, that he makes a weapon of a loafe, which was us'd to refresh them; and not

O o

to

to be cast (as here) in any teeth but his owne.

If Sancho Pancha had not arriv'd at the instant.] Sancho had been *Fluellin* in this scuffle, (the pillage of such battels, alwaies belonging to him) if the eminent danger of his masters throats, had not prov'd an utter enemy to his own. If the Goatherd had not almost throdd his master, *Sancho* had in a short time choak'd himselfe with the ingurgitated reliques and orts of the Canons provision. But it is a *Lapithean* feast, where there was more meat then manners, more stomach then feeding; not like *Tantalus* his fare, was this at the Table, flying from their lips, but flying at them, and in such flocks, that there was more meat for their mouths, then mouths for their meat, *non offendimur ambulante cœna*. Is understood, when one dish dances round the table, but this was all a running banquet, as if they had been serv'd in plates of quicksilver. No dish nor cup stood still, but only while 'twas kiss'd, and the salutations so pestilent and close, that they drew blood at billing: Infomuch, that though the meat was well drest, the guests were all raw, and blood runne about their mouths, as if they had been *Cannibals*, and fed upon one another.

In conclusion they heard the sound of a Trumpet.] What at other times animates to fight, did here dissolve the fray: The noble sound of that Warlike instrument, recall'd shame into the combatants, who full of flesh-wounds, cross'd the cudgels the right way, and fell to picking quarrels with their teeth, their bellies being the only sufferers, and not easily after so great a spoyle, to be satisfied; But as the *Fool thinketh, so the bell tinketh*. The *Don* conceits this Trumpet sounds for his assistance; the Lady *Micomiconas* Trumpet upon his life, who having join'd battell with *Pandafland* her mortall foe, sent this summons for the restorer of her Kingdom; or else *Dulciness* Trumpet at her dinner of Beanes, and gray Pease; or else *Fames* Trumpet, to blow him honourably home after his many victories. But it was not so, nor so, nor so. But a Trumpet it was, and a Ladies Trumpet too; but at this time, it blew no good to the *Don*; it was a solemn Church Trumpet, sounding dolefully before an armory of Prayers and teares, to remove a great drought from the Land, but it prov'd *Quixot's* day of judgement-Trumpet, after the dismall sounds, whereof he was carried to the *Mancha* to his old woman, which was as bad as Hell and furies to him.

Sancho saying, whither doe you goe Sr Don Quixot? what Devils doe you beare in your breast, that you runne thus against the Catholick faith? Contra Romanam Catholicam fidem you should say *Sancho* for *Don Quixot* and your selfe both, by your stomachs *Lutherans*, (but by your provisions, *Carthusians*, or *Cappucines*) might very well be against Images, and yet maintaine the Catholike Faith without mutilation of the second Commandement, or breaking one into two.

But Sancho labour'd all in vaine.] The whole Council of Trent could not have perswaded the *Don* from the attempt, who at this instant, fiercer then the Council of Dort, fear'd no *Anathemas*, *Bulls*, nor *Beares*. This action (had it been in late dayes) would have new dubb'd him, *Knight of the reformation*, and from the successe of this adventure, as great an harvest of conversion might have been expected, as was from the fall of *Mahomets* Tombe amongst the Jews and Infidels; which Tombe hath stood on the ground at *Mecca*, ever since the embalming of that impostor, although it is a piece of

Alchoran

Alchoran faith, that he is an Iron Chett, hangs in the aire, supported by the equall attraction of two loadstones.

He assaull'd the Image-Carriers, one whereof leaving the charge of the burthen, encountred the Knight with a wooden forke, &c.] This fellow stood not for an Image it seems: His faith was prov'd by his workes; for he was resolv'd to try which was the greater Pageant, that which they carried, or he which *Rosinant*. O the unfortunatenesse of this adventure! Pitchfork prevails against Sword, and Porter against Knight. The *Don* by one unhappy blow is depriv'd of the use of his shoulder, a judgement (no doubt in specie) punishing that part, which first did lift it selfe against the Idoll. *Nec enim lex justior ulla est, &c.*

Then might they heare Sancho bewailing him with tears in his eyes in this manner. O flower of Chivalry!]

O yee Knight-Errants past, and those to come,
Weep yee before your borne, you from the tombe:
This day was slaine in homely fashion,
Their envy, and your Imitation:
Whom they ne'r liv'd to see, you ne'r will see,
Unlessse it be in this sad elegie;
Wherefore we'll leave him in a Character,
For in effigie, 'twill be fowle sarve.
The Knight that Lady lov'd, and ne'r enjoy'd,
That fought with anything, but ne'r destroy'd.
That eat but little, lesse then little paid,
That frighted every one, of all afraid.
That had a faithfull Squire, that had an Ass,
That had an Iland had but for this passe.
That Knight stretcht out, yes to be seen at length,
That bestrode *Rosinant*, that Horse of strength,
That is the Knight, that must be the example,
That the prime horse, that with Knight-Errants ramp will.
That Squire that weeps, is he that is content
(That Iland lost) to live o' th' continent,

Don Quixot was call'd againe to himselfe with *Sancho's* out-cries.] It had been worth *Sancho's* question; and none indeed deserv'd the answer to it but *Sancho*; whether in this deliquium and trance, his soule was transported? What more eminent place in *Elysium* was prepared for *Knight-Errants*, then of any other order? And whether he did see those many *Hero's*, whose Histories incited him to this profession, advanced according to the merits of their undertakings in the other world? What habits *Amadis du Gaul*, and the other *Amadis of Greece* wore? Or whether there were any investitures at all, till the compleat number of *Knight-Errants* were accomplished in his departure? Or were there any more to follow? But *Sancho* was over-joy'd at the sight of his revoked Lord, and forgot to move the question. And the *Don* (as all recoveries and victories, are imputed to the soveraigne aspects of their Ladies, so their defeats and crosses to their averfions, or some obnoxious interpositions) *Knight-Errant* like gave the maxime of his sufferings, to be the absence and long distance be-

twixt the *Tobosan* Lady, and his person, unto whom now, as to an Antidote, as fast as Carr can goe, he will hasten.

Sancho, replied Don Quixot, thou speakest reasonably, and it will be great wisdom, to let passe the crosse aspects of those Planets that raigne at this present.]

Knight-Errantry doth not ingage the order of them against the Stars, if they be Planet-struck once, they never returne a blow; 'tis wisdom then, not valour must manage the businesse.

Sapiens dominabitur astris.

And certainly, if ever Knights were borne under malignant Planets, ours was. *Venus* was crosse leggd; *Mars* retrograde; *Sol* in *nubibus*; *Jupiter* excentrick; *Saturne* fullen; *Luna* and *Mercury* only conspir'd to assist him home againe; She, because he was her companion much on nights, the other for his unwearied Errantry on dayes: Insomuch, that if the number ever be augmented amongst them, he is in election to make the eight Planet: What influence the *septentriones* had upon him at present, is to be easily guess'd, for he is upon his second hoyst into the Carr, and but that the *Don* was provided, there was an *Auriga* for him too.

There the Wain-man yoked his Oxen, and accommodated the Knight on a bottle of Hay.] *Grasse and Hay*, we are all mortall, the greatest men must dye like beasts, though the *Don* expires with what a beast would live. *Rosinant* only envied him this cushion, who for the present, wix'd to change places with him. Thus you see the sad conclusion of this famous Knight, who indeed deserv'd a more *Sella Curulis*; but his vast knowledge in the miscarriages of his predecessors, made him slight these present indignities: For when he considered *Marius* in a Lake, (as good a place as *Tom Turds* field) *Orlando* in Bedlam, *Amadis du Gaul* in a Dungeon, and he of *Greece* in shackles; the Valiant *Gataor* forc'd to runne the Gauntlet, the Knight of the Burning Pestle in *Cornelius* Tub, and most of their Squires like *Sancho*, indeed at the Carts taile, but not like *Sancho* with his shirt on, he play'd a little with the hay he fate upon, (the embleme of humane frailty) and after that (as if he eat it chopt) he said nothing but this,

Non sum majoribus impar.

Which some thought, he spoke, alluding to *Bajazet*, who was in this manner carried about by the insulting *Tamerlane*. Others thought that he call'd to mind, his *Manchegall* predecessors, who were Plow-men, and not disdaining the contemplation of his originals, resolv'd to beginne that world againe, and invert the Poem to *Virgils* *Æneids*,

Ille ego qui quondam Mavortis, terror in armis,

Ad patriam redeo, ut parerent arva Colono.

Translated thus,

Since our design for Errantry is broke,

I'll still subdue, though Oxen under yoke:

Nor shall this Cage my vast ambition bound,

I'll fall to plough, and so I'll tear the ground.

Sancho Panca's wife, as soon as ever shee saw her husbands, askt whether the *Ass* were in health or no? &c.] The question serving for both man and Master; *Sancho* replied to its double sence, and saith, the *Animall* was in the better condition of the two. *Sancho's* cares were faln, and this dishonourable returne,

returne, crosse to all his hopes, made him asham'd to see his wife, as he might well, who expected the title of a Queen at least; but she is but *Ione Pancha* still: 'Twas well (since it could be no better) quoth *Ione*, that he brought the *Ass* with him, and the fool that rode him; this night they will have an encounter, and for more.

But of his end he could find nothing, if good fortune had not offer'd to his view, an old Physitian, who had in his custody a leaden box, &c.] Who this old Physitian should be, is very hard to conjecture, for he was a great Antiquary beside, as will appeare by his delight in these monuments, and rare reliques of the *Don*; Unlesse it should be *Iohn Dellues*, I know not whom he meanes: For *Iohn* having liv'd famous throughout all *Spaine* for mighty cures, at last fell sick, and being neer his end, some friend desir'd that he would not bury with him the meanes whereby he grew so eminent; *Iohn* told his friend all, that it was true, a great fame liv'd with him, and would follow him; but for the criticall knowledge and successe in his cures, it was thus: He had a fortune Physick book, wherein the names of most diseases were wrote, and as Patients came for his opinion, he withdrew for a season, and in that intervall, threw the dice, and upon what disease the chance fell, that was the patients sicknesse, then he threw againe for the cures, and accordingly followed those medicines, on which the dice rested. This was his directory for diseases and remedies, which he made use of to his end, and the end of many; but the number of his cures surmounting his losses, his bad casts went for nothing. By this easie way of practice, for illuminative and inspired physick he detested, as also all counsels with other Physitians he had the more leisure for the enquiry into these old records; and amongst many, he at last happened upon those of the *Mancha*; out of which he gathered some few Epitaphs, Elegies, and fancies, upon *Don Quixot*, *Dulcinea* of *Toboso*, and in the praise of *Rosinante* and *Sancho Pancha*; With which we shall conclude, desiring you to doe the *Don* this last honour, to see him in his urne, and heare what is said over his ashes.

The End of the Fourth Book.

Knights Templers on the worthy Knight, DON QUIXOTS Death.

A Wakened from the round where we long lay,
Still men of Arms as you may see, not clay :
We shake our weighty limbs, and crested heads,
And would, but for the grates, rise from our beds,
Where we enchanted lye; no more the talk's
Of us, let *Quixot's* name fill up the walks.
Brother in Armes, we will afford thee room,
Lye close *STEROPES*, *Don Quixot's* come.
We will dispence this Temple for thy Coarse,
We have another for thy famous Horse.

Knights of Jerusalem on DON QUIXOT.

Since the long dayes of old *Mahusalem*,
No Knights so great as the *Jerusalem*.
(*The Knights o'th Holy Warre*) untill the *Don's*
Renowned acts out-cry'd us of *St Johns*.
We ventur'd to redeem the Sepulchre
From Pagan hands; but lye in *Angli-terre* :
Our monuments are now defac'd, our Cavernes,
And nothing left of us, but signes of Tavernes:
But yet for all our injuries and wrongs,
Wee'll find a place for thee, neer justice *Long's*;
Where in the memory of thy strange fights,
Thumping and beating is both days and nights.

Duke Humphrey to DON QUIXOT.

VNtomb'd I, a place to thee resigne,
Lye, if thou wilt, in the same ground was mine;
'Twill be small charge to thy Executor
To raise a Tombe; for there are stones good store:
Thy Votaries as they doe passe that way,
May fast as they did use, where they please pray.

Long

Long Meg of Westminster, to Dulcinea of Toboso.

I *Long Meg* once, the wonder of the Spinsters,
Was laid, as was my right, i'th' best of Minsters;
Nor have the Wardens ventur'd all this whiles,
To lay, except my selfe, one in those Iles.
Indeed untill this time, ne'r any one
Was worthy to be *Meg's* Companion.
But since *Toboso* hath so fruitfull been,
To bring forth one might be my *Sister-twinne*;
Alike in breadth of face, (no *Margeries*
Had ever wider checks, or larger eyes)
Alike in Shoulders, Belly, and in flanks,
Alike in legs too, (for we had no shanks)
And for our feet, alike from heel to toe,
The Shoemakers the length did never know.
Lye thou by me, no more it shall be common,
One Ile of man there is, this Ile of womans.

Bancks his Horse to Rosinante.

THough *Rosinante* famous was in fields
For swiftnesse, yet no Horse like me had heels.
Goldsmiths did shoe me, not the *Ferri-Fabers*;
One nail of mine, was worth their whole weeks labours.
Horse, thou of metall too, but not of gold,
(*'Twas best 'twas so, or oft they had been sold*)
Let us compare our seats; thou top of Nowles
Of hills hast oft been seen, I top of *Paules*.
To *Smythfield* Horses I stood there the wonder,
I only was at top, more have been under.
Thou like a *Spanish Ienner*, got i'th' wind,
Wert hoysted by a Windmill; 'twas in kinde.
But never yet was seen in *Spaine* or *France*,
A Horse like *Bancks* his, that toth' pipe would dance :
Tell mony with his feet; a thing which you,
Good *Rosinante* nor *Quixot's* could doe.
Yet I doe yield, surpassed in one feat,
Thou art the only Horse, that liv'dst sans meat.

The

The Aldermen of Gotam to Sancho Pancha.

O Doc not grieve, (although thy losse,
To lose a Lord, nor worth a crosse,
Be losse enough) who now gone home is,
Unlikely e'r to keep his promise.
We hearing of thy great renowne,
Desire thee to o'r rule our Town:
You'l find us easie to be rul'd;
People that will be, must be fool'd.
A sort of cockscombs cannot tell
When we are ill, nor when we're well:
Full of mony, full of pride,
And want an ebb to our long tide.
You need not bring your Assie with you,
You shall have Asses here enow:
VVe will make good your *Doe's* intent.
And fear you in this government.
Sancho did seem to shift it off,
But when he had it once, did laugh.

The Sexton of the Mancha on DON QVIXOT.

THE hardy Knight, and sole,
That e'r liv'd under Pole,
Lyes buried in this hole.
He that i'th' aire did fly,
By windmill tost on high,
Under a clod doth lye.
He that gave lands, and
Unto his Squire command,
Cannot stirre foot nor hand.
Here, after all his tricks,
The bones are of *Don Quix*:
The rest is gon to Stys.

The same upon Dulcinea Del Toboso.

HERE in a hollow trunk,
Full deep in the earth sunk,
Lyes one, above ground sunk.
Who (saving her presence)
Had not been carried whence
Shee dy'd, but for offence.
Who having lost her Lord,
Abhorring and abhor'd,
Dy'd of her owne accord.
O let her ashes rest,
Now shee is in her nest.
To stirre 'um is not best.

FINIS.